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THE
Sky Lark
a Collection
of
SONGS
Set to Music!



LONDON,

Published by Tho: Tegg, 73, Cheapside.

1825.



THE
SKY - LARK :

A CHOICE

SELECTION OF THE MOST ADMIRER POPULAR
SONGS,

HEROIC, PLAINTIVE, SENTIMENTAL, HUMOUROUS,
AND BACCHANALIAN.

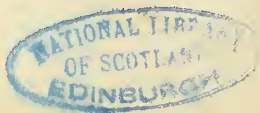
Arranged for the Violin, Flute, and Voice.

“ After supper, the instruments were called in, when the Queen, for the day, ordained that there should be a dance ; and after one had been led off by Lauretta, Emilia sung a Song, in which she was accompanied by Dion, a gentleman of the party, on the Lute.”

BOCCACCIO. *Prima giornata.*

LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS TEGG, 73, CHEAPSIDE; R. GRIFFIN
AND CO. GLASGOW; AND M. BAUDRY, PARIS.



LONDON:

PLUMMER AND BREWIS, PRINTERS, LOVE LANE, EASTCHEAP.

INTRODUCTION.



ON SINGERS AND SINGING.



“SING AS THOU SPEAKEST.”

DEMERATUS, the Lacedemonian, being asked his opinion of a famous singer, is said to have replied “That he seemed to trifle very well.” We shall content ourselves without further impeaching such adverse testimony than to remark, that an ancient maxim sometimes does little more than gloze a venerable error; that the superfluous trifles of one age become the refinements of a succeeding one; that a sum of trifles constitute a large portion of the felicities of civilized life, and “vive la bagatelle” was the motto of a wise man.

The trophies that we might exhibit as its advocates, independent of its universal power of affording pleasure, (and we could scarcely wish a stronger,) might be found in the practical estimation in which the greatest and the wisest have held the powers of Song; while one professes

his willingness to give up the making of a nation's laws if he be permitted to make its songs,* another produces a ballad as the most striking instance of the powers of poetry,† and a third boasts that by a song he rhymed the king out of his kingdom.‡

If such be the estimation in which song writing has been held, and its political effects so powerful, we on surer grounds presume on its pleasing ones; but it were an abuse of the reader's patience to insist on proving that which is self-demonstrated; the "forest's monarch" needs not the reed's support.

" To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

All therefore that remains for us will be to offer a few observations on the Poetry and the accompanying Music which compose this class of literature, and to offer such monitions or advice as our own experience may enable us, on the present style and manner of Singing.

We shall confine ourselves to the notice of that part of which the bulk of the volume is composed, BRITISH SONGS; and may fearlessly assert, that however directed to national subjects, temporary circumstances, or local customs, there is a sweet breathing of nature and simplicity about the pastoral, of native fire of genius in the heroic, and of truth

* Fletcher of Saltoun. † Bishop Lowth, Lectures on Sacred Poetry.

‡ Lord Wharton.

in the whole that may defy rivalry, and insure an equal memory of the songs with the language of Great Britain, or while the names of its contributors, of Shakespeare, Gay, Burns, Dibdin, or Moore, are revered by the country they adorn. Of the last named author, whose pen has been so particularly devoted to our minstrelsy, it may with truth be said, that he

“Has robb’d the Hybla bees, and left them honeyless.
——Not stingless too.”

Of the musical composers we could with equal sincerity repeat like honeyed sentences, and regret with the excellent author, whose words we quote, that at any time “the heroine Poetry should give place to the harlot Music.” It, moreover, occurs to us as strange, that when the feelings to be roused in such an assembly as a theatre contains, or even of a private audience, that singers should be so impolitic as to direct their powers exclusively to the musical apprehensions rather than to the understandings of their auditory. It is in the happy union of both, however, that perfection lies, but, speaking for our own parts, if ever they must be separated, we should prefer the thought of the poet, mangled though it be, to the finest piece of music that ever the mouth of man rendered incomprehensible.

With this bias, which some of our readers may think sufficient to absolve us from the task of advisers, we proceed to offer what appears to us as requisites for the “Child of Song.”

1. Upon the first position we hardly anticipate a denial when we assert it as necessary that the aspirant should possess a VOICE. This should be powerful, in order to be heard ; capable of considerable modulation, that it may distinctly express graduated and softened passages ; but a voice of moderate compass may achieve effect if it be discreetly managed. Avoid overpowering loudness, and in pathos beware of sinking into a whine ; the one loses effect by the means taken to obtain it, the other is contemptible.

2. EXCELLENT WIND. This is almost absolutely necessary, but in a private singer rather a dangerous companion, as it often betrays the possessor into the fault alluded to in the preceding remark. Advantage should be taken, with due circumspection, of the pauses in sentiment, of interjectional passages, or of the laugh in more comic effusions, but all without gasping, or other unseemly effort. It would be well in the singer to practice in the same key in which he usually sings, so as to render the correct performance natural to him, for much of the effect produced depends on commencing in the proper one, in which his own judgment or discretion will not always be the safest guides.

3. TASTE in the selection of his songs, and no less so in their adaptation at the time. This taste is a matter of so variable a complexion as scarcely to admit of a definition, in this place at least, as much will depend on the singer's knowledge of what has preceded him, and his calculation of what may follow, but this may be said, if he possess it,

this caution may be useful,—if without it, chance alone can give him success. The company also whom he addresses, or the moving spirit of the times, may be consulted with advantage.

4. **FEELING** and **IMAGINATION** are necessary in developing the beauties of song, and bestowing upon their appropriate passages the corresponding feelings of the author. Those passages should be selected with care which the singer may impress with his powers, they should be marked with precision, but not be too numerous, and if at the end of a song, it will leave the more permanent impression.

5. **BECOMING CONFIDENCE** is essential. A singer should be aware of his powers of pleasing, without presuming upon them; excessive diffidence has spoilt many a good song, modesty may palliate an indifferent one, but overweening impudence ruins every thing it undertakes.

MONITIONS. These are the essentials that make up a singer, but a few cautions may not be thrown away. It is requisite that the singer should know what class of songs is best calculated for his powers, and incline to those; and on this matter it would be well to have the concurring testimony of a friend or musical adviser. Many fancy the songs they hear well sung, they also can sing well, and frequently find their mistake; others with powers that might rival Stentor, are passionately intent on demolishing a ditty; and a third class, whose auditors almost require the aid of ear-trumpets, conceive they never shine but in a "Storm."

It is scarcely advisable, unless you have some reason to suppose you will be asked but once, to put forth your best song foremost, lest you labour under the discomfiture of pleasing less as you proceed further, but let it be the second, or even the third.

Beware of imitating Ned Softly, who consumed a morning in choosing between the respective merits of

You sing your song with so much art,

AND

Your song you sing with so much art.

but, when called on be ready prepared, without pouncing on the company the instant you are selected, but waiting a decent interval.

Lastly. EAT,—but as you value your voice, beware of drinking.

COMIC SONGS. On this matter we “had a thing to say—but let it go.” They are useful auxiliaries, occasionally interspersed, but no general makes up his army of sharp-shooters, and after all, they seem to us rather as a vehicle for those who cannot sing, but, if it were allowed, could relate a humorous tale.

Our limits preclude further remark; and in thus contributing to the stock of harmless and elegant amusement, we flatter ourselves, from the great care and diligence used in the selection, we shall not be charged with presumption in offering it as the best and choicest collection of songs that has been submitted to the public.

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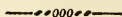
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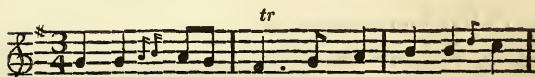


THE

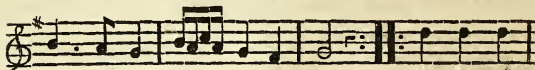
SKY - LARK.



GOD SAVE THE KING.



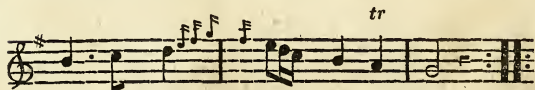
God save great George our King, Long live our



no - ble King, God save the King. Send him vic-



to-ri-ous, Hap-py and glo - ri-ous, Long to reign



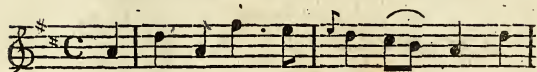
o - ver us God save the King.

O Lord ! our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,—
And make them fall ;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
Oh ! save us all !

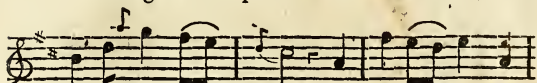
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign !
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King !

God save great George, our King
Long live our noble King,
God save the King
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King

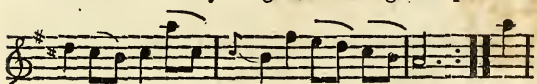
THE GLASSES SPARKLE.



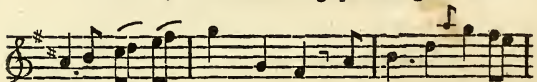
The glass-es spar-kle on the board, The



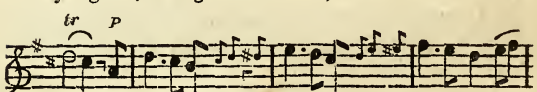
Wine is ru - by bright; The reign of pleasure



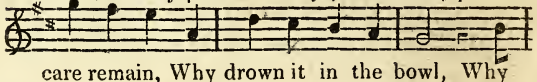
is restor'd, Of ease and gay de-light. The



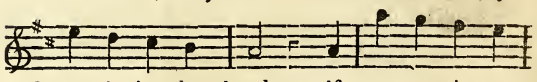
day is gone, the night's our own, Then let us feast the



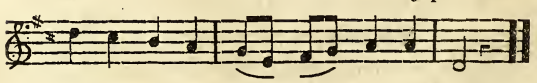
soul, If a-ny pain, a-ny pain, a-ny pain, or



care remain, Why drown it in the bowl, Why



drown it in the bowl, If a - ny pain, or



care remain, Why drown it in the bowl.



This world, they say 's, a world of woe,
But that I do deny,
Can sorrow from the goblet flow,
Or pain from Beauty's eye ?
The wise are fools, with all their rules,
When they would joys controul,
If life's a pain, I say again,
Let's drown it in the bowl.

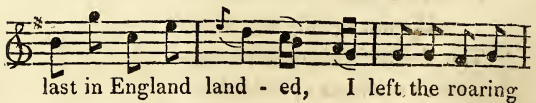
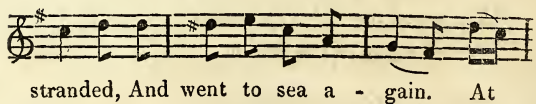
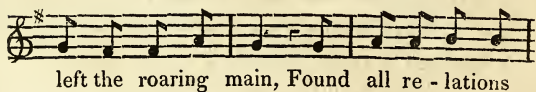
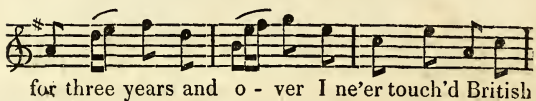
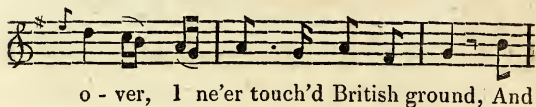
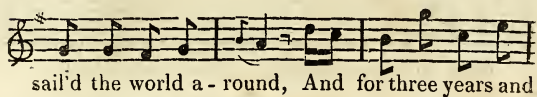
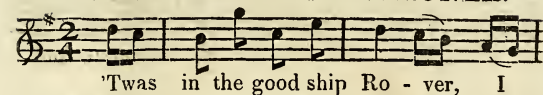
That time flies fast the poet sings,
Then surely it is wise,
In rosy wine to dip his wings,
And seize him as he flies.
This night is our's, then strew with flowers,
The moments as they roll,
If any pain, or care remain,
Why drown it in the bowl.

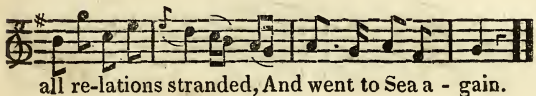
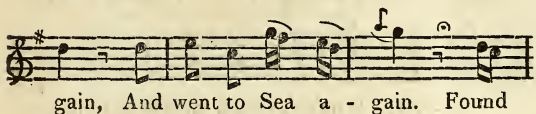
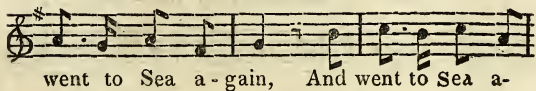
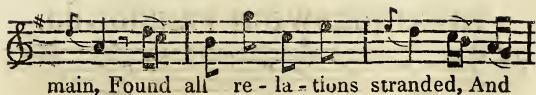
QUARTETTO.

Which is the properest day to drink,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday ?
Each is the properest day I think,
Why should I name but one day ?

Tell me but your's, I'll mention my day,
Let us but fix on some day ;
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.





That time bound strait to Portugal,
 Right fore and aft we bore,
 But when we made Cape Ortugal,
 A gale blew off the shore;
 She lay, so it did shock her,
 A log upon the main,
 Till saved from Davy's locker,
 We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
 Upon a squally night,
 Thunder and lightning hailing
 The horrors of the fight;

THE SKY-LARK.



My precious limb was lopp'd off,
I, when they eas'd my pain,
Thanked God I was not popp'd off.
And went to sea again.

Yet still am I enabled,
To bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm quite disabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier ;
'The King, God bless his royalty,
Who saved me from the main,
I'll praise, with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again.

GLEE.—'T WAS YOU, SIR.

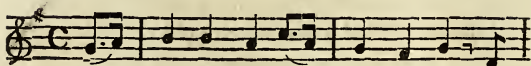
'Twas you sir, 'twas you sir,
I tell you nothing new, sir,
'Twas you that kiss'd the pretty girl,
'Twas you, sir, you ;

'Tis true, sir, 'tis true, sir,
You look so very blue, sir,
I'm sure you kiss'd the pretty girl,
'Tis true, sir, true !

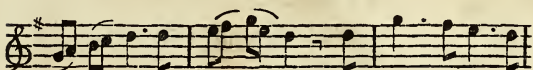
O, sir, no, sir,
How can you wrong me so, sir ?
I did not kiss the pretty girl,
But I know who.



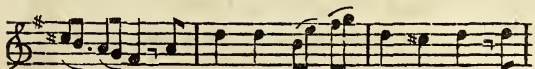
THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.



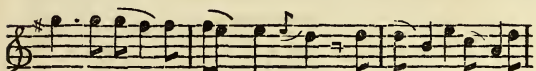
For England when with fav'ring gale, Our



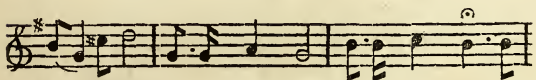
gallant ship up channel steer'd, And scudding under



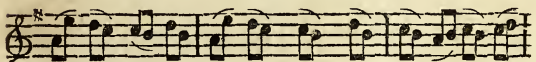
ea-sy sail, The high blue western land appear'd; To



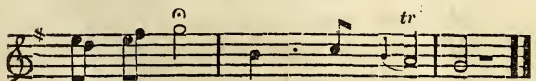
heave the lead the seaman sprung, And to the pi-lot



cheerly sung By the deep--nine! By the deep--nine! To



heave the lead the seaman sprung, And to the Pi-lot



cheer-ly sung, By - - the - deep—Nine.



And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view,
An abbey tower, an harbour fort,
Or beacon, to the vessel true ;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
By the mark——Seven!

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,
With transport we beheld the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof ;
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
Quarter less—Five !

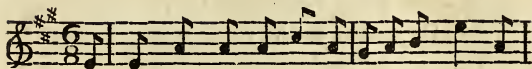
CHORUS.

O what a dainty pleasure is this,
To sail in the air,
When the moon shines fair,
To sing, to dance, to toy and kiss.
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over hills and misty fountains,
Over steeples, towns, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.



I'VE KISS'D AND I'VE PRATTLED.

WILLIAM.





PHŒBE.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call'd me the fairest she,
But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

WILLIAM.

Her eyes are as black as a sloe in the hedge,
Her face like the blossoms of May,
Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn flock,
Her breath like the new-made hay.

PHŒBE.

He's tall and he's strait as the poplar tree,
His cheeks are as fresh as a rose,
He looks like a squire of high degree,
When dress'd in his Sunday clothes.

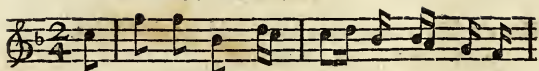


GLEE.—A BOAT, A BOAT.

A boat, a boat, haste to the ferry,
For we'll go over to be merry,
To laugh, and quaff, and drink old sherry.



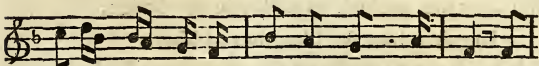
TOM BOWLING.



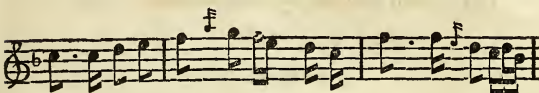
Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, The



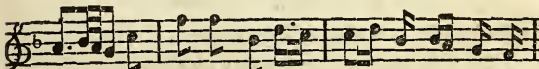
darling of our - crew, No more he'll hear the



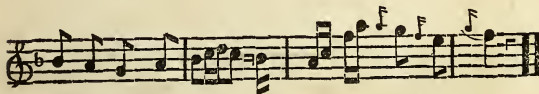
tempest howling, For death has broach'd him to. His



form was of the manliest beauty, His heart was kind and



soft; Faithful below, he - did his duty, and



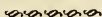
now he's gone a - loft, And now he's gone a-loft!

Tom never from his word departed,

His virtues were so rare,

His friends were many, and true-hearted,

His Poll was kind and fair;



And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft,
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For, tho' his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft!

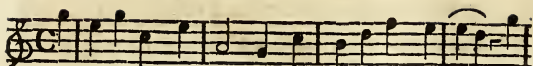


GLEE.—WHEN SAPPHO TUNED.

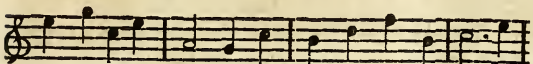
When Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain,
The list'ning wretch forgot his pain!
With art divine the lyre she strung,
Like thee she played, like thee she sung.
For when she struck the quiv'ring wire,
The eager breast was all on fire;
But when she tun'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charmed away.



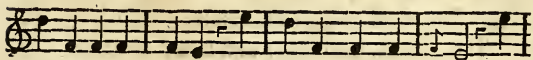
THE PLOUGH BOY.



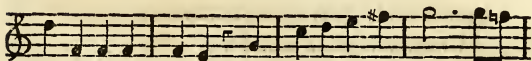
A flaxen-headed cow boy, as simple as may be, And



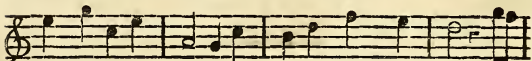
next a merry plough boy, I whistled o'er the lea, But



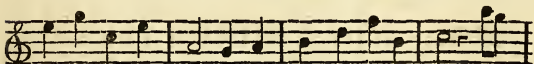
now a saucy tootman, I strut in worsted lace, And



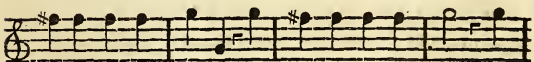
soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face, When



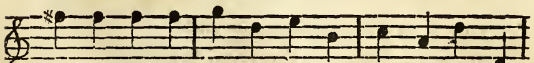
stewara I'm promoted I'll snip a tradesman's bill, My



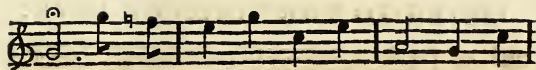
master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill. When



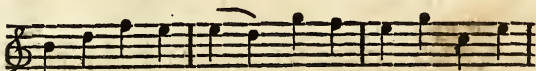
lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be, so



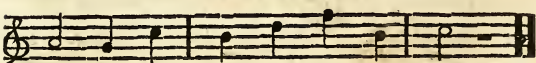
great a man, so great a man, so great a man I'll



be, You'll for - get the lit - tle plough boy that



whistled o'er the lea, You'll for - get the lit - tle



plough boy that whis - tled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
I'll stand poll for the Parliament and then vote in
myself;

Whatever's good for me, sir, I never will oppose,
When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell my
noes;

I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph, with speeches
charm the ear,

And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll set down a
peer;

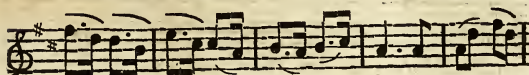
In court or city honours, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough boy that whistled o'er
the lea.



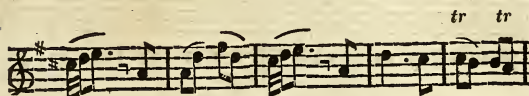
LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE!



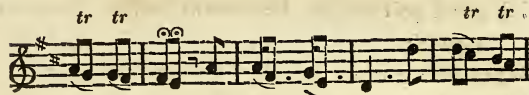
O listen, listen to the voice of love, He



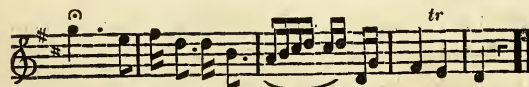
calls my Daph - ne to the grove, The primrose



sweet bedecks the field, The tuneful birds in-



vite to rove, To soft - er joys let splendour



yield, O listen, listen - to - - the voice of love.

Where flow'rs their blooming sweets exhale,
 My Daphne, let us fondly stray,
 Where whisp'ring love breathes forth his tale,
 And shepherds sing their artless lay,
 O listen, listen to the voice of love,
 He calls my Daphne to the grove.



Come share with me the sweets of spring,
And leave the town's tumultuous noise,
The happy swains all cheerful sing,
And echo still repeats their joys ;
Then listen, listen to the voice of love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

CATCH.--THERE WERE THREE COOKS.

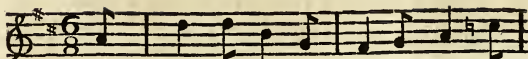
There were three cooks in Colnbrook,
And they fell out with our cook,
And all was for a pudding he took,
And from the cook of Colnbrook.

There was swash cook, and slash cook,
And thou'rt a rogue and knave cook,
And all for a pudding he took
And from the cook of Colnbrook.

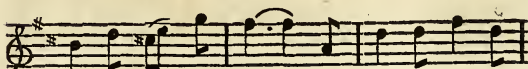
They all fell upon our cook,
And mumbled him so that he did look,
As black as the pudding which he took,
And from the cook of Colnbrook.



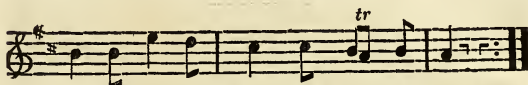
OLD TOWLER.



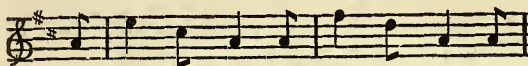
Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn, And



spangles deck the thorn; The lowing herds now



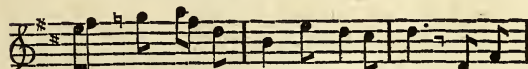
quit the lawn, The lark springs from the corn.



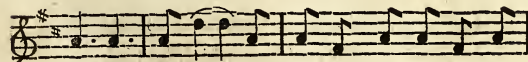
Dogs, huntsmen round the window throng, Fleet



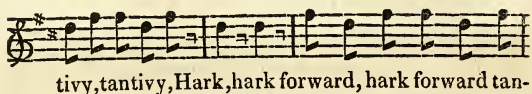
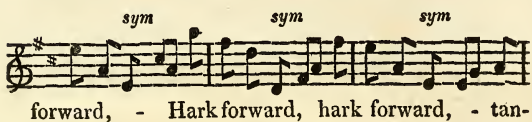
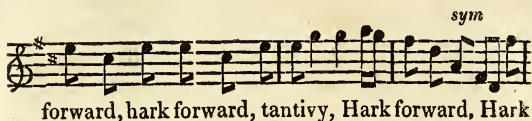
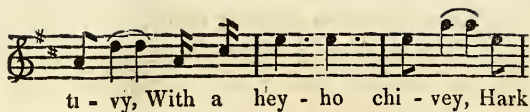
Towler leads the cry, A - rise the burden



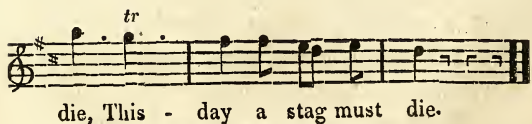
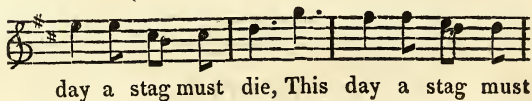
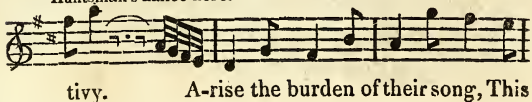
of their song, This day a stag must die, With a



hey - ho chivey, Hark forward, hark forward, tan-



Huntsman's halloo here.





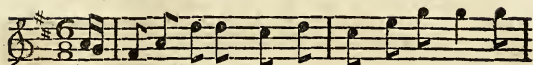
The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale.
The upland winds, they sweep along,
O'er fields through brakes they fly,
The game is rous'd, too true the song,
This day a stag must die.
With a hey ho! &c.

Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face,
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chase.
Alike the sportsman of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.
With a hey ho! &c.

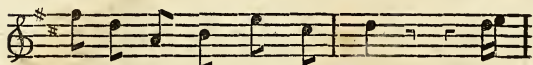
QUINTETTO.

You gave me your heart t'other day,
I thought it as safe as my own;
I've not lost it, but what can I say?
Not your heart from mine can be known.

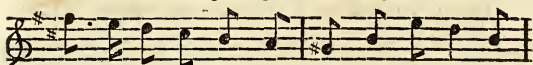
WHEN WILLIAM AT EVE.



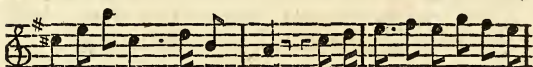
When William at eve meets me down at the stile, How



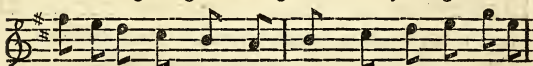
sweet is the nightingale's - song, - When



William at eve meets me down at the stile, How



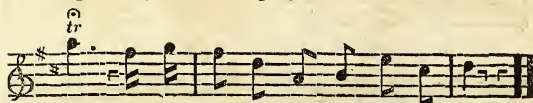
sweet is the nightingale's song; Of the day I forget all the



labour & toil, Whilst the moon plays yon branches a-



mong; Whilst the moon plays - - - - -



- Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

By her beams, without blushing, I hear him complain,

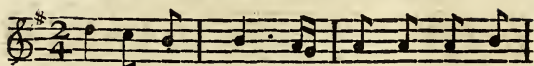
And believe ev'ry word of his song,

You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,

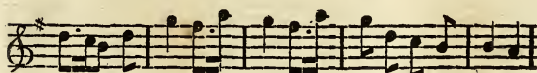
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.



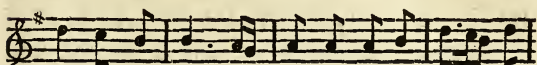
SINCE THEN I'M DOOM'D.



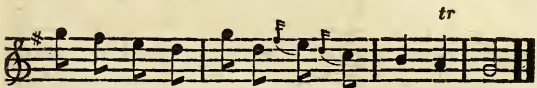
Since then I'm doom'd, a - sad reverse to -



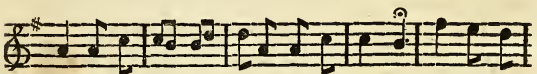
prove, To quit each object - of my infant care;



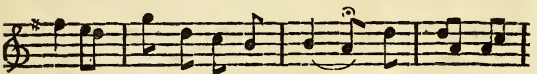
Torn from an honour'd parent's tender love, And



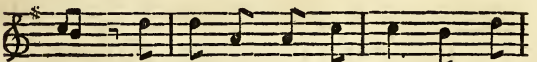
driv'n the keenest, keenest storms of fate to bear.



Ah! but forgive me, pi-ti-ed let me part; Ah! but for-



give me, pitied let me - - part, Your frowns too



sure would break my sinking heart; - - Your



frowns too sure would break my sinking, sinking heart.



Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly state,
Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here,
And when, perhaps, you're musing o'er my fate,
You still may greet me with a tender tear.
Ah! then forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking
heart.

CATCH.—HARK! THE BONNY.

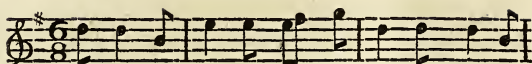
Hark! the bonny Christ Church bells,
One, two, three, four, five, six :
They sound so woundy great,
So wond'rous sweet,
And they troul so merrily, merrily.

Hark! the first and second bell,
That every day at four and ten
Cries, come to prayers,
And the verger troops before the dean.

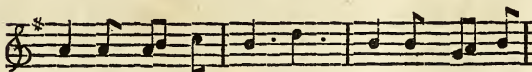
Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine,
To call the bearers home;
But the devil a man
Will leave his can
'Till he hears the mighty Tom.



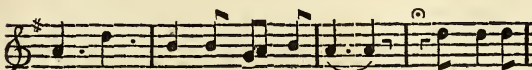
THO' TIME HAS FROM. &c.



Tho' time has from your lordship's face, Made free to



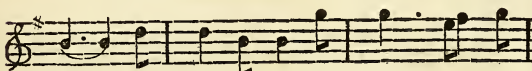
steal each youthful grace, Yet why should you des-



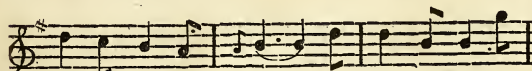
pair? Yet why should you despair? Old busts oft



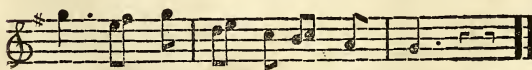
please the connoisseurs, So folks of taste perhaps like



yours, And that removes your care, - And



that removes your - care, And that removes your



care, - - And that removes your care.



'Tis true that silly girls believe
In joys that youth alone can give,
 But why should you despair?
'Tis folly governs youth you know,
And so far young you soon may grow,
 And that removes your care.

Whate'er your faults in person, mind,
However gross you chance to find,
 Yet why should you despair?
Of flattery you must buy advice,
You're rich enough to pay the price,
 And that removes your care.

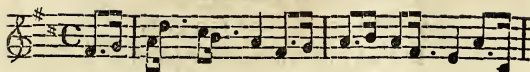
CHORUS.

Away with fight and quarrel,
Black eyes, crack'd heads, that bring;
Let us attack the barrel,
And jollily, jollily sing
 Tol, lol.

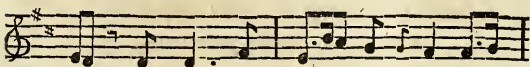
Let's drink like hearty fellows
Our Country and our King,
Burn old King Rose's bellows,
And jollily dance and sing
 Tol, lol.



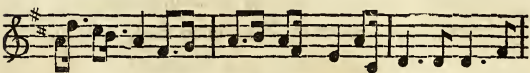
O NANNY.



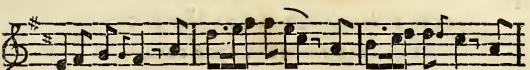
O Nan - ny wilt thou gang with me, Nor



sigh to - leave the - flaunting - town, Can



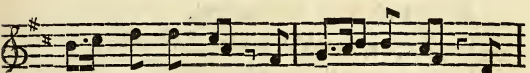
silent glens have charms for thee, The lowly cot and



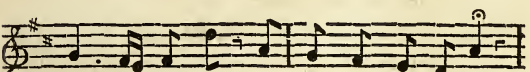
russet gown, No longer drest in silk - en sheen, No



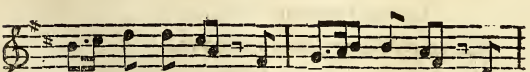
longer - deckt with jew - els - rare,



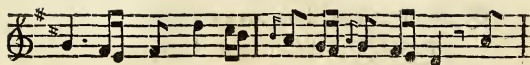
Say, canst thou quit the - bu - sy scene, Where



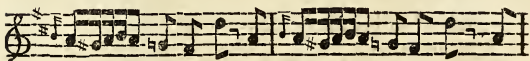
thou wert fairest, wert - fairest - of the fair,



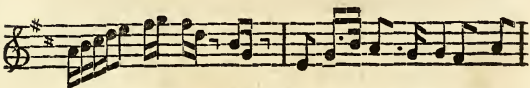
Say, canst thou quit the - bu - sy scene, Where



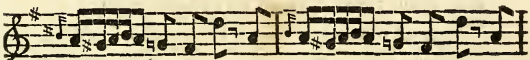
thou wert fairest, wert fairest of the fair, Where



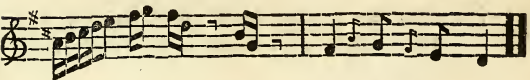
thou wert fairest, Where thou wert fairest, Where



thou wert fair - est, fairest of the fair, Where



thou wert fairest, Where thou wert fairest, Where



thou wert fair - est - of the fair.

O, Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou cast a look behind?
 Say, can'st thou face the flaky snow,
 Nor shrink before the warping wind?
 O can that soft and gentle mien,
 Severest hardships learn to bear,
 Nor sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?



O, Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy swain mishap shall know,
To share with him the pang of woe?
And when invading pains befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recal,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath,
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou, o'er his much lov'd clay,
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

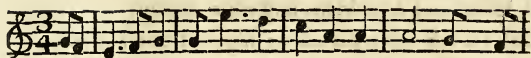


CATCH.

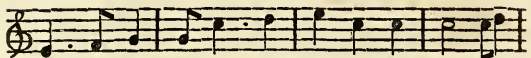
Look, neighbours, look, here lies poor Thomas Day,
dead, and turned to clay!
Does he? sure! what young Thomas? what old
Thomas? what old Thomas? lack, lack a-day!
Poor soul!—no, no!—aye, aye!—aye, aye, aye!



LOGIE OF BUCHAN.



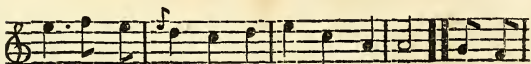
O Logie of Buchan, O Logie the laird, they have



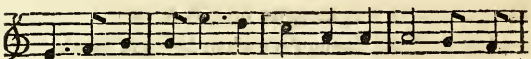
ta'en awa - Jamie that delv'd in the yard, Who



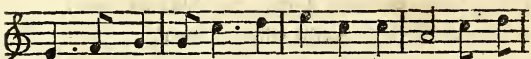
play'd on the pipe wi' the vi - olsaesma', They hae



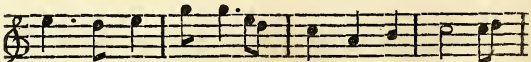
ta'en a - wa Jamie the flow'r o' them a'. He said



think na' long lassie, tho' I gang a - wa', He said



think na' long lassie tho' - I gang a - wa, For the



simmer is comin, cauld winter's a - wa, And



I'll come and - see thee in spite o' them a'.



Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a hadden, and siller foreby;
But I'd tak mine ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him wi' his houses and land.

He said, &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
Tho' I loe them as well as a daughter shou'd do,
They are nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said, &c.

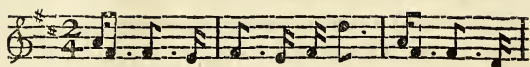
sit in my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that loo'ed me sae weel;
He had but ae sixpence, he brak it in twa,
And he gied me the ha'f o't when he gaed awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na' awa';
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na' awa';
Simmer is comin, cauld winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.



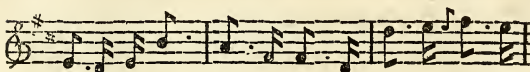
CATCH.—LOVE AND MUSIC.

How great is the pleasure, how sweet the delight,
When soft Love and Music together unite.

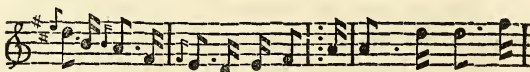
ROY'S WIFE.



Roy's wife of Al - divalloch, Roy's wife of



Aldivalloch, Wat ye how she cheated me, As



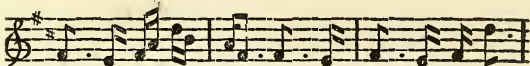
I cam o'er the braes o' Balloch She vow'd she swore she



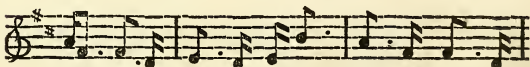
wad be mine, she said she lo'ed me best of ony, But



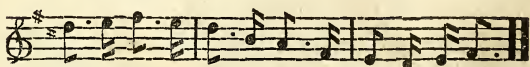
Oh! the fickle faithless quean, She's ta'en the carl and



left her Johnny. Roy's wife of Al - divalloch,



Roy's wife of Al - divalloch, Wat ye how she



cheated me, As I cam o'er the braes o' Balloch !



O she was a canty quean,
And weel cou'd dance the Highland walloch,
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivallach.
Roy's wife, &c.

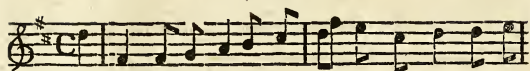
Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' so sweet and bonny,
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnny.
Roy's wife, &c.

But Roy's age is three times mine,
I'd think his days will nae be mony,
And when the carl's dead and gone,
She'll may be rue and tak her Johnny.
Roy's wife, &c.

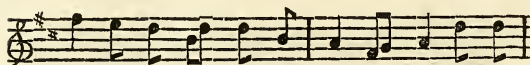
CATCH.—POOR JOHNNY'S DEAD.

Poor Johnny's dead! I hear his knell,
Bim, bim, bim, bim, bome bell,
Bome! bome! bim, bome, bell.
The bell doth toll, O may his soul
In Heav'n for ever dwell!

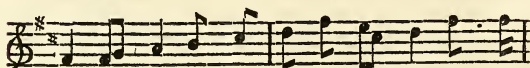
THE OLD COMMODORE.



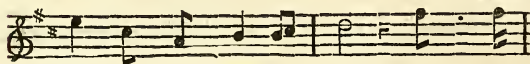
Od's blood what a time for a seaman to skulk, Under



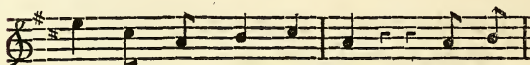
gingerbread hatches ashore, - - - What a



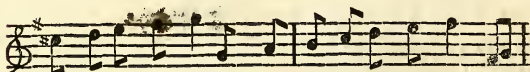
damn'd bad job that this batter'd old hulk, Can't be



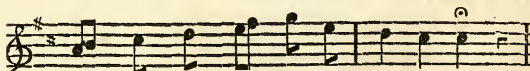
rigg'd out for sea once more. Can't - - be



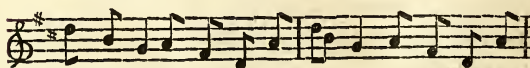
rigg'd out for - sea once more. - - For the



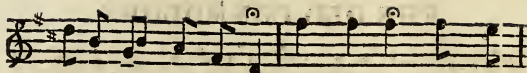
puppies as they pass, Cocking up a quizzing glass, Thus



run down the - old Commodore. - - -



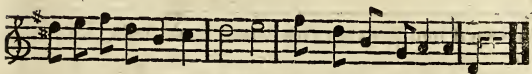
That's the old Commodore, The old rum Commodore, The



gouty old Commodore. He, He, He. Why the



bullets & the gout Have so knock'd his hull about, That he'll



never more be fit for sea, He'll never more be fit for sea.

Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,

Not a tow-rope at hand, or an oar,

I'm left by my crew, and may I be flogg'd,

But the Doctor 's a son of ~~the~~

While I'm swallowing his slops,

How nimble are his chops,

Thus queering the Old Commodore,

Bad case, commodore,

Can't say, commodore,

Must'nt flatter, commodore, says he,

For the bullets and the gout

Have so knock'd your hull about,

That you'll never more be fit for sea.



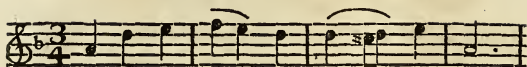
What, no more be afloat ! Blood and fury, they lie,
I'm a seaman and only threescore,
And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
Od'zooks, let me not die ashore.
As to death, 'tis all a joke,
Sailors live in fire and smoke,
So at least says the old commodore,
The old rum commodore,
The tough old commodore,
The fighting old commodore,
Who the bullets and the gout,
Nor the French dogs to boot,
Shall kill though they grappled him at sea.

CHORUS.

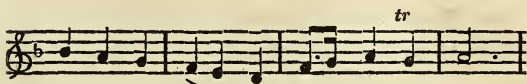
Now crimson sinks the setting sun,
And our tasks are fairly done.
Jolly comrades home to bed,
Taste the sweets by labour sped ;
Let his poppy seal your eyes,
'Till another day arise,
For our tasks are fairly done,
As crimson sinks the setting sun.



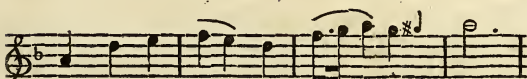
BLACK EY'D SUSAN.



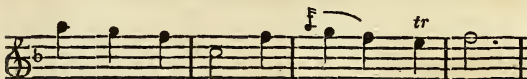
All in the Downs the - Fleet was moor'd,



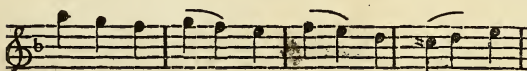
The streamer waving - in - the wind,



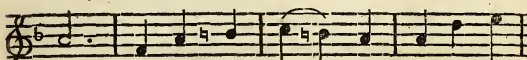
When black ey'd Su-san - came on board,



O where shall I - my - true - love find?



Tell me ye - - jo - vial - sai - lors, - tell me



true, Does my sweet, Wil - liam, Does my sweet



Wil - liam sail a - mong - your crew?



William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below.
The cords slide swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hears,
 And drops at once into her nest:
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O, Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again,
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be,
The faithful compass, that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.



If to far India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

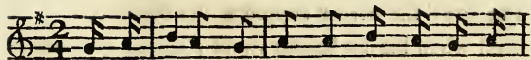
Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn,
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard,
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu! she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.

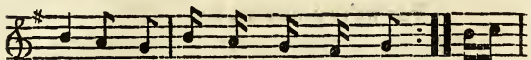
CATCH.—BUZ QUOTH THE BLUE FLY.

Buz, quoth the blue fly; hum, quoth the bee;
Buz and hum they cry, and so do we;
In his ear, in his nose, thus do you see:
He eat the dormouse, else it was he.

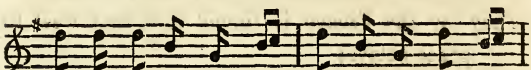
WE'RE A' NODDIN.



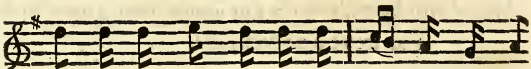
O we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin, O we're



a' noddin at our house at hame. How's



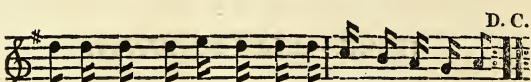
a' wi' ye Kimmer? And how do ye thrive? And



how mony bairnes hae ye now? Bairnes I hae five.



And are they a' at hame wi' ye? na, na, na; For



twa o' them's a herdin aye sin Jamie gaed a-wa.

Granny nods i' the neuk, and feuds as she may,
And brags that we'll ne'er be what she's been in her
day;

Vow! but she was bonny, and vow but she was braw,
And she had routh o' wooers ance, I'se warrant great
and sma'.



Weary fa' Kate, that she winna nod too,
 She sits i' the corner suppin a' the broo;
 And when the bit bairnies wad e'en hae their share,
 She gie's them the ladle—but ne'er a drap 's there.

For we're a noddin, &c.

Now fareweel, Kimmer, and weel may ye thrive,
 They say the French is rinnin' for't, and weel hae
 peace belyve;
 The bear's i' the braird, and the hay's i' the stack,
 And a' will be right wi's gin Jamie were come back!

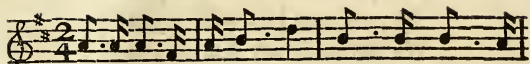
For we're a noddin, &c.



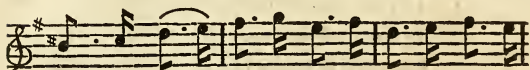
GLEE.—ALDIBORONTI.

Aldiboronti, Foschophornia,
 Where left ye Chrononhotonthologos?
 Fatigued, within his tent, by the toils of war, on
 downy couch reposing;
 Rigdumfunnidos, watching near him, while the
 Prince is dosing;
 Aldiboronti, Foschophornia,
 Chrononhotonthologos.

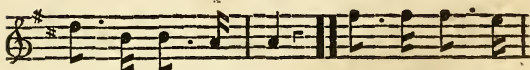
SCOTS WHA HAE.



Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled! Scots whom Bruce has



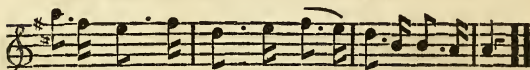
af - ten led, Welcome to your go - ry bed,



Or to li - ber - ty. Now's the day and



now's the hour, See the front of bat - tle low'r,



See approach proud Edward's pow'r Chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave?

Wha can fill a coward's grave?

Wha sae base as be a slave?

Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,

Freedom's sword will strongly draw,

Freeman stand, or freeman fa',

Let him on wi' me!



By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will strain our dearest veins!

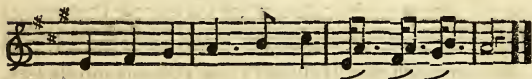
But they shall be free!
 Lay the proud usurper low,
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do—or die!



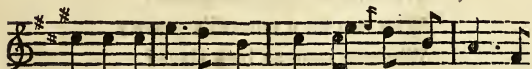
ROBIN ADAIR.



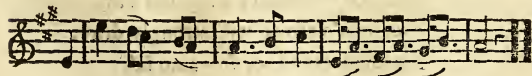
What's this dull town to me, Ro-bin's not near?



What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear?



Where's all the joy & mirth, Made this town a heav'n on



earth? Oh they're all fled with thee, Robin A - dair!

What made the assembly shine ?

Robin Adair.

What made the ball so fine ?

Robin was there.

What, when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore ?

Oh ! it was parting with

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

Yet him I love so well,

Still in my heart shall dwell,

Oh ! I can ne'er forget

Robin Adair.

CHORUS.

O sight of wonder ! sight of fear !

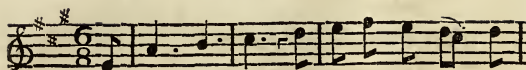
What monsters to our eyes appear ?

Half men, half beasts.—The earth with dread

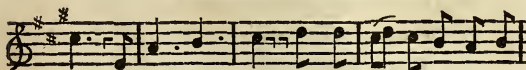
Trembles beneath their thundering tread !



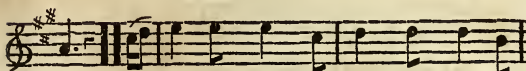
BEGONE DULL CARE.



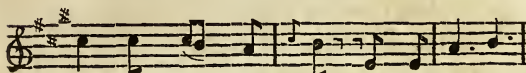
Begone dull care, I prithee begone from



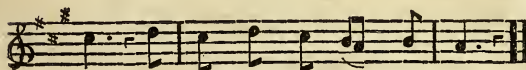
me, Begone dull care, You and I can never a-



gree. Long time thou hast been tarrying here, And



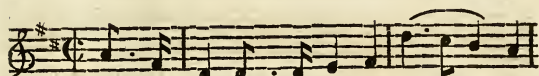
fain thou would'st me kill, But I' faith dull



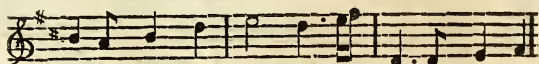
care, Thou ne-ver shall have thy will.

Too much care will turn a young man grey,
 And too much care will turn an old man to clay.
 My wife shall dance and I will sing,
 So merrily pass the day,
 For I hold it one of the wisest things
 To drive dull care away.

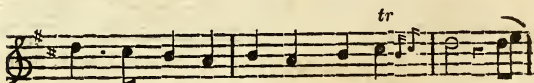
O MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED ROSE.



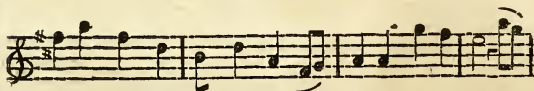
O my love's like the red red rose, That's



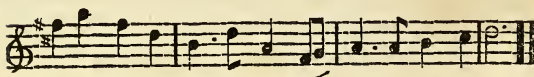
newly sprung in June, O my love is like the



me - lody, That's sweetly play'd in tune. As



fairart thou my bonnie lass, So deep in love am I, And



I will love thee still my dear, Tho'a' the seas gang dry.

Tho' a' the seas gang dry my dear,

And the rocks melt wi' the sun,

O, I will love thee still my dear

While the sands of life shall run.

Then fare thee weel my only love,

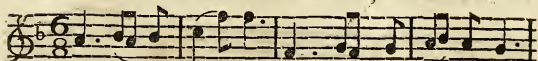
And fare thee weel awhile,

And I will come again my love,

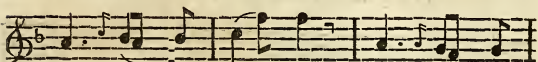
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.



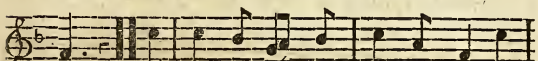
LIFE LET US CHERISH.



Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows



And the fresh flow'r - et pluck, ere it



close. Why are we fond of toil and care, Why



choose the rankling thorn to wear, And heedless by the



li - ly stray, Which blossoms in our way!

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
And forked lightnings rend the air,
The sun resumes its silver crest,
And smiles adown the west.

Life let us cherish, &c.

The genial seasons soon are o'er,
Then let us, ere we quit this shore,
Contentment seek, it is life's zest,
The sunshine of the breast.

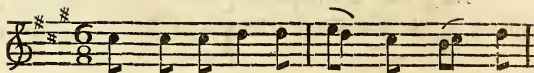
Life let us cherish, &c.



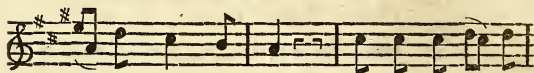
Away with every toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear;
With manful hearts life's conflict meet,
Till death sounds the retreat.

Life let us cherish, &c.

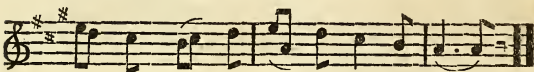
DRINK TO ME ONLY.



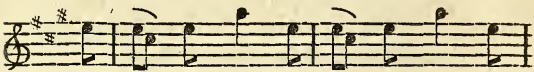
Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And



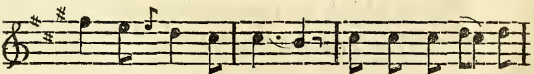
I will pledge with mine, Drink to me on - ly



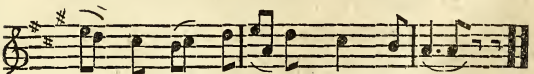
with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine.



Or leave a kiss but in the cup, And



I'll not look for wine. Drink to me on - ly



with thine eyes and I will pledge with mine.



The thirst that from my soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It would not wither'd be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me:
Since then it grows, and looks, and smells
Not of itself, but thee.

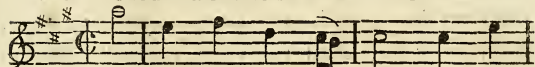


GLEE.—FORESTERS SOUND.

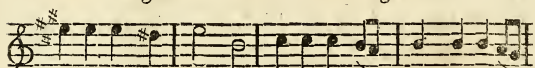
Foresters sound the cheerful horn,
Hark! to the woods away;
Diana, with her nymphs this morn,
Will hunt the stag to bay.

At length return'd from healthful chase,
Let Bacchus crown the day;
While Venus, with seducing grace,
Shall all our toil repay.

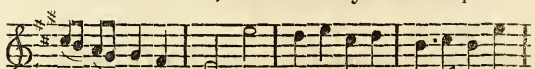
YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.



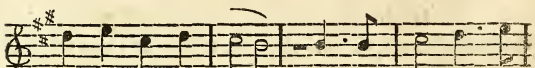
You gen - tle - men of Eng - land that



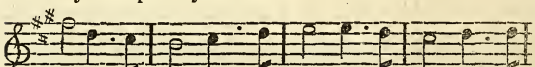
live at home at ease, Ah! little do you think upon the



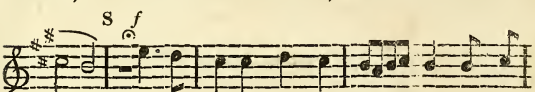
dangers of the seas, Give ear unto the mariners, and



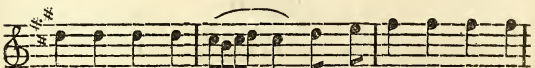
they will plainly show, All the cares and the



fears, All the cares and the fears, All the cares and the



fears, When the stormy winds do blow, When the



stormy winds do blow, When the stormy winds do



blow, When the stor - my winds do blow.



If enemies oppose us when England is at wars,
With any foreign nations we fear not wounds or scars,
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em our valour for to
know,

Whilst they reel on the keel, when the stormy winds
do blow.

When the stormy winds, &c.

Then courage all brave mariners and never be dismay'd,
Whilst we have bold adventurers we ne'er shall want
a trade,

Our merchants will employ us, to fetch them wealth
we know,

Then be bold, work for gold, when the stormy winds
do blow.

When the stormy winds, &c.

TRIO.

Wind gentle evergreens to form a shade,
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid ;
Sweet ivy wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine ;
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

~~~~~

## AH! SURE A PAIR.

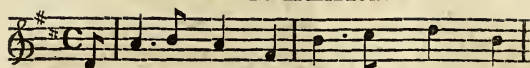
*P*

Ah sure a pair was ne - ver seen, So  
just - ly form'd to meet by na - ture, The  
youth excelling so in mein, The maid in ev' - ry  
graceful feature! O how happy are such lovers, When  
kindred beauties each discovers, For surely she was  
made for thee, And thou to bless this charming creature.

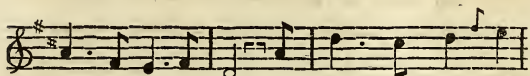
So mild your looks, your children thence  
Will early learn the task of duty;  
The boys with all their father's sense,  
The girls with all their mother's beauty!  
O, how charming to inherit,  
At once such graces and such spirit;  
Thus while you live, may fortune give,  
Each blessing equal to your merit!

*monomono*

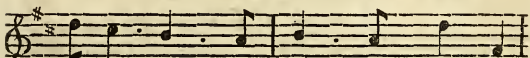
# HAD I A HEART.



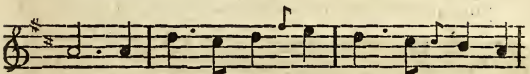
Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I



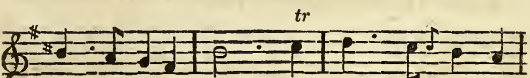
ne'er could injure you, For though your tongue no



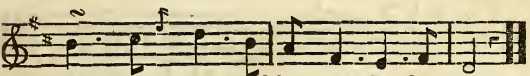
promise claim'd, Your charms would make me



true. To you no soul shall bear deceit, No



stranger offer wrong, But friends in all the



aged you'll meet, and lo - vers in the young!

But when they learn that you have bless'd

Another with your heart,

They'll bid aspiring passions rest,

And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,

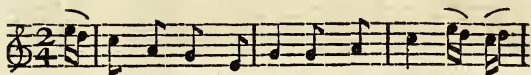
Nor fear to suffer wrong;

For friends in all the aged you'll meet,

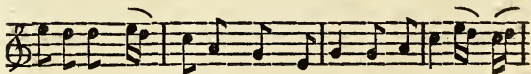
And lovers in the young.



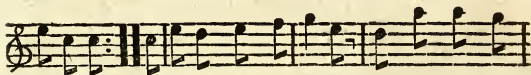
## A ROSE TREE IN FULL BEARING.



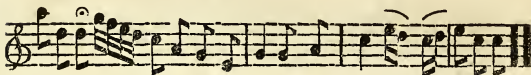
A rose tree in full bearing, Had sweet flowers



fair to see, One rose beyond comparing, For beauty at-



tracted me. Tho' eager once to win it, Lovely blooming



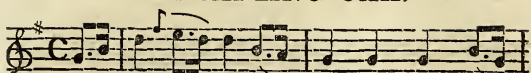
fresh & gay, I find a canker in it, And now throw it far away

How fine this morning early,  
 All sun-shiny clear bright,  
 So late I lov'd you dearly,  
 Tho' lost now each fond delight.  
 The clouds seem big with showers,  
 Sunny beams no more are seen,  
 Farewell ye happy hours,  
 Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

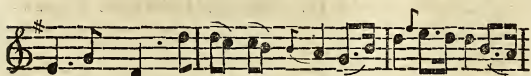




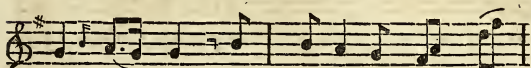
## THE SAPLING OAK.



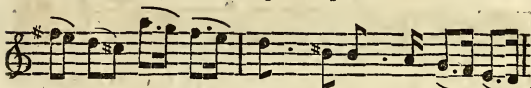
The sapling oak lost in the dell, Where



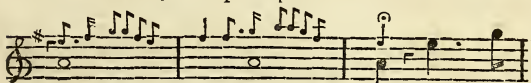
'tangled brakes its beauties spoil, And ev'ry in - fant



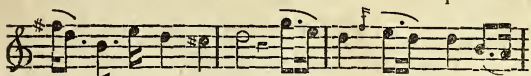
shoot re - pel, Droops hopeless o'er th' ex-



hausted soil, Droops hopeless o'er th' exhausted

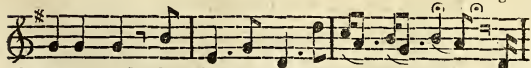


soil - - - - - hope - less

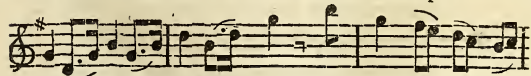


o'er th' exhausted soil: At length the woodman

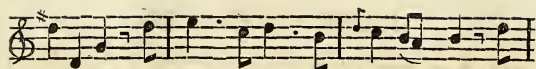
*Pin Allegro.*



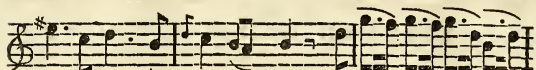
clears around Where'er the noxious thickets spread, And



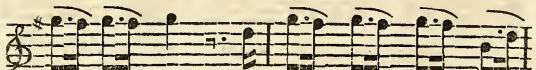
high reviving o'er the ground, The forest's monar



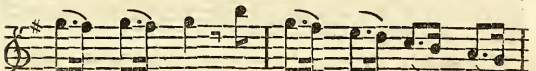
lifts his head; At length the woodman clears around Where-



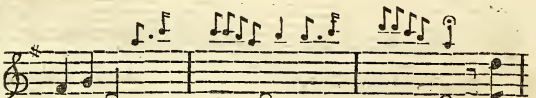
e'er the noxious thickets spread, And high re-vi - ving



o'er the ground, The fo - rest's mo - narch



lifts his head, And high re - vi - ving



o'er the ground - - - - - , The



forest's monarch lifts his head, And high re-vi-ving



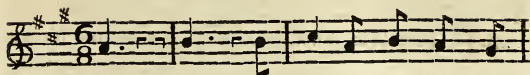
o'er the ground, The forest's monarch lifts his head, The



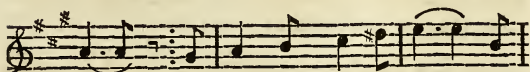
fo - rest's mo - narch lifts his head.



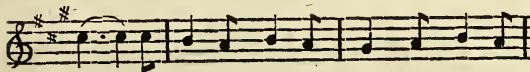
## HARK! THE LARK



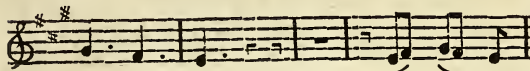
Hark! Hark! the lark at heaven's gate



sings, and Phœ - bus 'gins to rise, His

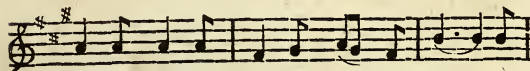


steeds to water at those springs, on chalice

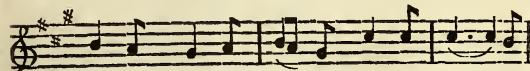


flow'rs that lies,

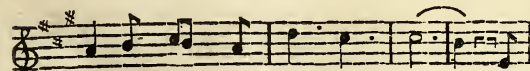
And winking



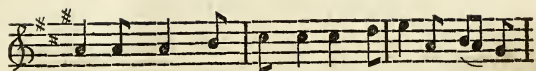
ma - ri - buds be - gin, To ope their gol - den



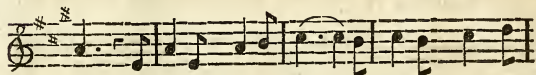
eyes, And winking ma - ri - buds be - gin, be -



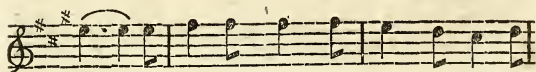
gin, To ope their gol - den eyes. With



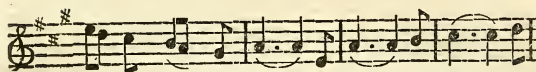
ev' - ry thing that pret - ty is, My lady sweet a -



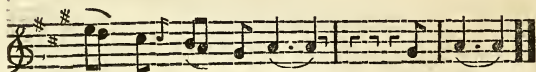
rise, My lady sweet a-rise, My lady sweet a -



rise, With ev' - ry thing that pret - ty is, My



la - dy sweet a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, My



la - dy sweet a - rise, - - A - rise.

### CHORUS.

Over Egypt's burning deserts, fearlessly

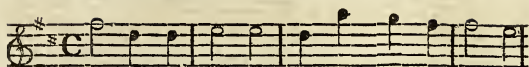
In search of wealth, for those below'd we roam,

Heat, thirst, toil, peril are repaid, if we

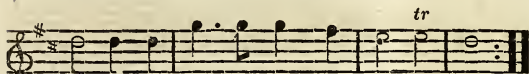
Add but one comfort to our Native Home.

~~~~~

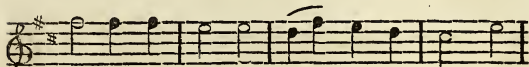
GLORIOUS APOLLO !



Glorious A - pol - lo from on high beheld us,



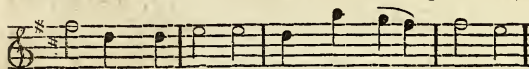
Wand'ring to find a tem - ple for his praise,



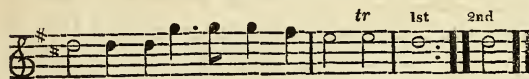
Sent Po - ly - hym - nia hi - ther to shield us,



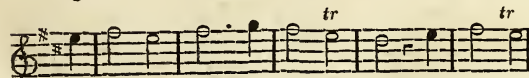
While we ourselves such a structure might raise.



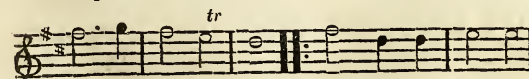
Thus then combining, Hands and hearts joining,



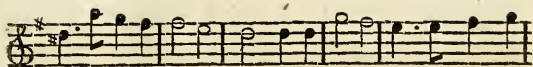
Sing we in harmony, A - pol - lo's praise, praise.



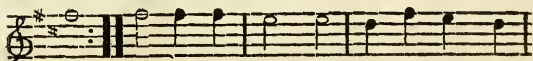
A-pol-lo's praise, A-pol-lo's praise, A-pol-lo's



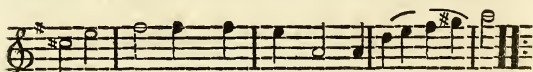
praise, A - pol - lo's praise. Here ev'-ry gen'rous

monono

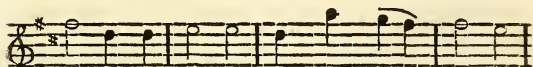
sentiment awaking, Music inspiring u - ni - ty and



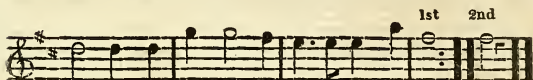
joy. Each so - cial pleasure giving and par-



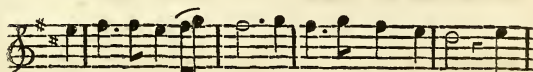
taking, Glee and good humour our hours employ.



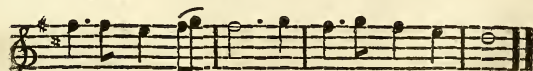
Thus then combining, Hands and hearts joining,



Long may continue our u - ni - ty and joy, joy.



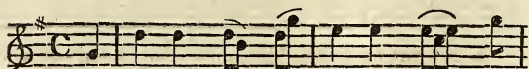
Our u - ni - ty and joy, Our u - ni - ty and joy, Our



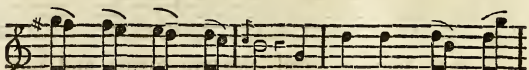
u - ni - ty and joy, Our u - ni - ty and joy.



ENCOMPASS'D IN AN ANGEL'S FRAME.



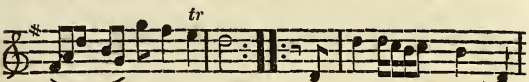
En - compass'd in an an - gel's frame, An



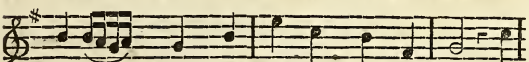
An - gel's vir - tues lay, Too soon did Heav'n as-



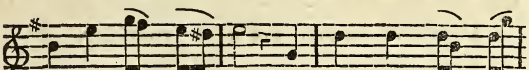
sert the claim, And call'd its own a - way, And



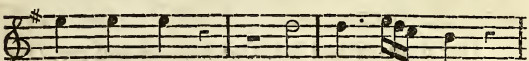
call'd its own away. My Anna's worth, my



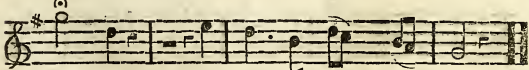
An-na's charms, Must ne-ver more return, Must



never more return, What now shall fill my

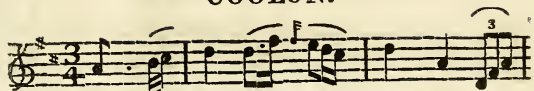


widow'd arms? - - Ah! me, - - -

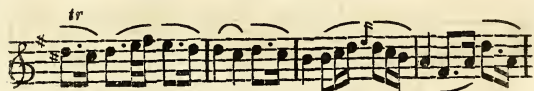


Ah! me, Ah! me, My An - na's urn.

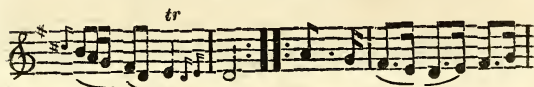
COOLUN.



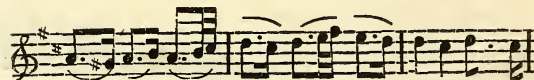
Oh! the hours I have pass'd in the



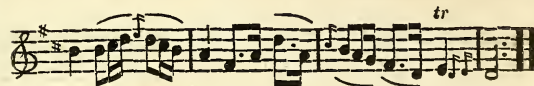
arms of my dear, Can never be thought on but



with a sad tear. Oh! for-bear, Oh! for-



bear then to men - tion her name, It re-



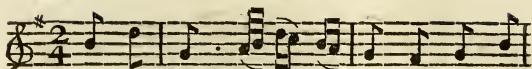
calls to my mem'ry the cause of my pain.

How often to love me she fondly has sworn,
And when parted from me would ne'er cease to mourn;
All hardships for me she would cheerfully bear,
And at night on my bosom forget all her care.

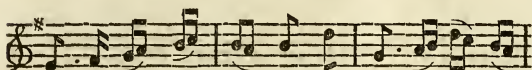
To some distant climate together we'll roam,
And forget all the hardships we meet with at home;
Fate now be propitious, and grant me thine aid.
Give me my Pastora, and I'm more than repaid.



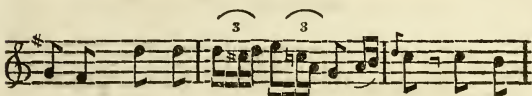
FARE THEE WELL!



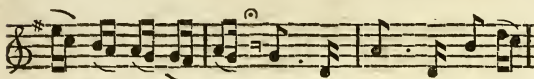
Fare thee well! and if for e - ver, Then for



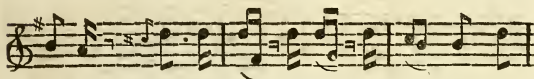
e - ver fare thee well! E'en tho' un - for - gi - ving



never, 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel, 'Gainst thee



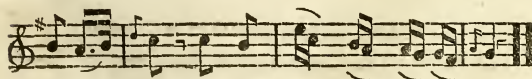
shall my heart rebel. Would that breast were bar'd be-



fore thee, Where thy head so oft has lain, While that



placid sleep came o'er thee, Which thou ne'er canst



know a - gain, Which thou ne'er canst know a - gain.



Tho' the world for this commend thee,
 Tho' it smile upon the blow,
E'en its praises must offend thee,
 Founded on another's woe.
Tho' my many faults defac'd me,
 Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embrac'd me,
 To inflict a cureless wound?

And when thou would'st solace gather,
 When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say 'Father!'
 Tho' his care she must forego?
When her little hands shall press thee,
 When her lip to thine is prest,
Think of him whose pray'r shall bless thee,
 Think of him thy love had blest.

Should her lineaments resemble,
 Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble,
 With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults perchance thou know'st,
 All my madness—none can know,
All my hopes—where'er thou goest,
 Wither—yet with thee they go.



But 'tis done,—all words are idle,
Words from me are vainer still,
But the thoughts we cannot bridle,
Force their way without the will.
Fare thee well! thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and love, and blighted,
More than this, I scarce can die

TRIO.

THE LOVER.

Oh! for a soft and balmy lip,
Ambrosial nectar there to sip,
Waste the dull day and pleasing night,
In ecstasy's refined delight.

THE TOPER.

Give me a large capacious bowl,
Wherein to lave my thirsty soul,
That I may bathe in joys divine,
And quaff unquench'd the rosy wine.

THE MISER.

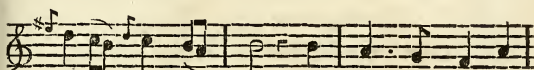
Plutus alone on me bestow,
That wealth so crav'd by all below;
That I, like Midas, may enfold
Unbounded bliss in massy gold.



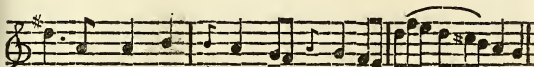
IN INFANCY OUR HOPES AND FEARS.



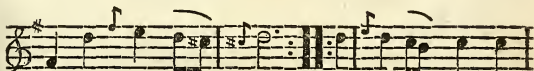
In in-fan-cy our hopes and fears, Were



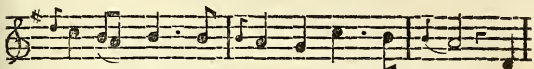
to each o - ther known, And friendship in our



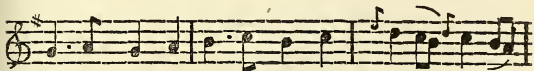
riper years, Has twin'd our hearts in one, - Has



twin'd our hearts in one. Oh! clear him then from



this offence, Thy love, thy du - ty prove, Re-



store him with that innocence, Which first inspir'd my



love, - - Which first - inspir'd my love.



In infancy our hopes and fears
 Were to each other known,
No sordid int'rest then appear'd,
 Affection rul'd alone.
As friendship ripen'd with our youth,
 The fruit was gather'd there,
Bright wisdom and fair blooming truth,
 Subsiding ev'ry care.

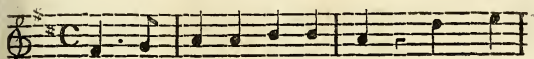
Ah! happy, more than happy state,
 When hearts are twin'd in one,
Yet few, so rigid is our fate,
 May wear the tender crown.
By one rude touch the roses fall,
 And all their beauties fade,
In vain we sigh, in vain we call,
 Too late is human aid.

GLEE.

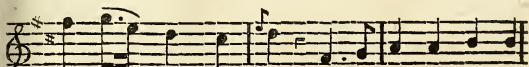
Spirits of the dashing spray,
 Where the silver water falls,
In circling dance we play;
Pilgrims that wandering stray.
 Still hear our viewless call;
And sooth'd pursue their way.



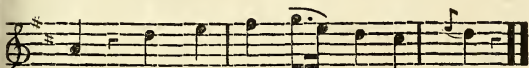
IN MY COTTAGE.



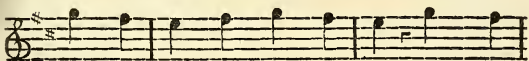
In my cottage near a wood, Love and



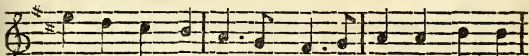
Ro - sa now are mine, Rosa e - ver fair and



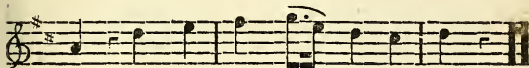
good, Charm me with those smiles of thine.



Ro - sa part - ner of my life, Thee a-



lone my heart shall prize, Thee the tender friend and



wife, Ah! too swift life's current flies.

Linger yet, ye moments stay,

Why so rapid is your wing,

Whither would ye haste away,

Stay and hear my Roca sing.

Love and you still bless my cot,

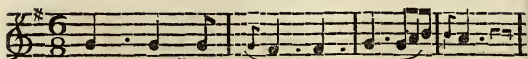
Fortune's frowns are for our good,

May we live, by pride forgot,

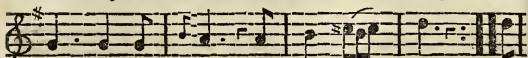
In our cottage near the wood.



JULIA TO THE WOOD ROBIN.



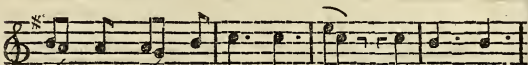
Stay, sweet en - chan - ter of the grove,



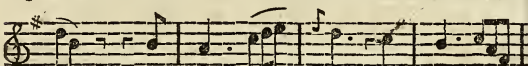
Leave not so soon thy na - tive tree, O



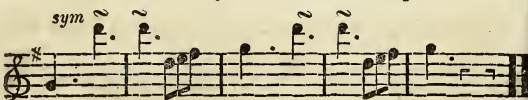
warble still those notes of love, While my fond heart re-



sponds to thee. O warble still those notes of



love, While my fond heart responds to



thee. - - - - -

Rest thy soft bosom in the spray,

'Till chilly autumn frowns severe,

Then charm me with those notes of love,

And I will answer with a tear.

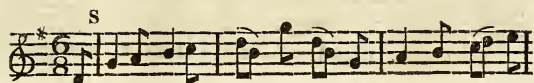
But soon as spring, enwreath'd with flow'rs,

Comes dancing o'er the new drest plain,

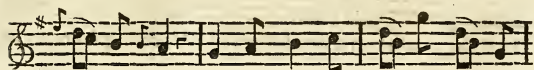
Return and cheer thy natal bow'rs

My Robin with those notes again.

THE HARDY SAILOR.



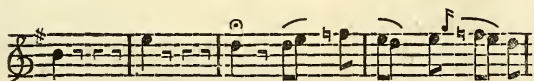
The hardy sailor braves the ocean, Fearless of the



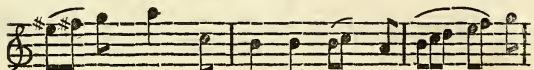
roaring wind, Yet his heart with soft e - mo - tion



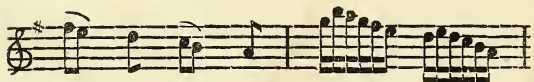
Throbs to leave his love be - hind, throbs,



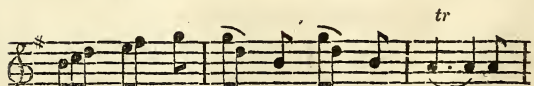
throbs, throbs, throbs, Yet his heart with soft e -



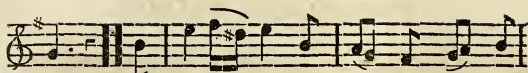
motion, Throbs to leave his love be - hind, - to



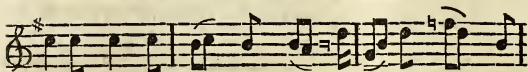
leave his love be - hind - - - -



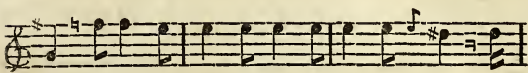
- - - - to leave, to leave his love be -



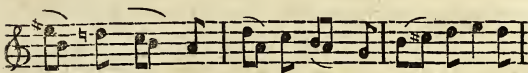
hind. To dread of foreign foes a stranger,



Tho' the youth can dauntless roam, Alarming fears paint



ev'-ry danger, In a ri-val left at home, A-



larming fears paint ev'ry danger, In a ri-val

Accomp't

D. C. S



left at home. - - - - - The

ROUND.—YES, 'TIS THE INDIAN DRUM.

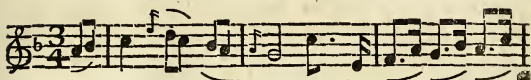
Yes, 'tis the Indian drum,

The woods and rocks around,

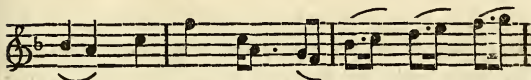
Echo the wild and warlike sound,

They come! they come! they come!

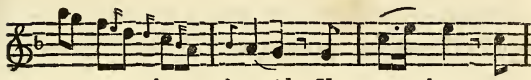
SWEET PASSION OF LOVE.



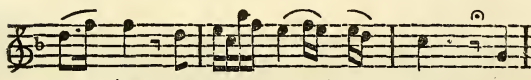
This cold flin - ty heart it is you who have



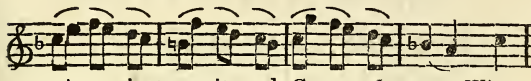
warm'd, You wa - ken my pas - sions, my



sen - ses have charm'd, You wa - ken my



pas - sions, my sen - ses have charm'd, In



vain against merit and Cyron I strove, What's



life without passion, sweet pas - sion of love, sweet



passion, sweet passion, sweet passion of love.



The frost nips the buds, and the rose cannot blow,
From the youth that is frost-nipp'd no rapture can
flow;

Elysium to him but a desert will prove,
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love!

The spring should be warm, the young seasons be gay,
Her birds and her flow'rets make blithsome sweet
May;

Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove,
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love!

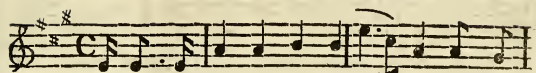


CHORUS.—AWAY! AWAY!

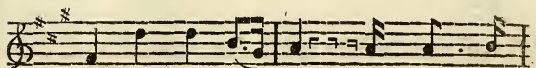
Away! away! our foes advance,
Vain the hatchet! Vain the lance.
At their will the light'ning flies,
And the thunder shakes the skies.

Whither, whither would you fly!
Uncover'd on their bloody bed,
The corpses of your brothers lie.
Hark, their angry spirits cry
‘ Rally and avenge the dead!’
Away! away! &c.

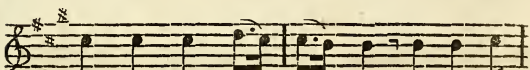
YE SONS OF FREEDOM.



Ye sons of freedom wake to glory, Hark what



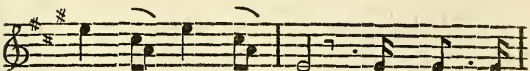
my - riads bid you rise; Your chil - dren,



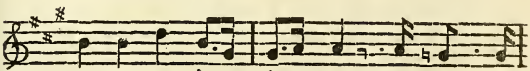
wives and grandsires ho - ry, Behold their



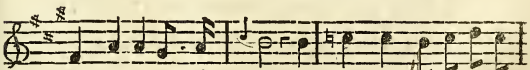
tears and hear their cries, Be - hold their



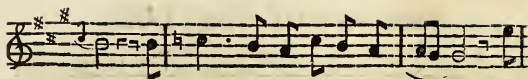
tears and hear their cries. Shall dire in -



va - ders, mischief breeding, With ty - rant



hosts, a ruf - fian band, Affright and desolate the



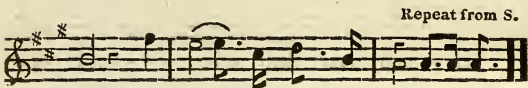
land, While peace and li-ber-ty lie bleeding, To



arms, to arms, ye brave, Th' a-veng-ing sword un-



sheath, March on, march on, all hearts re-



solv'd, on li - ber - ty or death.

Oh liberty, can man resign thee,

Once having felt the generous flame,

Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,

Or whips thy noble spirit tame ;

Too long the world has wept, bewailing,

The savage power her conquerors wield,

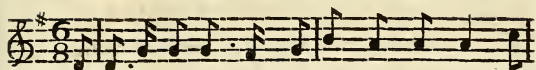
But freedom is our sword and shield,

And all their arts are unavailing.

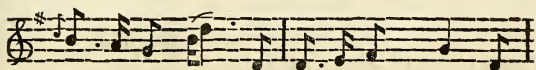
To arms ye brave, &c.



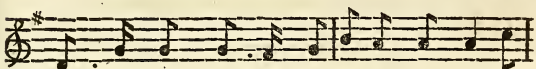
ARGYLE IS MY NAME.



Argyle is my name, and you may think it strange, To



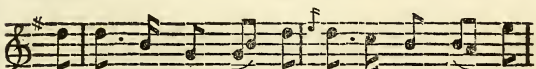
live at a court and never to change, All



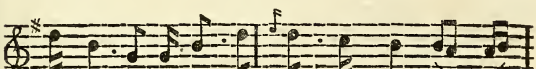
falsehood and flat-te-ry I do disdain, In



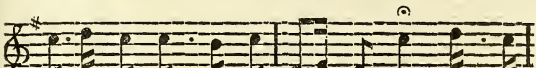
my se-cret thoughts nae guile does remain.



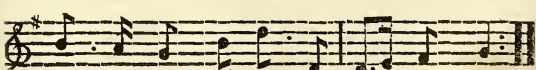
My king and my country's foes I have fac'd, In



ci-ty or battle I ne'er was disgrac'd, I



do ev'-ry thing for my country's weal, And I'll

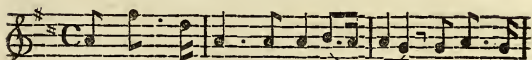


feast up-on Bannoch's o' barley-meal.

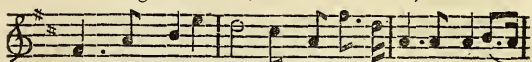


Gin my Maggie shou'd chance to bring me a son,
 He'll fight for his king as his father has done,
 I will quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 And put my blue bonnet and plaidy on.
 I'm fairly resolv'd for a country life,
 And no longer will live in hurry and strife,
 I'll off to the Highlands as hard 's I can reel,
 And I'll feast upon Bannoch's o' barley meal.

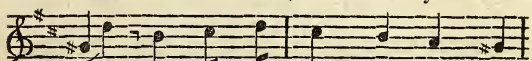
GLOWING WITH LOVE.



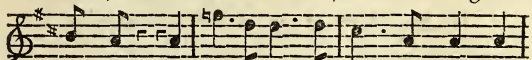
Glowing with love, on fire for fame, A Trouba-



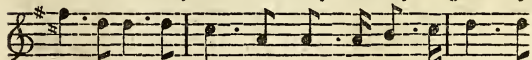
dour who hated sorrow, Unto his lady's window



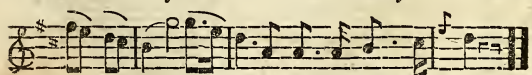
came, And thus he sung his last good



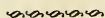
morrow. "My arm, it is my country's right, My



heart is in my true-love's bow'r, Gaily for love and



fame to fight, Befits the gallant Troubadour."



And while he march'd with helm on head,
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As faithful to his favourite maid,

The minstrel burthen still he sung.
' My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bow'r,
Resolv'd for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour.'

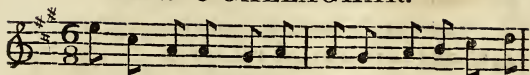
E'en when the battle's roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,
'Mid splintering lance and falchion's sweep,
And still was heard his warrior lay:

' My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.'

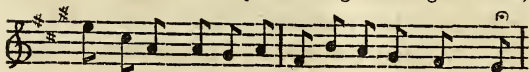
Alas! upon the bloody field,
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
But still reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung th' exulting stave,
' My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bow'r,
For love and fame, to fall in fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.'



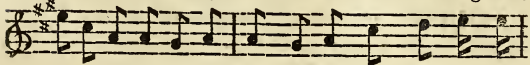
MR. O'GALLAGHAR.



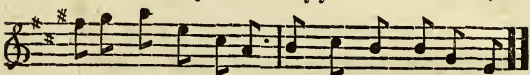
O what a dainty fine thing is the girl I love,



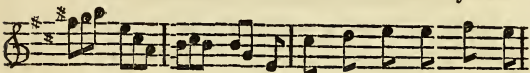
She fits my finger as neat as a Lim'rick glove,



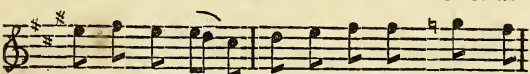
If that I had her just down by yon mountain side, 'Tis



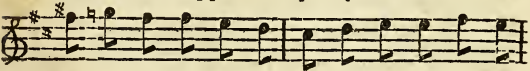
there I would ax her if she would become my bride.



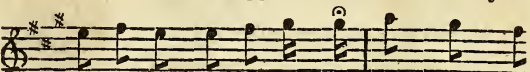
- - - - - The skin on her cheek is as



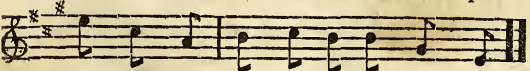
red as Eve's apple, Her pretty round waist with



my arms I'd soon grapple, But when I ax'd her just



leave for to follow her, She cock'd up her



nose and cried no, Mr. O'Gal - lag - her.



O Cicely, my jewel, the dickens go with you why,
If that you're cruel its down at you're feet I'll lie,
Cause you're hard-hearted I'm melted to skin and
bone,

Sure you'd me pity to see me both grunt and groan,
But all I could say her hard heart could not mollify,
Still she would titter, and giggle, and look so shy,
Then with a frown I'm desir'd not to follow her
Isn't this pretty usage for Mr. O'Gallagher?

'Twas at Balligally one Easter I met with her,
Into Jem Gawey's I went where I sat with her;
Cicely, my jewel, if that you will be my own,
Soon Father Luke he will come and he'll make us one.
On hearing of this how her eyes they did glisten bright
Cicely, my jewel, I'll make you my own this night,
When that she found me so determined to follow her,
I'm your's then, she cried out, sweet Mr. O'Gallagher.

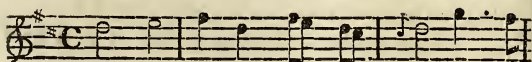
GLEE.

When nature form'd that angel face
She lavish'd all her store

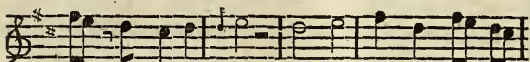
'Be this,' she cried, 'my master-piece,
Kneel, mortals, and adore!'



FLOW THOU REGAL PURPLE STREAM.



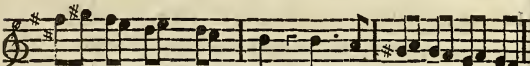
Flow thou re - gal pur - ple stream, Tinted



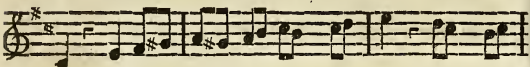
by the solar beam; In my goblet sparkling



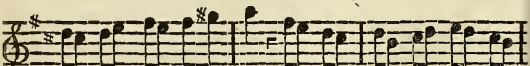
rise, Cheer my heart and glad my eyes: Flow thou



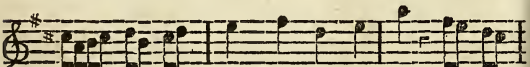
re - gal pur - ple stream, Tinted by the so - lar



beam, In my gob - let sparkling rise, Cheer my



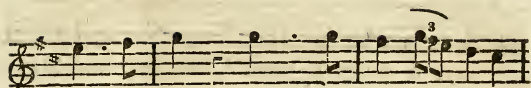
heart and glad my eyes, In my sparkling gob - let



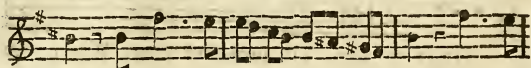
rise, Cheer my heart and glad my eyes, Cheer my



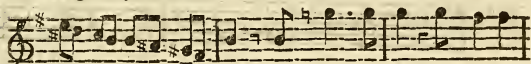
heart and glad my eyes: My brain ascend on



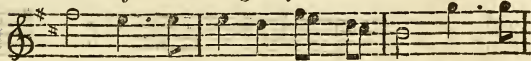
fan - cy's wing, 'Noint me, wine, a jovial



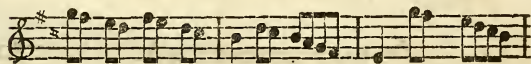
king; My brain ascend on fancy's wing, 'Noint me



wine, a jo - vial king, My brain ascend on fancy's



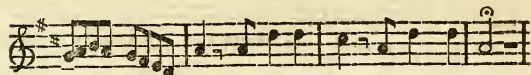
wing, 'Noint me, wine, a jo - vial king, 'Noint me,



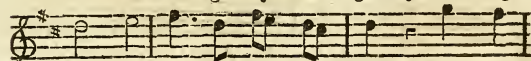
wine, a jo - vial king, a jo - - - - -



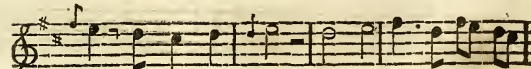
- - - - -



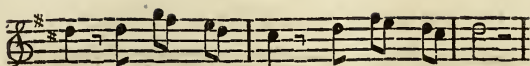
- - - vial king, a jovial king, a jovial king.



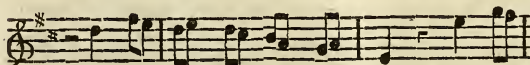
While I live I'll lave my clay, When I'm



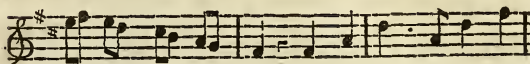
dead and gone a - way, Let my thirsty subjects



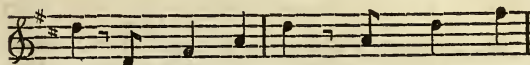
say, A month he reign'd, but that was May.



While I live I'll lave my clay, When I'm



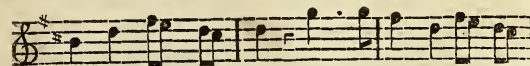
dead and gone a - way, Let my thirsty subjects



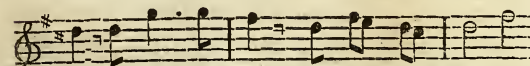
say, A month he reign'd, but that was



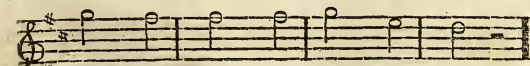
May; Let my thirsty subjects say, A month he



reign'd, but that was May; Let my thirsty subjects



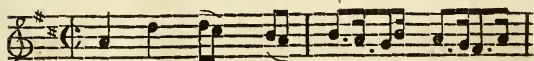
say, A month he reign'd, but that was May, but



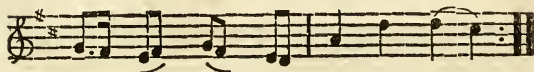
that was May, but that was May.



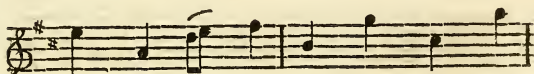
COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.



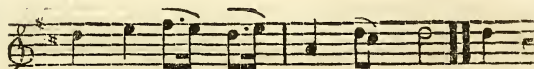
Come un - to these yel - - - -



- - low sands, And there take hands.



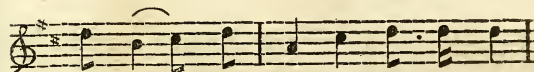
Foot it feat - ly here and there, And



let the rest the cho - rus bear. Hark!



Hark! the watch dog's bark! Hark! Hark!



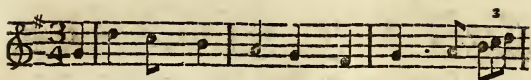
I hear the strain of Chan - ti - cleer,



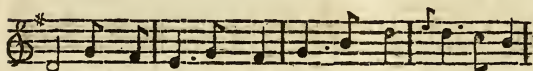
Hark! Hark! I hear the strain of Chan - ti - cleer.



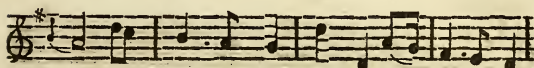
DEAR SIR, THIS BROWN JUG.



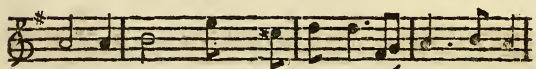
Dear sir, this brown jug that now foams with mild



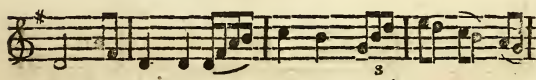
ale, Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the



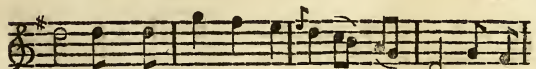
vale, Was one To - by Philpot, a thirsty old



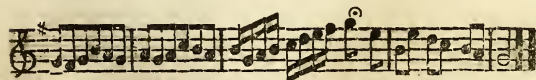
soul, As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a



bowl. In boozing a - bout 'twas his praise to ex-



cel, And amongst jol - ly toppers he bore off the



bell - - - - - , he bore off the bell



It chanc'd as in dog days he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r-woven arbour as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

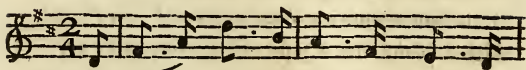
His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug.
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

GLEE.—HOW SHALL WE MORTALS.

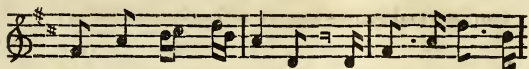
How shall we mortals spend our hours,
In love, in war, in drinking?
None but a fool consumes his pow'rs
In peace, dull care, and thinking.
Time, would you let him wisely pass,
Is lively brisk, and jolly;
Dip but his wings in the sparkling glass,
And he'll drown dull melancholy.



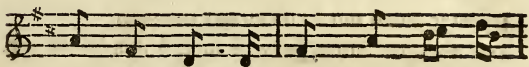
CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.



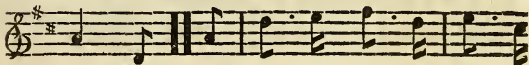
There's cauld kail in A - ber - deen, And



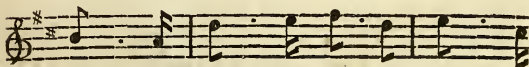
castocks in stra' bo-gie, Gin I hae but a



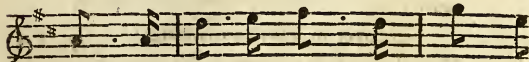
bon - ny lass, Ye're wel - come to your



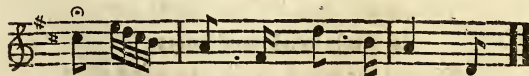
co - gie. And ye may sit up a' the



night, And drink till it be braid day-



light, Gie me a lass that's clean and



tight, To dance the reel o' Bo - gie.



In cotillions the French excel,
John Bull in contra dances,
The Spaniards dance Fandangos well,
Mynheer an al'mande prances.
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesome they dance wond'rous light,
But twasome ding, a' out o' sight,
Danc'd to the reel o' Bogie.

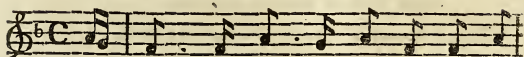
Come, lads, and view your partners well,
Wale each a blithsome rogie,
I'll tak' this lassie to mysel,
She looks sae keen and cogie.
Now piper, lad, bang up the spring,
The contra fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's, ere we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

ROUND.

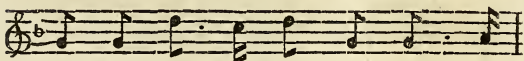
I lov'd thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.



GREEN GROW THE RASHES.



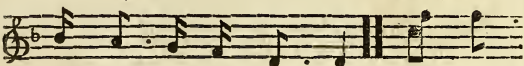
There's nought but care on ev'-ry hand, In



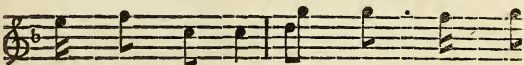
ev' - ry hour that pas - ses, O, What



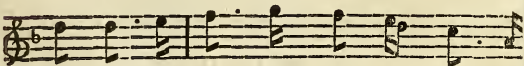
sig - ni - fies the life o' man, An 'twere



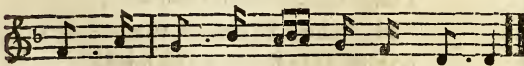
not for the las - ses, O? Green grow



the rash - es, O, Green grow the rash-



es, O; The sweet-est hours that e'er I



spend, Are spent a - mong the las - ses, O.



The warl'y race may riches chase,
And riches still may flee them, O,
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my deary, O;
An' warl'y cares, and warl'y men,
May a' gae tapsailteerie, O.
Green grow, &c.

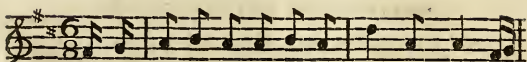
For you sae douse ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O,
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O,
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.

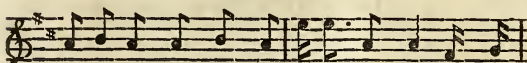
Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O,
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.



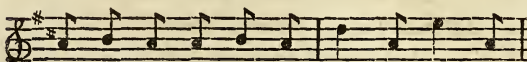
IF THE HEART OF A MAN.



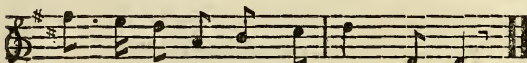
If the heart of a man is depress'd with care, The



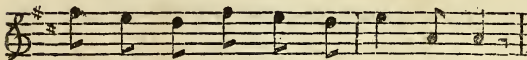
mist is dispell'd when a woman appears, Like the



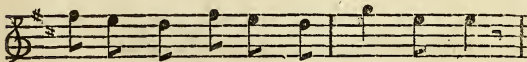
notes of a fid - dle she sweet - ly, sweet - ly



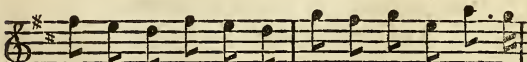
ai - ses our spi - rits and charms our ears.



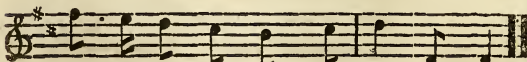
Lil - lies and ro - ses her cheeks disclose,



But her ripe lips are more sweet than those;



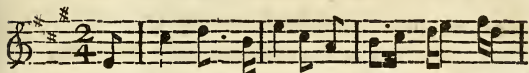
Press her, caress her, with blisses, her kisses, Dis -



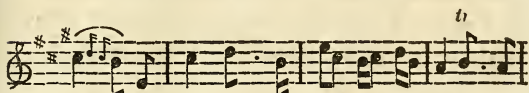
solve us in plea - sure and soft re - pose.



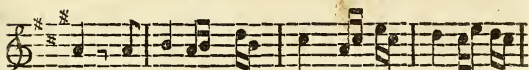
THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.



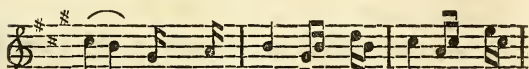
The flow'rs of the forest in spring time were



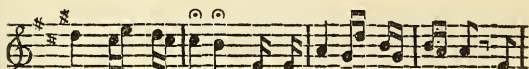
gay, And love brighten'd ev'ry soft pleasure of



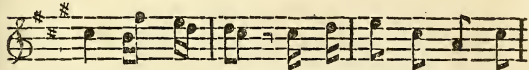
May, My Mary stray'd with me wher - e - ver I



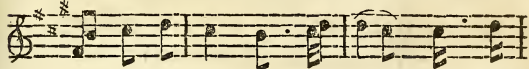
went, And my heart was the mansion of



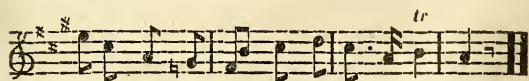
peace and content, But, alas! she has left me for



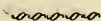
pastimes more gay, And the flowers of the



forest all wi - ther a - way, And the



flowers of the fo - rest all wither a - way.



The flow'rs of the forest in spring time were gay,
And the smile of my Mary gave wings to the day,
But past are those pleasures no more to return,
Her charms I adore, and her falsehood I mourn,
For alas! she has left me for pastimes more gay,
And the flow'rs of the forest all wither away.

The flow'rs of the forest in spring time were gay,
Like their fragrance, my bliss and fond hopes pass
away,
Fond hopes, which I caught from the glance of her eye,
Now blighted by sorrow, fade, wither and die.
For alas! she has left me for pastimes more gay,
And the flow'rs of the forest all wither away.

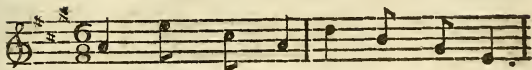
DUET.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourish'd?—Reply.
It is engender'd in the eye;
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

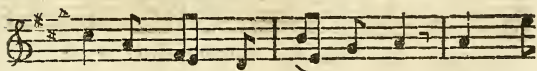
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it, ding, dong, bell.



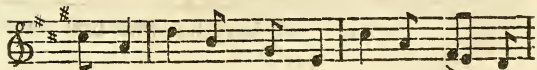
CEASE YOUR FUNNING.



Cease your funning, force or cunning,



Ne - ver shall my heart trepan, All your



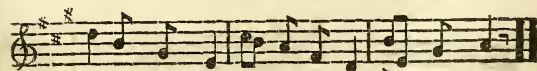
sal-lies, are but ma-lice, To seduce my



constant man. 'Tis most certain, by their flirting,



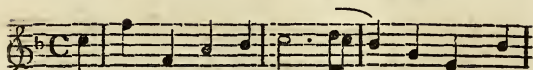
Women oft have en - vy shewn, Pleas'd to ruin



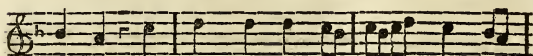
other's wooing, Never happy in their own.



WHY, HOW NOW, MADAM FLIRT.



Why, how now, Madam Flirt, If you needs must

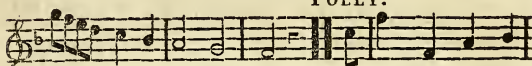


chatter, And are for flinging dirt, - - -

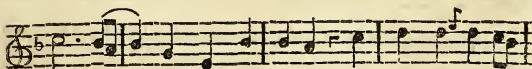


- - - - - Let's try who best can

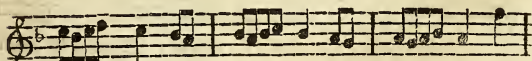
POLLY.



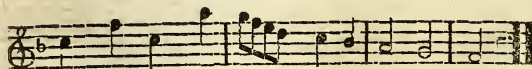
spat - ter, Madam Flirt. Why, how now, saucy



jade, Sure the wench is tipsy, How can you see me

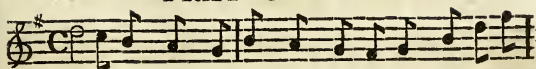


made, - - - - - The

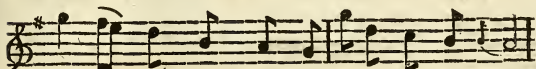


sport of such a gip - sy, sau - cy jade.

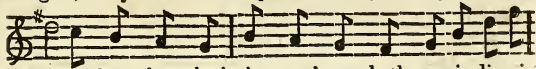
PRAY GOODY.



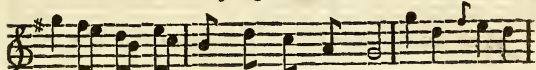
Pray goody, please to moderate the rancour of your



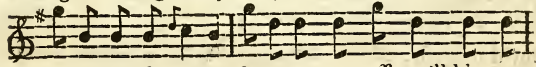
tongue, Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes,



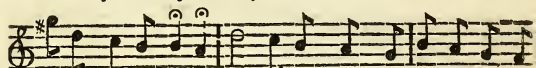
Remember when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is



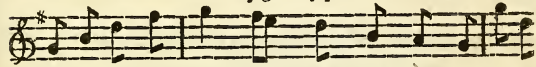
strong, A stranger why will you despise. Ply me, try me,



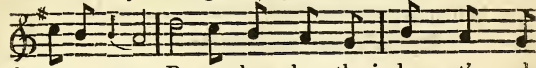
Prove ere you deny me, If you cast me off you'll blast me



Never more to rise. Pray goody please to moderate the



rancour of your tongue, Why flash those sparks of fury



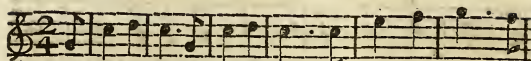
from your eyes, Remember when the judgment's weak



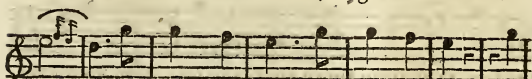
the prejudice is strong, A stranger why will you despise.



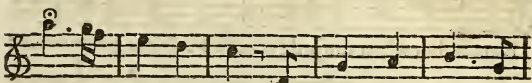
I HAVE A SILENT SORROW.



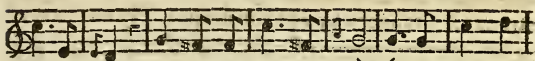
I have a silent sorrow here, A grief I'll ne'er im-



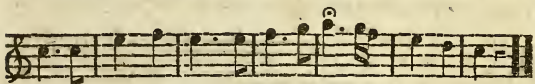
part; It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear, But



it consumes my heart. This cherish'd woe, this



lov'd despair, My lot for e - ver be, - So my soul's



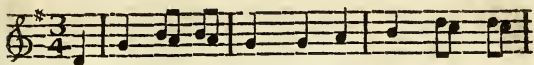
lord, the pangs I bear, Be never, never known by thee.

And when pale characters of death,
 Shall mark this alter'd cheek,
 When my poor wasted trembling breath,
 My life's last hope would speak.

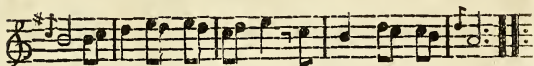
I shall not raise my eyes to heav'n,
 or mercy ask for me,
 My soul despairs to be forgiven,
 Unpardon'd, love, by thee.



HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.



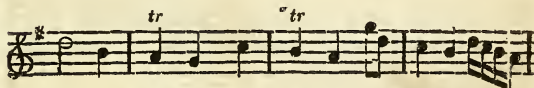
How sweet in the woodlands with fleet hound and



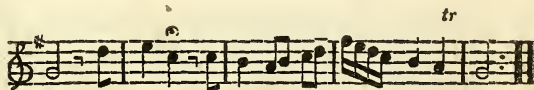
horn, To waken shrill echo and taste the fresh morn,



But hard is the chace my fond heart must pur-



sue, For Daphne, fair Daphne is lost to my



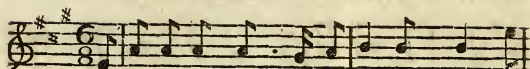
view, She's lost, fair Daphne is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with disdain,
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies,
Tho' Daphne's pursued 'tis Mirtillo that dies.

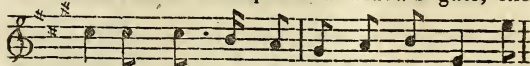




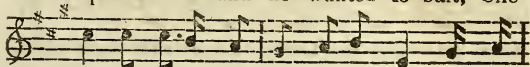
A TRAVELLER STOPT.



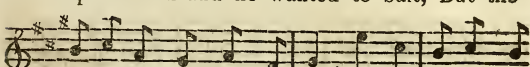
A traveller stopt at a widow's gate, She



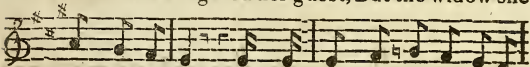
kept an inn and he wanted to bait, She



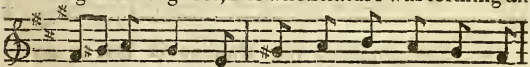
kept an inn and he wanted to bait, But the



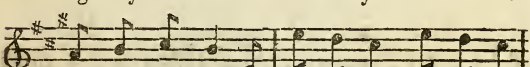
widow she slighted her guest, But the widow she



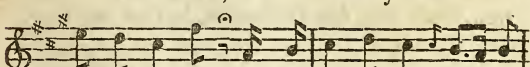
slighted her guest, For when nature was forming an



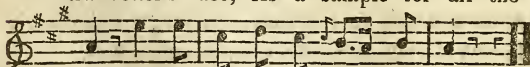
ug - ly race She cer-tain-ly moulded the



tra-veller's face, She cer-tain-ly moulded the



tra-veller's face, As a sample for all the



rest, As a sample for all the rest.



The chambermaid's sides were ready to crack,
When she saw his queer nose, and the hump on his
back;

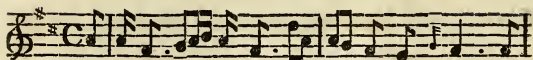
(A hump isn't handsome, no doubt:)
And though 'tis confess'd that the prejudice goes,
Very strongly in favour of wearing a nose,
A nose should'nt look like a snout.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid,
'T had a wond'rous effect on the widow and maid,
And they quickly grew marvellous civil:
The money immediately alter'd the case,
They were charm'd with his hump, and his snout, and
his face,
Though he still might have frighten'd the devil.

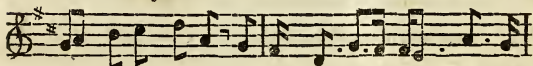
He paid like a prince, gave the widow a smack,
And flopp'd on his horse, at the door, like a sack;
While the landlady, touching the chink,
Cried, 'sir, should you travel this country again,
I heartily hope that the sweetest of men
Will stop at the widow's to drink.'



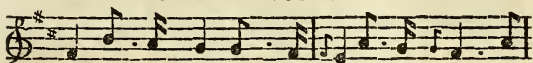
WAPPING OLD STAIRS.



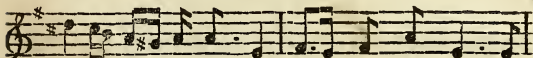
Your Molly has never been false she declares, Since



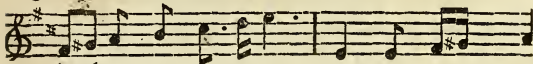
last time we parted at Wapping old stairs, When I



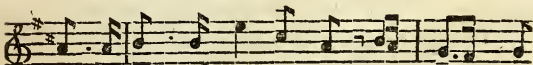
swore that I still would continue the same, And



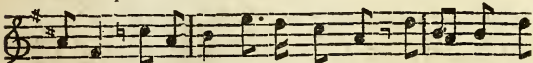
gave you the 'bacco box, mark'd with my name, And



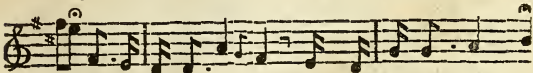
gave you the 'bacco box mark'd with my name,



When I pass'd a whole fortnight, be - tween decks



with you, Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your



crew. To be useful and kind, with my Thomas I stay'd,



For his trowsers I wash'd, and his grog too I made.



Tho' you promis'd, last Sunday, to walk in the Mall,
With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal,
In silence I stood, your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
Why should Sal, or should Susan, than me be more
priz'd,
For the heart that is true, it should ne'er be dispis'd,
Then be constant, and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
Still your trowsers I'll wash and your grog too I'll
make.

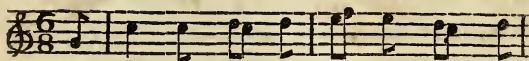


CHORUS.—DEEPLY STILL.

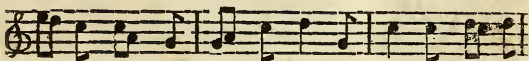
Deeply still, without a motion,
Lies the bosom of the deep;
While each breeze that roams the ocean,
On its surface seems to sleep.
Scarcely swells a single wave,
All is silent as the grave.—
But heaven grows brighter,
The clouds part asunder,
Loud murmurs the sea breeze
That slumber'd before;
The ship spreads her pinions,
The billows break under
Her prow as she passes;
But, lo! 'tis the shore.



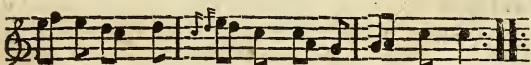
YE BANKS AND BRAES.



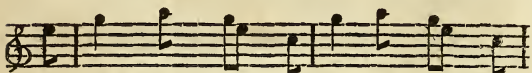
Ye banks and braes o' bon - ny Doon, How



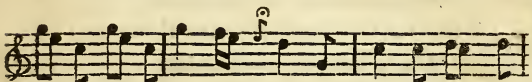
can you bloom sae fresh and fair, How can ye sing, ye



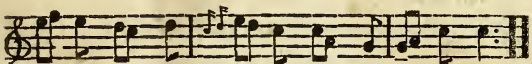
little birds, While I'm sae wea - ry fu' o' care?



Ye'll break my heart, ye lit - tle birds, That



warble on the flow'ry thorn, Ye mind me o' de -



parted joys, De - parted, ne - ver to return.

Aft hae I stray'd by bonny Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 And hear ilk bird sing of its love,
 As fondly sae did I of mine.



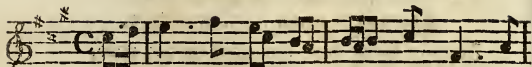
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Sae sweet upon its thorny tree,
But my fause love has stowen the rose,
And left the sharpest thorn to me.

O blow, ye flow'rs, your bonny bloom,
And draw the wild buds to the burn,
For Lamon promis'd me a ring,
And ye maun aid me, should I mourn.
O na, na, na, ye needna bloom!
My een are dim and drowsy worn,
Ye bonny birds, ye needna sing,
For Lamon never will return.

My Lamon's love, in broken sighs,
At dawning day by Doon ye'se hear,
At mid-day, by the willow green,
For him I'll shed the silent tear.
Sweet birds! I ken ye'll pity me,
And join me wi' a plaintive song,
While echo waked, to aid the moan,
I mak for him I lo'ed sae long.



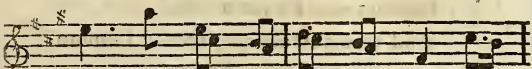
HOW OFT, LOUISA?



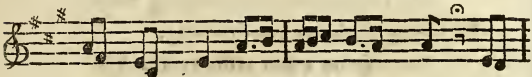
How oft, Lou - i - sa, hast thou said, Nor



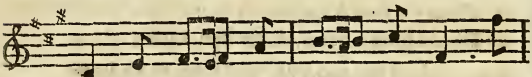
wilt thou the fond boast dis - own, Thou



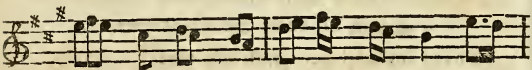
would'st not lose An - to - nio's love, To



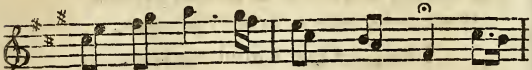
reign the part - ner of a throne? And



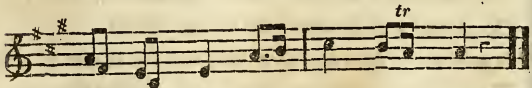
by those lips which spoke so kind, And



by this hand I press'd to mine, To



be the lord of wealth and pow'r, I



swear I would not part with thine.



Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could not buy?
Of thy true heart thou shalt be queen,
And serving thee—a monarch I.
Thus uncontroul'd in mutual bliss,
And rich in love's exhaustless mine;
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

A NATIONAL GLEE.

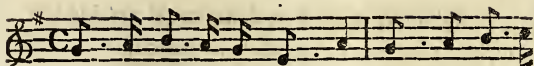
Of Cressy's fam'd battle all have read, sirs, in story,
Of Edward, the star of old England's glory,
Who 'gainst the bold foe his colours unfurl'd,
Fill'd their soul's with alarm, and surpris'd all the
world;

Like him, Henry too, shall fair victory pursue,
And the foe in dismay, as before, cry morbleu.

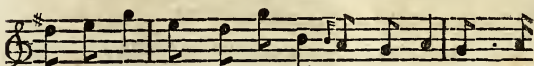
Like Englishmen then, we'll to battle away,
'Tis England that calls—we'll her summons obey,
On justice and honour rely as our shield,
It will make firm our arm, and the foe cause to yield,
While Henry, our king, shall dear victory pursue,
And the foe in dismay, as before, cry morbleu.



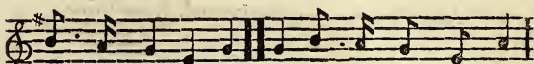
LEWIE GORDON.



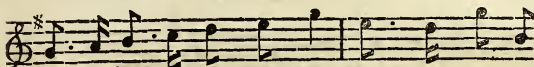
Oh send Lewie Gordon hame, And the lad I



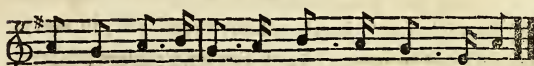
winna name, Tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to



him that's far a'-wa'. Oh hon my Highland man,



Oh! my bonny Highland man, Weel would I my



true-love ken Amang ten thousand Highland men.

The princely youth that I do mean,

Is fitter for to be a king;

On his breast he wears a star,

You'd tak' him for the god of war.

Oh, hon, &c.

Oh! to see his tartan trews,

Bonnet blue and laigh heel'd shoes,

Philabag upon his knee,

That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.

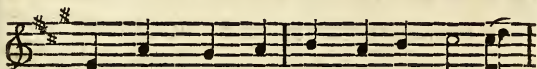
Oh, hon, &c.



HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER.



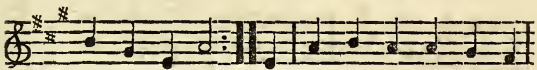
How hap - py could I be with ei - ther,



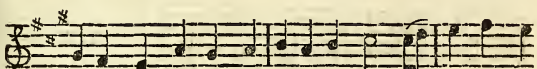
Were t' o - ther dear charmer a - way, But



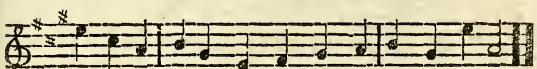
while you thus tease me together, To neither a



word will I say, But tol de rol lol de rol,



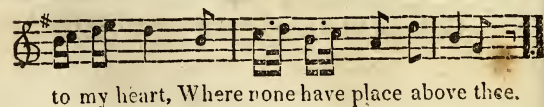
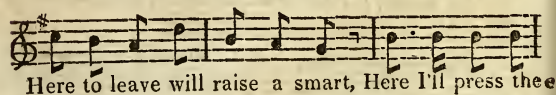
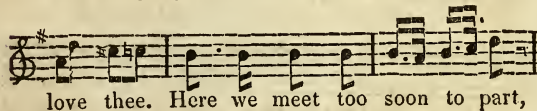
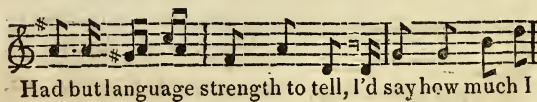
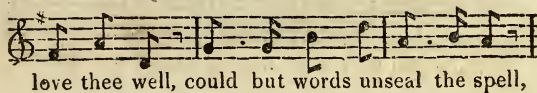
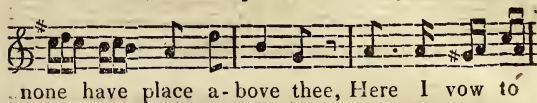
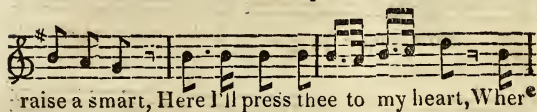
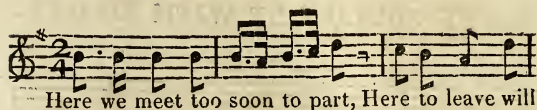
lol de rol, tol de rol lol de rol la, But tol de rol



lol de rol lol de rol, tol de rol lol de rol la.



HERE WE MEET TOO SOON TO PART.

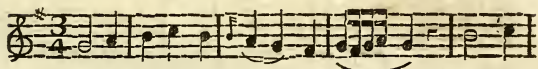


Here the rose that decks thy door,
 Here the thorn that spreads thy bow'r,
 Here the willow on the moor,
 The birds at rest above thee.

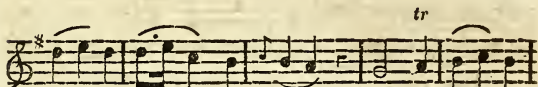
Had they light of life to see,
 Sense of soul like me and thee,
 Soon might each a witness be,
 How doatingly I love thee.

Here we meet, &c.

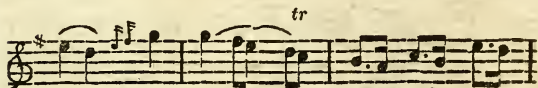
WATER PARTED FROM THE SEA.



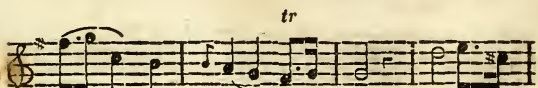
Water part-ed from the sea, - - May in-



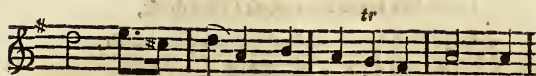
crease the ri - ver's tide, To the bubbling



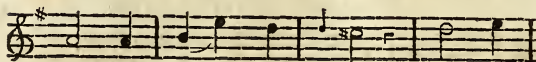
fount may flee, Or thro'



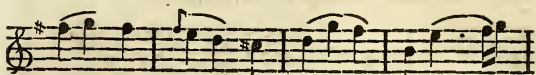
fer - tile val - lies glide, Though in



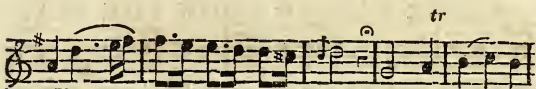
search of lost re - pose, Thro' the



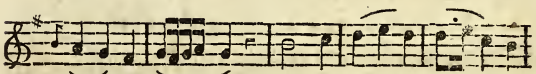
land 'tis free to roam, Still it



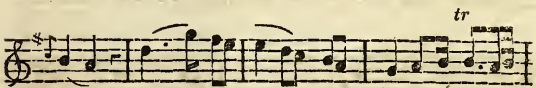
murmurs as it flows, pant - ing



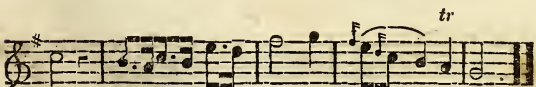
for its na - tive home, Tho' in search of



lost re - pose, Thro' the land 'tis free to



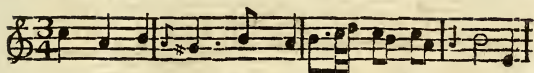
roam, Still it mur - murs as it



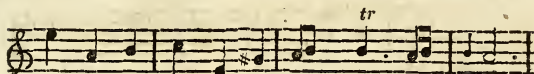
flows, Pant - ing for its na - tive home.

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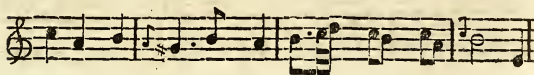
## VIRGINS ARE LIKE.



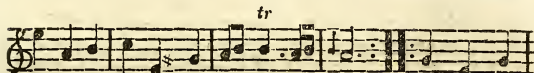
Virgins are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,



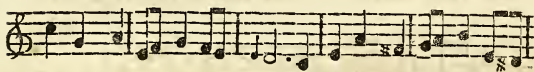
Which in the garden e - na - mels the ground,



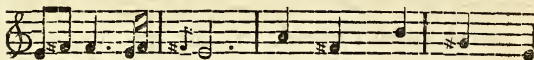
Near it the bees in play flut - ter and cluster,



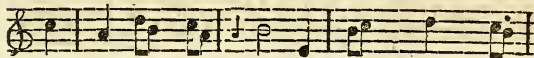
And gaudy butterflies frolick around. But when once



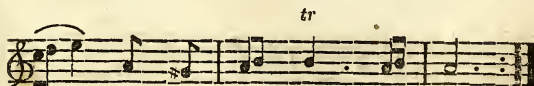
pluckt 'tis no longer al-lur-ing, To Covent Garden 'tis



sent, (as yet sweet,) There fades, and shrinks and



grows past all en-dur-ing, Rots, stinks, and

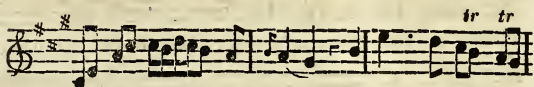


dies, And is trod un - der foot.

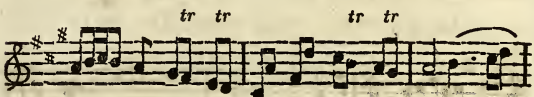
## IF O'ER THE CRUEL TYRANT LOVE.



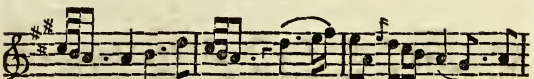
If o'er the cru - el ty - rant love, A



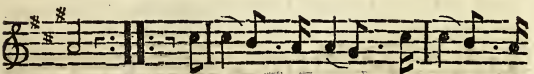
conquest I be - liev'd The flatt'ring er - ror



cease to prove, O let me be deceiv'd, O



et me be deceiv'd, O let me be de-



ceiv'd. For - bear to fan the gen - tle



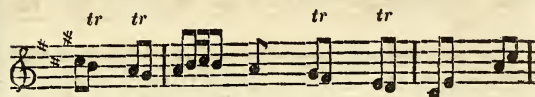
flame, which love did first cre - ate. What



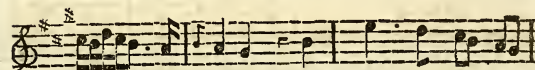
was my pride is now my shame, And



must be turn'd to hate, Then call not



to my wav' - ring mind, The weak - ness



of my heart, Which ah! I feel too



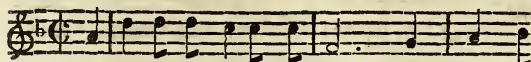
much inclin'd to take the trai - tor's part,



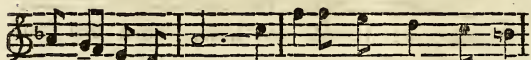
part, To take the traitor's part.



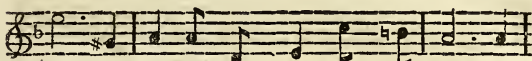
# DIOGENES SURLY AND PROUD.



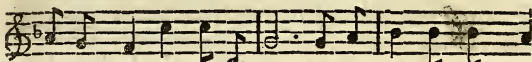
Di-o-ge-nes surly and proud, Who snarl'd at



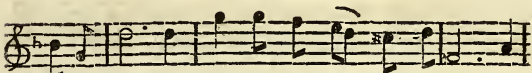
the Macedon youth, Delighted in wine that was



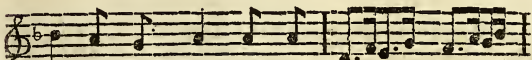
good, Because in good wine there is truth; But



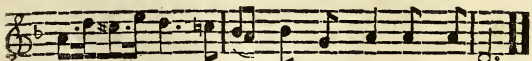
growing as poor as a Job, And un-a-ble to pur-



chase a flask, He chose for his mansion a tub, And



liv'd by the scent of his ca - - -



- - - sk, And liv'd by the scent of his cask.



Heraclitus would never deny  
A bumper to cherish his heart,  
And, when he was maudlin, would cry,  
Because he had empty'd his quart:  
Though some were so foolish to think  
He wept at men's folly and vice,  
When 'twas only his custom to drink  
'Till the liquor ran out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad  
To tipple and cherish his soul,  
Would laugh like a man that was mad,  
When over a jolly full bowl.  
While his cellar with wine was well stor'd,  
His liquor he'd merrily quaff,  
And when he was drunk as a lord,  
At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus, too, like the rest,  
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,  
And knew that a cup of the best  
Made reason the brighter to shine.  
With wine he replenish'd his veins,  
And made his philosophy reel,  
Then fancy'd the world as his brains,  
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.





Aristotle, that master of arts,  
    Had been but a dunce without wine,  
For what we ascribe to his parts  
    Is due to the juice of the vine.  
His belly, some authors agree,  
    Was as big as a watering trough,  
He therefore leap'd into the sea,  
    Because he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrho had taken a glass,  
    He saw that no object appear'd  
Exactly the same as it was,  
    Before he had liquor'd his beard;  
For things running round in his drink,  
    Which sober he motionless found,  
Occasion'd the sceptic to think  
    There was nothing of truth to be found.

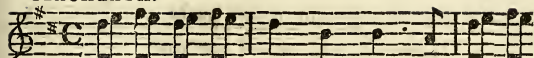
Old Plato was reckon'd divine,  
    Who wisely to virtue was prone;  
But, had it not been for good wine,  
    His merit had never been known.  
By wine we are generous made,  
    It furnishes fancy with wings,  
Without we ne'er should have had  
    Philosophers, poets, or kings.



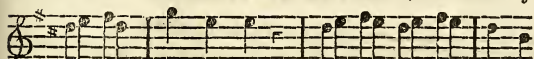


## WERE I LAID.

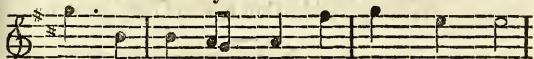
MACHEATH.



Were I laid on Greenland coast, And in my

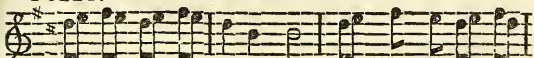


arms embrac'd my lass, Warm a-midst e-ternal



frost, Too soon the half year's night wou'd pass,

POLLY.



Were I sold in Indian soil, Soon as the burning



day was clos'd, I could mock the sultry toil, When

MACHEATH.



on my charmer's breast repos'd, And I wou'd love you

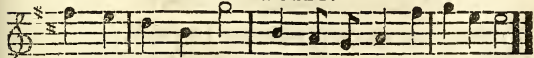
POLLY.

MAC.



all the day, Ev'ry night wou'd kiss and play, If with

POLLY.



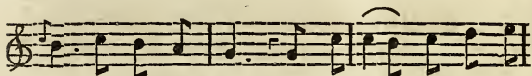
me you'd fondly stray, Over the hills and far away.



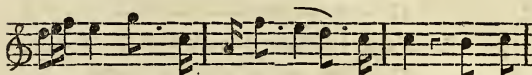
## CRAZY JANE.



Why, fair maid, in ev'-ry feature, Are such



signs of fear express'd, Can a wand'ring wretched



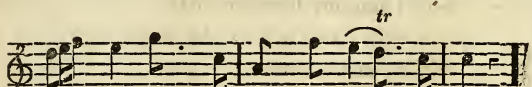
creature, With such ter-ror fill thy breast? Do my



fren-zied looks a-larm thee? Trust me, sweet,



thy fears are vain, Not for kingdoms would I



harm thee, Shun not then poor cra-zy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish,  
 Mark me and avoid my woe,  
 When men flatter, sigh and languish,  
 Think them false,—I found them so.



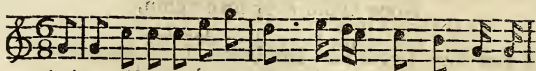
For I loved him so sincerely,  
    None could ever love again,  
But the youth I loved so dearly,  
    Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,  
    Which was doom'd to love but one,  
He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him,  
    He was false—and I undone.  
From that hour has reason never  
    Held her empire o'er my brain,  
Henry fled, with him for ever  
    Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

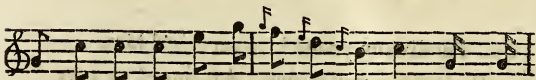
Now forlorn and broken hearted,  
    And with frenzied thoughts beset,  
On that spot where last we parted,  
    On that spot where first we met,  
Still I sing my lovelorn ditty,  
    Still I slowly pace the plain,  
Whilst each passer by, in pity,  
    Cries, 'God help thee, Crazy Jane.'



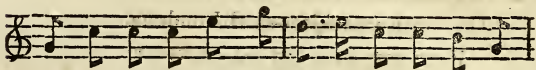
## KITTY OF COLERAINE.



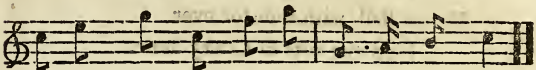
As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping, With a



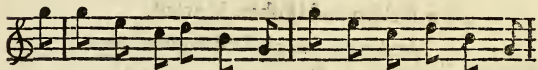
pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine, When she



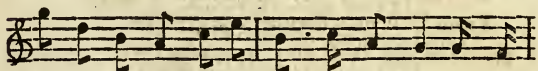
saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled, And



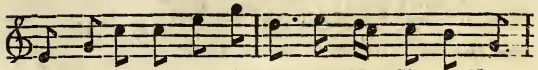
all the sweet butter-milk water'd the plain.



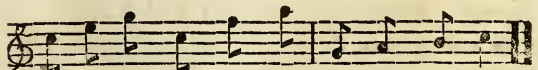
Oh! what shall I do now! 'Twas looking at you now, Sure



sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again, 'Twas the



pride of my dairy, O Barney Mc Cleary, You're



sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.



I set down beside her, and gently did chide her,  
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;  
A kiss then I give her, and before I did leave her,  
She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again;

'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,  
Misfortunes will never come single 'tis plain,  
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,  
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

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### GLEE.

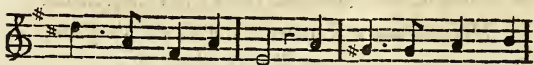
Awake, Æolian lyre, awake!  
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings;  
From Helicon's harmonious springs,  
A thousand rills their mazy progress take.  
The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,  
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
Now the rich stream of music winds along,  
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign;  
Now rolling down the steep amain,  
Headlong impetuous see it pour,  
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.



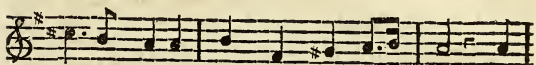
## DUNOIS THE BRAVE.



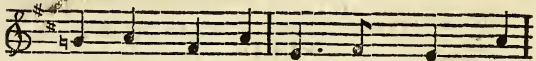
It was Dunois the young and brave, was



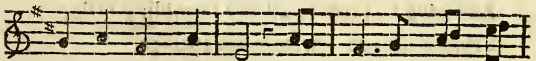
bound for Pa-les-tine, But first he made his



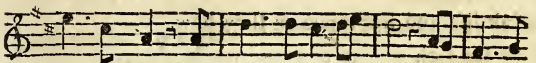
o-ri-sons before Saint Ma-ry's shrine, 'And



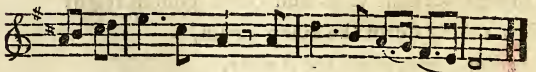
grant im-mor-tal queen of heav'n,' was



still the soldier's pray'r, 'That I may prove the



bravest knight, and love the fairest fair, That I may



prove the bravest knight, and love the fairest fair.'





His oath of honor on the shrine, he graved it with his sword,

And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his lord,  
Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd the air,

'Be honor'd, aye, the bravest knight, belov'd the fairest fair.'

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his liege lord said,

'The heart that has for honor beat, by bliss must be repaid,

My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,  
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair.'

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint Mary's shrine,

That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands combine,

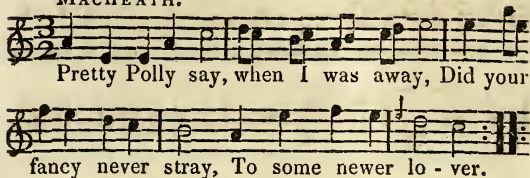
And ev'ry lord and lady bright that were in chapel there,

Cried, 'Honor'd be the bravest knight, belov'd the fairest fair.'



## PRETTY POLLY.

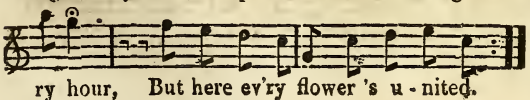
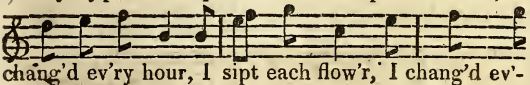
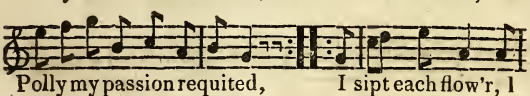
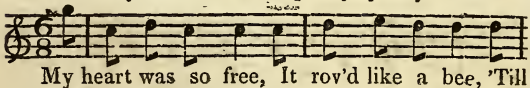
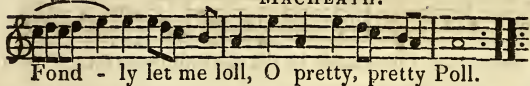
MACHEATH.



POLLY.

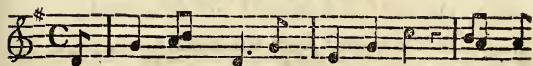


MACHEATH.

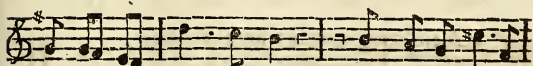




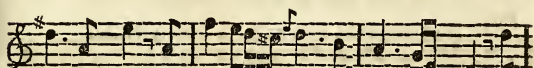
## BONNY KATE.



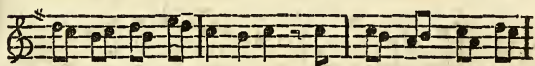
The wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave Scarcely



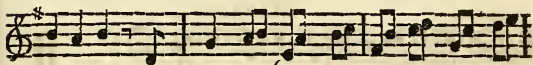
the vessel's sides could lave, When on the mizen



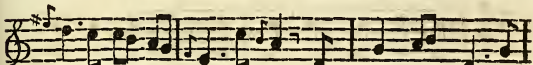
'op his stand Tom Clueline taking, spies the land, Oh



sweet reward for all his toil, Once more he views his



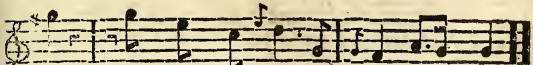
native soil, Once more he thanks indulgent fate, That



brings him safe to bonny, Kate, Once more he thanks in-



dulgent fate, That brings him safe to bon - ny



Kate, That brings him safe to bon - ny Kate.



Now high upon the faithful shroud,  
The land that seemed awhile a cloud,  
While objects from the mists arise,  
A feast presents Tom's longing eyes :

A ribband near his heart that lay,  
Now see him on his hat display,  
The given sign to shew that fate  
Had brought him safe to bonny Kate.

Now near a cliff, whose heights command  
A prospect of the shelly strand,  
He sees his Kate, his cares are o'er,  
The long boat's mann'd—he jumps ashore.

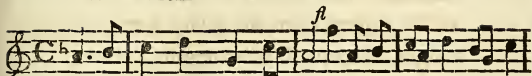
What now remains were easy told,  
Tom comes, his pockets lin'd with gold,  
And now to crown his happy fate,  
He steers to church with bonny Kate.

---

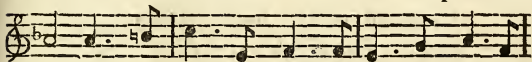
### GLEE.

To be jovial and gay, to be merry and wise,  
To pass time away is a boon that I prize ;  
With friendship and glee, to fill up the span,  
Is a life that suits me, and I will if I can.

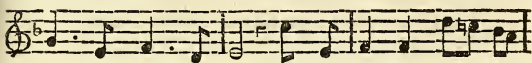
WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.



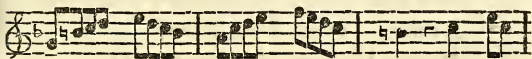
Where the bee sucks there lurk I, In a cowslip's bell I



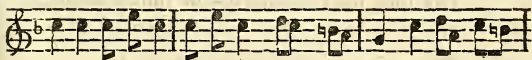
lie, There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do



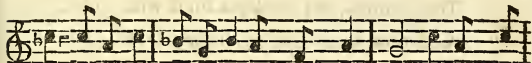
cry, when owls do cry, On a bat's back do I



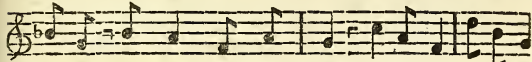
fly,     -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   Af - ter



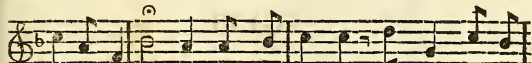
sunset merrily, merrily, Af - ter sunset mer - ri-



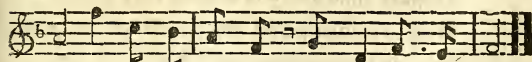
ly, Merrily, merrily shall I live now, Under the



blossom that hangs on the bough, Merrily, merrily



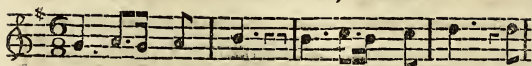
shall I live now, Under the blossom that hangs on the



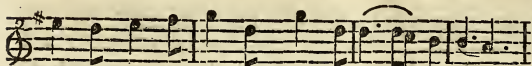
bough, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.



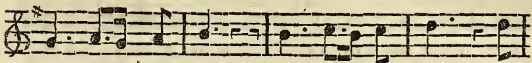
# RISE! CYNTHIA, RISE!



Rise, Cynthia, rise, Rise, Cynthia, rise, the



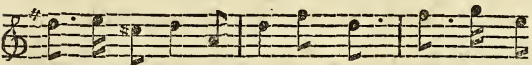
ruddy morn' on tiptoe stands to view thy face,



Rise, Cynthia rise, Rise, Cynthia, rise, the



ruddy morn on tiptoe stands to view thy face.



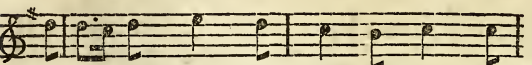
Phœbus by fleetest coursers borne, Phœbus by



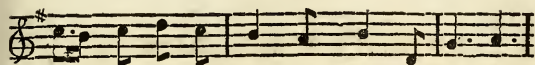
fleetest coursers borne, Sees none so fair in



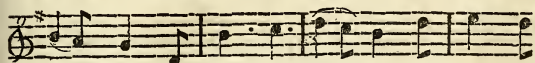
all his race, Sees none so fair in all his race.



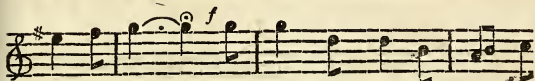
The circling hours which lay behind, Would



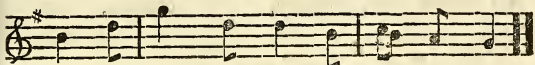
draw fresh beauties from thine eye, Yet ah, in



pi - ty, Yet ah, in pi - ty, in pi - ty

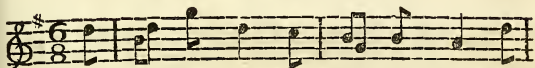


to man - kind, Still wrapt in pleasing visions

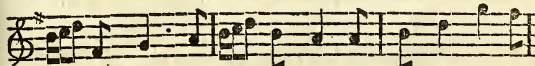


lie, Still wrapt in pleas-ing vi-sions lie.

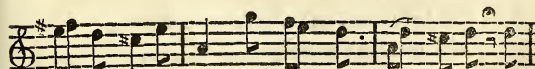
### THE CUCKOO SONG.



When daisies pied, and violets blue, And

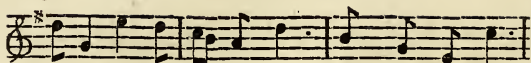


lady's smocks all silver white, And cuckoo buds of

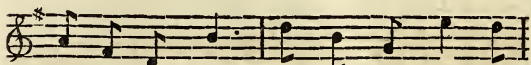


yellow hue, Do paint the meadows with delight. The

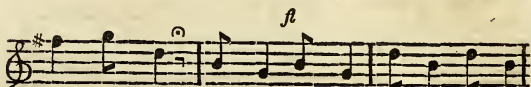




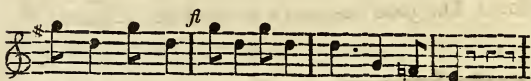
Cuckoo then on ev' - ry tree, Mocks married men,



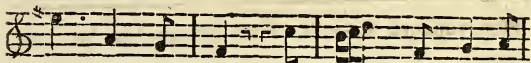
Mocks married men, Mocks married men, And



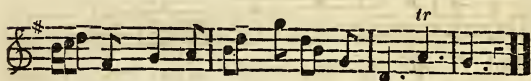
thus sings she, cuckoo, cuckoo,



cuckoo. cuckoo, O! word of fear,



O! word of fear, Un - pleas - ing to a



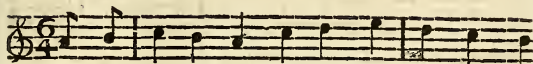
married ear, Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
 And merry locks are ploughman's clocks,  
 And Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,  
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks  
 The Cuckoo then, &c.

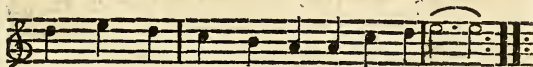




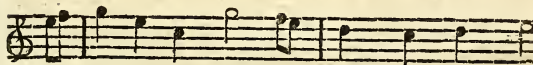
## WHEN A WIFE'S IN HER POUT.



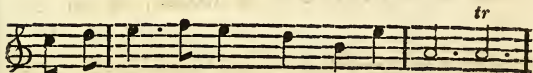
When a wife's in her pout, As she's sometime no



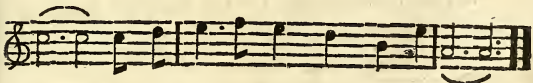
doubt, The good husband's as meek as a lamb,



Her vapours to still, First grants her her will,



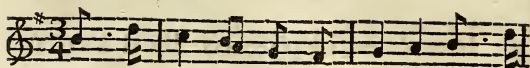
And the quiet-ing draught is a dram, Poor.



man! And the quiet-ing draught is a dram.



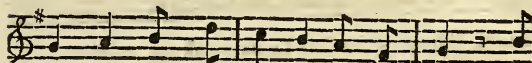
## THE STORM.



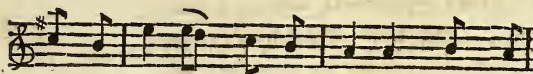
Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer, List, ye



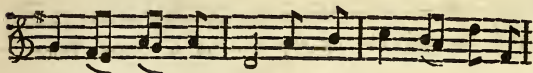
landsmen, all to me, Messmates hear a brother



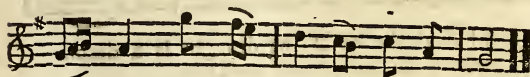
sai-lor, Sing the dangers of the sea. From



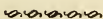
bounding bil-lows first in motion, When the



distant whirlwinds rise, To the tempest-troubled



o - cean, Where the seas contend with skies.



## LIVELY.

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,  
By topsail sheets and haulyards stand,  
Down topgallants quick be hauling,  
Down your stay sails, hand, boys, hand.  
Now it freshens, set the braces,  
Now the topsail sheets let go,  
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,  
Up your topsails nimbly clew,

## SLOW.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,  
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,  
Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,  
Safe from all but love's alarms.  
Round us roars the tempest louder,  
Think what fears our mind enthrall,  
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,  
Now again the boatswain calls.

## QUICK.

The topsail yards points to the wind, boys,  
See all clear to reef each course,  
Let the foresheet go, don't mind, boys,  
Tho' the weather should be worse.  
Fore and aft the spritsail yard get,  
Reef the mizen, see all clear,  
Hands up, each preventer brace set,  
Man the fore yard, cheer, lads, cheer.



## SLOW.

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,  
    Peal on peal, contending clash,  
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
    On our eyes blue lightnings flash.  
One wide water all around us,  
    All above us one black sky,  
Different deaths at once surround us,  
    Hark, what means that dreadful cry.

## QUICK.

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,  
    O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck,  
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,  
    Call all hands to clear the wreck.  
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,  
    Come, my hearts, be stout and bold,  
Plumb the well—the leak increases—  
    Four feet water in the hold.

## SLOW.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,  
    We for wives or children mourn,  
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,  
    Alas! from hence there's no return.  
Still the leak is gaining on us,  
    Both chain pumps are choak'd below,  
Heaven have mercy here upon us,  
    For only that can save us now.



## QUICK.

O'er the lee beam is the land, boys,  
Let the guns o'er-board be thrown,  
To the pump, come, every hand boys,  
See, our mizen-mast is gone.  
The leak we've found, it can't pour fast,  
We've lighten'd her a foot or more,  
Up and rig a jury fore-mast,  
She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,  
Since kind fortune sav'd our lives,  
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking,  
To our sweethearts and our wives.  
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,  
Close to th' lips a brimmer join,  
Where's the tempest now, who feels it?  
None—our danger's drown'd in wine.

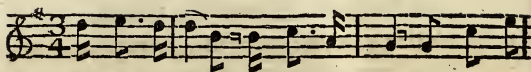
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CHORUS.

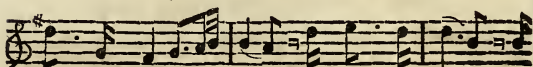
Victoria! let fame to the master be given,  
His rifle the star of the target hath riven:  
He hath no peer,  
Seek far or near—  
Victoria, Victoria!



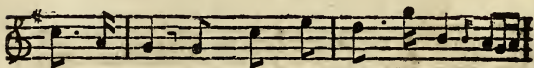
## MY NATIVE LAND.



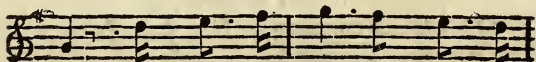
My native land I bade a - dieu, And calmly



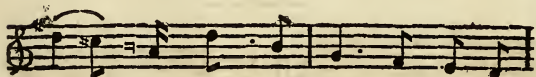
friendship's joys re - sign'd, But ah, how keen my



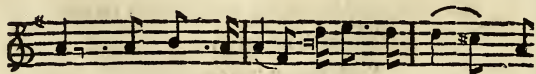
sorrows grew, When my true love I left be-



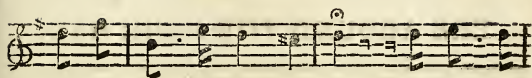
hind, Yet should her truth feel no de-



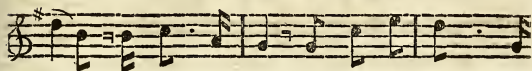
cay, Should ab - sence prove my charmer



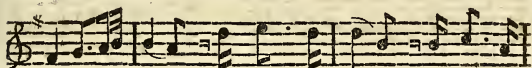
kind Then shall not I lament the day, When



my true love I left be - hind. My native



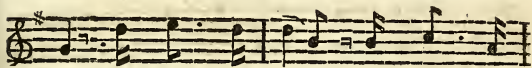
land I bade adieu, And calmly friendship's



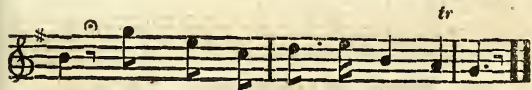
joys re - sign'd, But, oh, how keen my sorrows



grew, When my true love I left be-



hind, But, oh, how keen my sor - rows

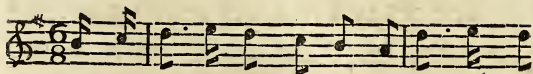


grew, When my true love I left behind.

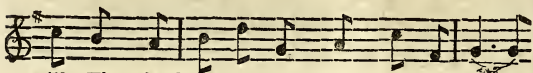




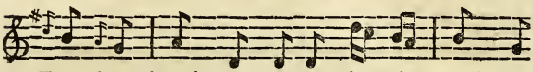
## ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.



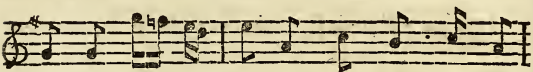
Ere around the huge oak that o'ershadows the



mill, The fond i - vy had dar'd to en - twine,



Ere the church was a ru - in, that nods on



the hill, Or a rook built his nest in the



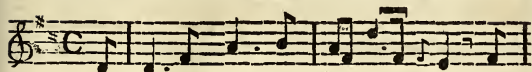
pine, Or a rook built his nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,  
 Since my forefathers toil'd in the field,  
 And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,  
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

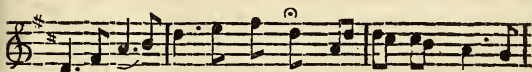
He dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,  
 Which, unsullied, descended to me,  
 For my child I've preserv'd it, unsullied with shame  
 And it still from a spot shall be free.



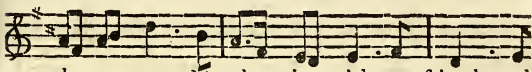
## MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.



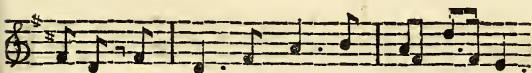
The wealthy fool with gold in store, Will



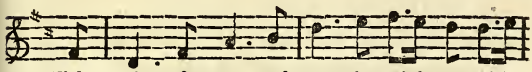
still desire to grow richer, Give me but these, I



ask no more, My charming girl, my friend, and



pitcher. My friend so rare, my girl so fair,



With such, what mortal can be rich-er, Give



me but these, a fig for care, With my



sweet girl, my friend, and pitch-er.



From morning sun I'd never grieve,  
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,  
If that, when I come home at eve,  
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.  
My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,  
I know not what can bewitch her,  
With all my heart can I be poor.  
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.  
My friend so rare, &c.

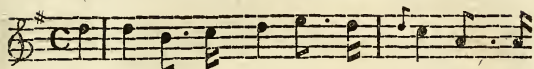


### GLEE.—MIDNIGHT.

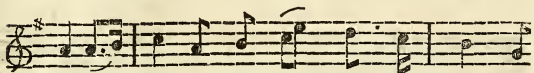
The thieves are on the prowl, love,  
The cats are on the howl, love,  
And couples, cheek by jowl, love,  
Are padding through the street, love.

Watchmen are on the dose, love,  
And goblins now have rose, love,  
And the night cart now throws, love,  
A stinking stench, my sweet love.

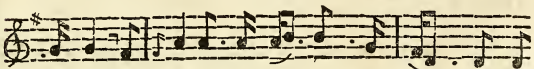
## DEATH SONG OF THE INDIAN.



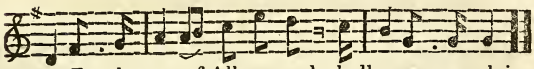
The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the



day, But glo - ry remains when their lights fade



away. Be - gin, ye tormenters, your threats are in



vain, For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,  
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.  
Why so slow?—Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?  
No!—the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,  
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away  
Now the flame rises fast, they exult in my pain,  
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land that my father is gone,  
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.  
Death comes as a friend—he relieves me from pain,  
And the son of Alknomook has scorn'd to complain!

*Andante*

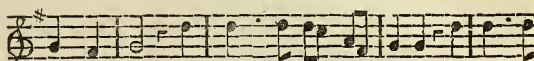
## A PREY TO TENDER ANGUISH.



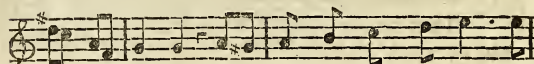
A prey to tender anguish, Of ev'ry joy be-



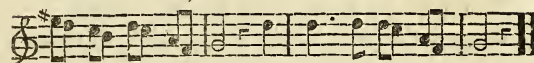
reav'd, How oft I sigh and languish, How oft by



hope deceiv'd. Still wishing, still desiring, To bliss in



vain as - pir - ing, A thousand tears I shed, In



nightly tribute sped, In nightly tribute sped.

And love and fame betraying,

And friends no longer true,

No smiles my face arraying,

No heart so fraught with woe.

So pass'd my life's sad morning,

Young joys no more returning,

Alas, now all around,

Is dark and cheerless found.



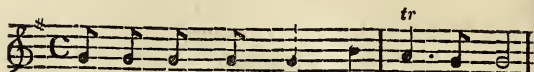
Ah, why did nature give me  
A heart so soft and true,  
A heart to pain and grieve me,  
At ills that others rue;  
At others ills thus wailing,  
And inward griefs assailing,  
With double anguish fraught,  
To throb, each pulse is taught.

Ere long, perchance my sorrow  
Shall find its welcome close,  
Nor distant far the morrow,  
That brings the wish'd repose.  
When death with kind embracing,  
Each bitter anguish chasing,  
Shall mark my peaceful doom,  
Beneath the silent tomb.

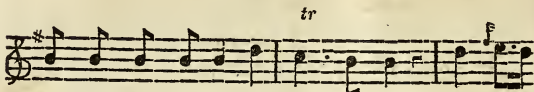
Then cease, my heart, to languish,  
And cease to flow, my tears,  
Though nought be here but anguish,  
The grave shall end my cares.  
On earth's soft lap reposing,  
Life's idle pageant closing,  
No more shall grief assail,  
Nor sorrow longer wail.



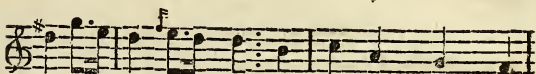
## WHEN THE HOLLOW DRUM.



When the hol - low drum has beat to bed,



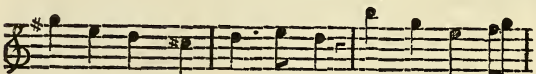
When the lit - tle fi - fer hangs his head, Still and



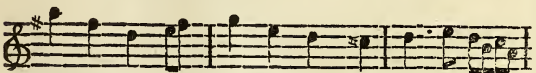
mute the Moor-ish flute, And nodding guards watch



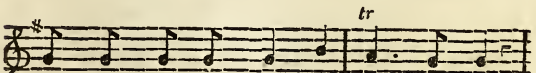
wea - ri - ly. Then will we from prison free, March



out by moonlight chee - ri - ly, Then will we from

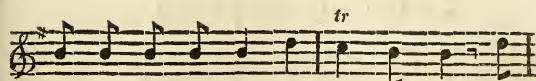
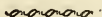


prison free, March out by moonlight cheerily,



When the Moorish cymbals clash by day,

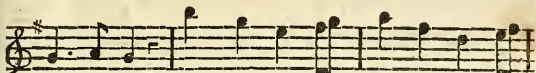




When the bra-zen trumpets shril-ly bray, The



slaves in vain may then complain, Of tyranny and

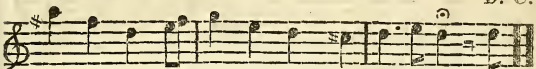


kna-ve-ry, Would he know his time to go, And



sli-ly slip from sla-ve-ry, Would he know his

D. C.



time to go, And sli-ly slip from slavery, 'Tis

When the hollow drum has beat to bed

When the little fifer hangs his head,

Still and mute,

The Moorish flute,

And nodding guards watch wearily;

O, then must he,

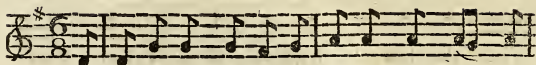
From prison free,

March out by moonlight cheerily.

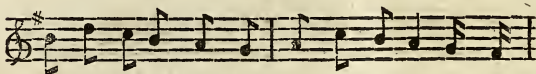
'Tis when the hollow drum, &c.



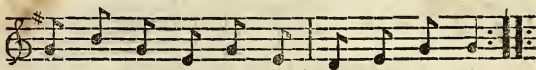
## SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.



O love is the soul of a neat I - rish - man, He



loves all the lovely, loves all that he can, With his



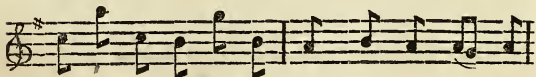
sprig of shil - le - lah, and shamrock so green.



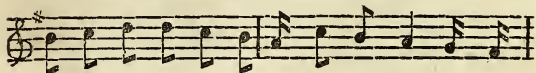
His heart is good-humour'd, 'tis ho - nest and



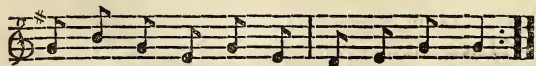
sound, No malice or hatred is there to be found, He



courts and he marries, he drinks, and he fights, For



love, all for love, for in that he delights, With his



sprig of shil - le - lah, and shamrock so green.



Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,  
An Irishman all in his glory is there,

With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.  
His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,  
A neat Barcelona tied round his nate neck,  
He goes to a tent, and he spends his half-crown,  
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down.

With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.

At ev'ning returning, as homeward he goes,  
His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows,  
From a sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.  
He meets with his Sheelah, who, blushing a smile,  
Cries, 'Get you gone, Pat,' yet consents all the while.  
To the priest soon they go, and nine months after that,  
A fine baby cries, 'How d'ye do, father Pat,

'With your sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so  
green!'

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,  
Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,

Where grows the shillelah and shamrock so green.  
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed and the  
Shannon,

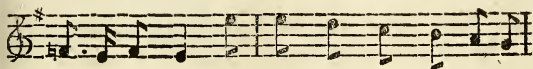
Drub the French who dare plant at our confines a  
cannon;

United and happy at loyalty's shrine,  
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine,  
Round a sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.

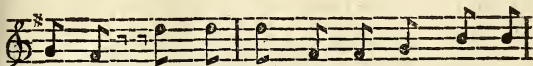


## THE LAST SHILLING.

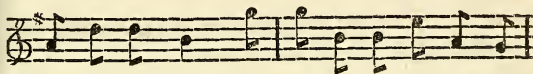




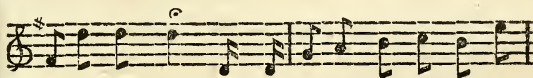
play'd me the freak, The face seem'd with life to be



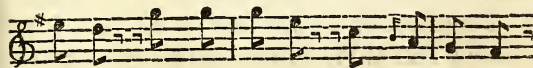
fill - ing, And cried, in - stant - ly speaking, or



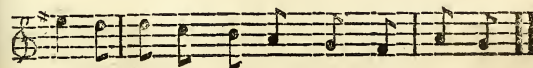
seeming to speak, Cried, instantly speaking, or



seeming to speak, Pay at - ten - tion to me thy last



shilling, thy last shilling, Thy last shilling,



Pay at - tion to me, thy last shilling.



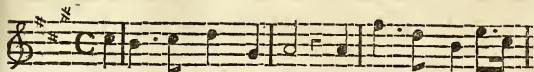
I was once the last coin of the law, a sad limb,  
Who in cheating was ne'er known to falter,  
'Till at length brought to justice, the law cheated him,  
And he paid me to buy him a halter.  
A Jack tar, all his rhino but me at an end,  
With a pleasure so hearty and willing,  
Tho' hungry himself, to a poor distress'd friend,  
Wish'd it hundreds, and gave his Last Shilling.

'Twas the wife of his messmate, whose glistening eye  
With pleasure ran o'er, as she view'd me,  
She chang'd me for bread, as her child she heard cry,  
And at parting, with tears she bedew'd me.  
But I've other scenes known, riot leading the way,  
Pale want their poor families chilling,  
Where rakes in their revels, the piper to pay,  
Have spurn'd me, their best friend and Last Shilling.

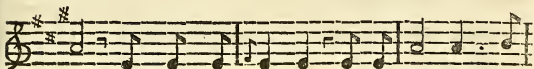
Thou thyself hast been thoughtless, for profligates bail,  
But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury,  
When my little hist'ry thou offerest for sale,  
In the interim, spend me and be merry.  
Never, never, cried I, thou'rt my mentor, my muse,  
And grateful my dictates fulfilling,  
I'll hoard thee in my heart. Thus men counsel refuse,  
'Till the lecture comes from the Last Shilling.



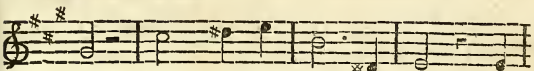
## SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.



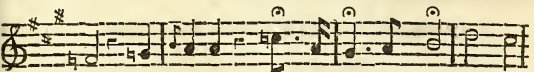
She never told her love, She never told her



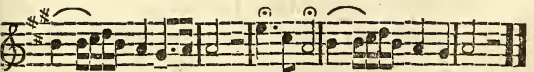
love, But let concealment like a worm in the



bud, Feed on her da-mask cheek, She



sat like patience on a monument, smiling,

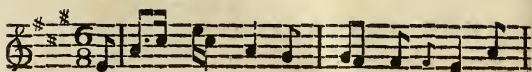


smi - ling at grief, smiling, smi - ling at grief.

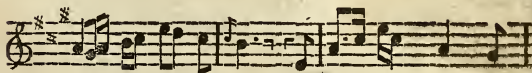




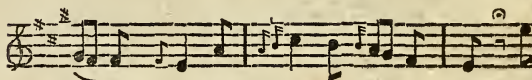
## MY MOTHER BIDS ME.



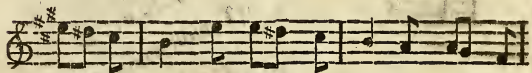
My mo - ther bids me bind my hair, With



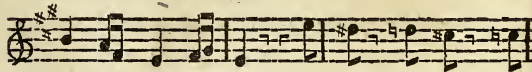
bands of ro - sy hue, Tye up my sleeves with



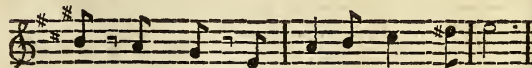
ribbands rare, And lace my boddice blue, Tye



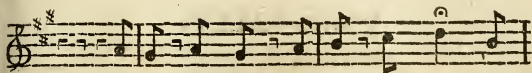
up my sleeves with ribbands rare, and lace, and



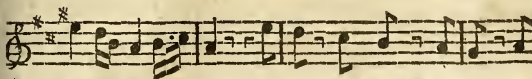
lace my boddice blue. For why, she cries, sit



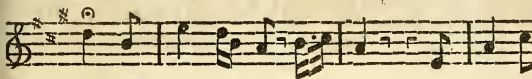
still and weep, While others dance and play?



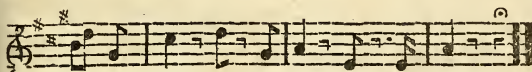
A-las, I scarce can go or creep, While



Lubin is a - way, A - las, I scarce can go or



creep, While Lu - bin is a - way, While Lubin



is a - way, is a - way, is a - way.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone,

When those we love are near.

I sit upon this mossy stone,

And sigh when none can hear.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,

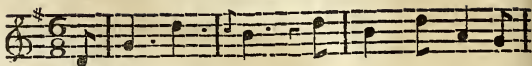
And sing my simple lay,

The village seems asleep or dead,

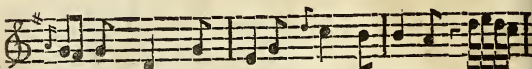
Now Lubin is away.



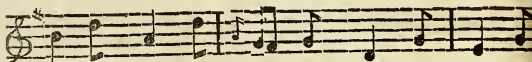
## POOR SALLY.



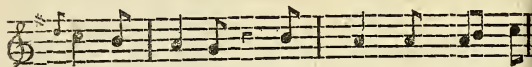
Come, buy, who'll buy, Come, buy poor Sally's



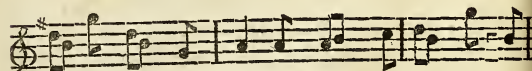
wooden ware, Who all for money barter, My



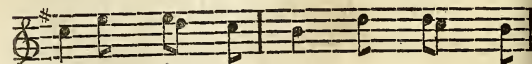
pins, my toys, my shoe-knots rare, My bodkins



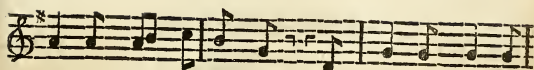
lace, and garters; Full cheap my various



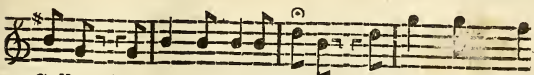
goods I sell, Thro' village, street, and al - ley, In



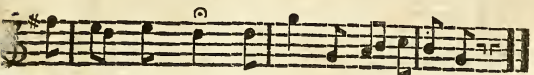
London, where I'm known full well, They



call me lit-tle Sal-ly, They call me lit-tle



Sally, They call me little Sal-ly, In London where



I'm known full well, They call me little Sally.

Now thus from town to town I stray,

Light hearted, free from sorrow,

And when I eat my meal to day,

I care not for to-morrow.

So ne'er again I'll London see,

But range each hill and valley,

Come, spend a trifle, sir, with me,

And think of little Sally.



## MASONIC GLEE.

By mason's art th' aspiring dome

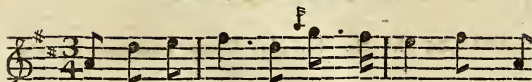
In various columns shall arise,

All climates are their native home,

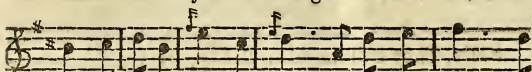
Their godlike actions reach the skies.



## BEN BACKSTAY.



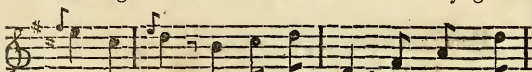
Ben Backstay lov'd the gen-tle An-na, Con-



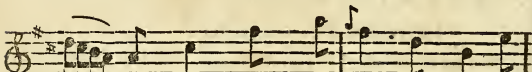
stant as pu-ri-ty was she, Her honey words like



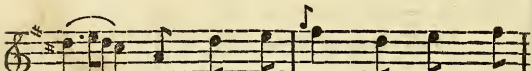
succ'ring man-na, Cheer'd him each voyage he



made to sea, One fa-tal morning saw them



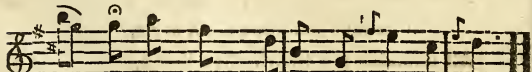
part-ing, While each the o-ther's sorrow



dried, They, by the tear that then was



starting, They, by the tear that then was



starting, Vow'd they'd be constant till they died.



At distance from his Anna's beauty,  
While roaring winds the sea deform,  
Ben sings, and well performs his duty,  
And braves for love the frightful storm.  
Alas! in vain—the vessel batter'd,  
On a rock splitting open'd wide,  
While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,  
Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and died.

The semblance of each lovely feature,  
That Ben had worn around his neck,  
Where art stood substitute for nature,  
A tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck.  
In fervent hope, while Anna burning,  
Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride,  
The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,  
She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died.

---

### GLEE.

When for the world's repose my fairest sleeps,  
See Cupid hovers round her couch and weeps,  
Well may'st thou weep, proud boy, thy power dies,  
Thou hast no dart when Chloe has no eyes.

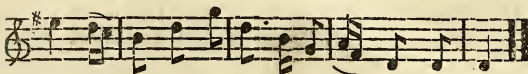




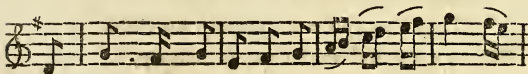
## ONE BOTTLE MORE.



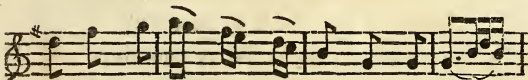
Assist me, ye lads, who have hearts void of



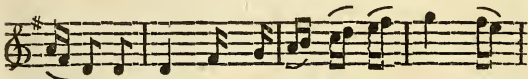
guile, To sing in the praises of old Ireland's isle,



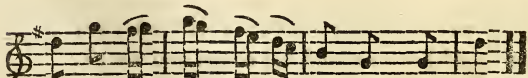
Where true hos-pi-ta-li-ty o-pens the door, And



friendship detains us for one bot-tle more;



One bottle more, arrah, one bot-tle more, And



friendship de-tains us for one bot-tle more.





Old England your taunts on our country forbear,  
With our bulls and our brogues we are true and  
sincere,  
For if but one bottle remains in our store,  
We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.

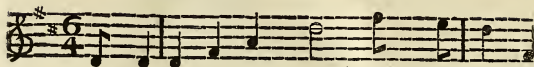
At Candy's, in Church-street, I'll sing of a set,  
Of six Irish blades who together had met;  
Four bottles a-piece made us call for our score,  
And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loth to depart,  
For friendship had grappled each man by the heart,  
Where the least touch, you know, makes an Irishman  
roar,  
And the whack from shillelah brought six bottles  
more.

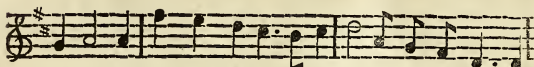
Slow Phœbus had shone through our window so  
bright,  
Quite happy to view his blest children of light,  
So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor sore,  
Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.



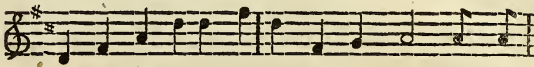
## TO ANACREON IN HEAV'N.



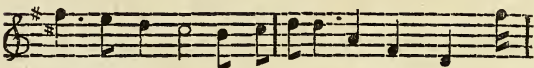
To A - nacreon in Heav'n where he sat in



full glee, A few sons of harmony sent a petition, That



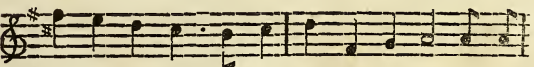
he, their inspirer, and patron would be, When this



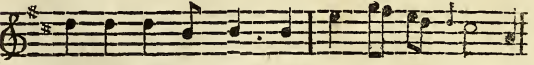
answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian; Voice,



fid - dle, and flute, No longer be mute, I'll

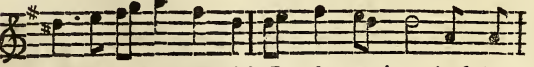


lend you my name, and inspire you to boot, And be-

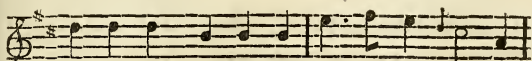


side I'll instruct you like me to entwine, The

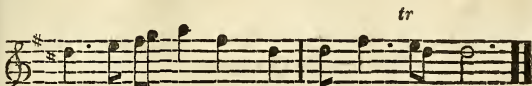
*tr* CHORUS.



myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine. And be-



sides I'll instruct you like me to entwine, The



myrtle of Venus with Bacchus' - s vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew,  
When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs,  
If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,  
The devil a goddess will stay above stairs :

“ Hark, already they cry,

“ In transports of joy,

“ Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,

“ And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

“ The yellow-hair'd god and his nine fusty maids

“ From Helicon's bank will incontinent flee,

“ Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,

“ And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be.

“ My thunder, no fear on't,

“ Shall soon do it's errand,

“ And, dam'me! I'll swinge the ringleaders I warrant,

“ I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine,

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”



Apollo rose up, and said, "Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,  
" Good King of the Gods, with my vot'ries below,  
" Your thunder is useless," then, shewing his laurel,  
Cry'd, " Sic evitable fulmen, you know.

    " Then over each head,

    " My laurels ill spread,

" So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,  
" While snug in their club-room they jovially twine  
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Next Momus got up with his risible phiz,  
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join,  
" The full tide of harmony still shall be his,  
" But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall be  
    mine ;

    " Then, Jove, be not jealous,

    " Of these honest fellows,"

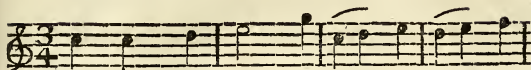
Cry'd Jove, " Were lent, since the truth you now tell us,  
" And swear, by old Styx, that they long shall entwine  
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand,  
Preserve unanimity, friendship and love,  
'Tis yours' to support what's so happily plann'd,  
You've the sanction of Gods, and the fiat of Jove,  
    While thus we agree,  
    Our toast let it be.

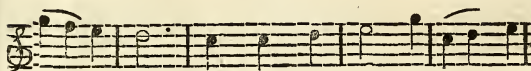
May our club flourish happy, united and free,  
And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine,  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.



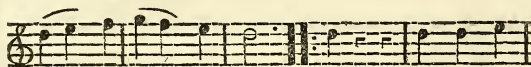
## BRITONS, STRIKE HOME!



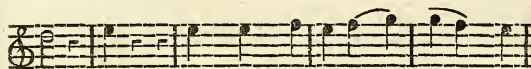
Britons, strike home, revenge, revenge your



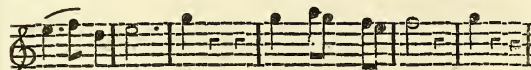
country's wrongs, Britons, strike home, revenge, re-



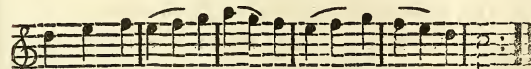
venge your country's wrongs; Fight, fight, and re-



cord, Fight, fight, and re - cord yourselves in



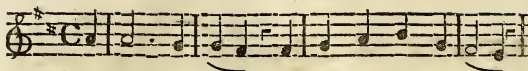
Druid's songs, Fight, fight, and record, Fight,



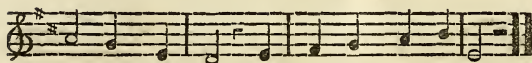
fight, and record, record yourselves in Druid's songs.



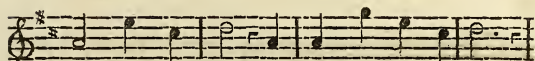
## LE PORTRAIT.



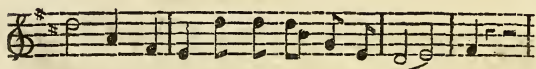
Portrait charmant, portrait de mon a - mie,



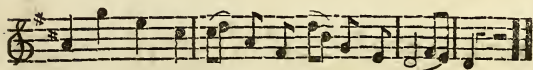
Ga - ge d'amour, par l'amour ob - te - nu.



Ah! viens m'offrir un bien que j'ai per - du,



Te voir encore me rapelle à la vi - - e,



Te voir encore me rapelle à la vi - - e.

Art enchanteur qui mi rend sa présence,  
Tu fut cree par l'amant malheureux,  
Pour adoucir ses d'eplaisirs affreux,  
Et pour charmer les ennuis de l'absence.



Oui, les voila, les traits de ce que j'aime,  
Son doux regard, son maintien candeur ;  
Lorsque ma main les presse sur mon cœur,  
Je crois encore la presser elle même.

Non tu n'as pas pour moi les mêmes charmes,  
Ment témoin de mes tendres soupirs,  
En rapellant nos fugitifs plaisirs,  
Cruel portrait, tu fais couleur mes larmes.

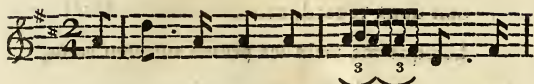
Pardonne, hélas ! cet injuste langage,  
Pardonne aux cris de ma vie douleur,  
Portrait charmant, tu n'est pas le bonheur,  
Mais bien souvent tu m'en offre l'image.



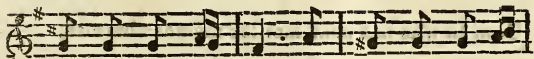




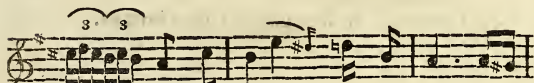
## GARDEZ VOUS BERGERETTE



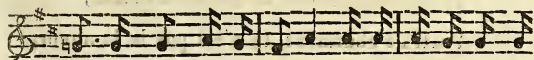
A peine eus je at - teint l'â - ge, Ou



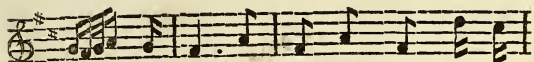
fil - le peut ai - mer; Qu'un ber - ger du vil -



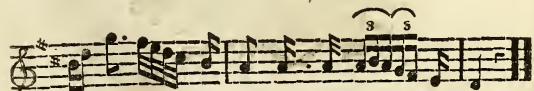
la - ge, Ten - ta de m'enflammer, Ah!



gardez vous berge - rette, Berge - rette gardez



vous d'aimer, Ah! gar - dez vous berge



ret - te gar - dez vous gardez vous d'aimer.

Il avoit l'air si sage,

Comment le rebuter,

A son gentil langage,

Je ne pus résister.

Ah! gardez vous, &c.

Toujours sur mon passage,

Je le vis s'arrêter,

Je ne suis point sauvage,

Et voulus l'écouter.

Ah! gardez vous, &c.

Je pris pour badinage,

Un innocent baiser,

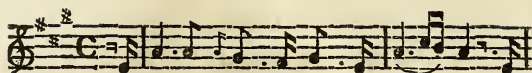
Mais, las! il fut volage,

Quand il put tout oser.

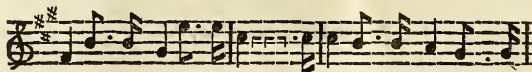
Ah! gardez vous, &c.



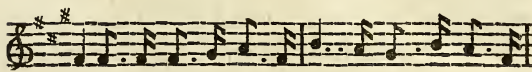
## LE SERMENT FRANCAIS.



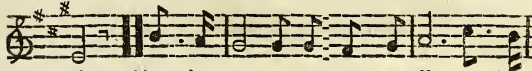
Français au trô - nede ses pè - - res Lo-



uis est enfin remonté, Enfin des destins plus pre-



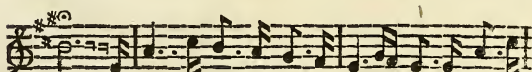
pires remenant le bonheur et tran-qui - li-



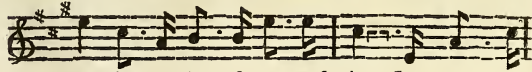
té. Ab - jurons toutes nos querelles, Abju-



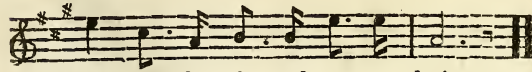
rons toutes nos querelles, De l'honneur écoutons la



voix, Jurons, d'être à Louis fidelles, - - Jurons, ju-



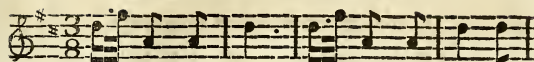
rons de dé-fen-dre ses droits, Ju-rons, ju-



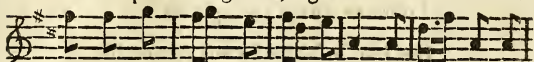
rons de de-fen-dre ses droits.



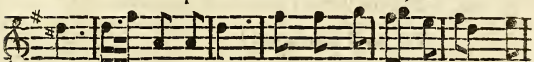
## DEPUIS LONGTEMPS



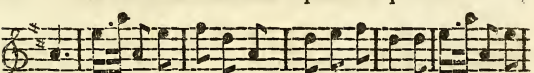
De - puis longtems, gentille An - net - te,



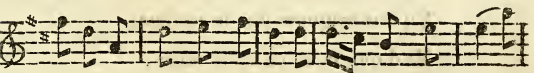
Tu ne viens plus sous la coudrette, Dansez au



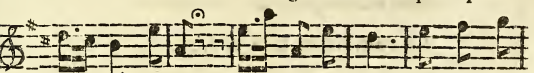
son du chalumeau lorsque tu quitte le ha-



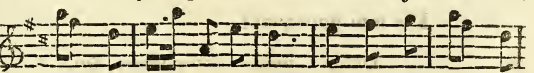
mean. Fuyant les plaisirs de ton age, Tu



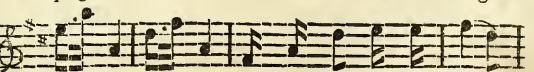
vas rever dans le bo-cage, Dis moi pourquoi?



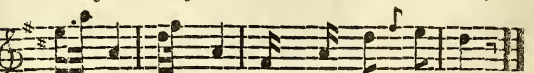
Dis moi pourquoi? Dansez, jeunes com-



pagnes, la ron-de des mon-tagnes



Un jour, un jour vous saurez comme moi,



Un jour, un jour vous sau-rez pourquoi?



Lorsque tu vas dans le bocage  
Si tristement chercher l'ombrage,  
En meme tems, au fond du bois,  
Lubin se glisse en tapinois.  
Souvent le hazard vous rassemble,  
Et l'on vous voit rever ensemble,  
Dis moi pourquoi ?  
Dansez, jeunes compagnes, &c.

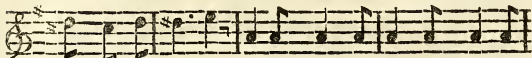
A ta retraite tant chérie,  
Tu vas toujours par la prairie,  
Et d'une fleur chaque matin,  
Nous te voyons parer ton sein,  
Le soir, hèles à la veillée,  
La pauvre fleur est effuillée,  
Dis moi pourquoi ?  
Dansez, jeunes compagnes, &c.



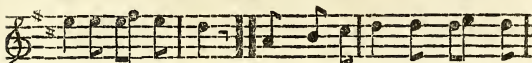
## C'EST L'AMOUR.



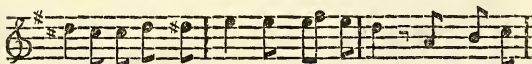
C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour, qui fait le



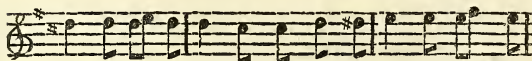
monde à la ronde, Et chaque jour à son tour le



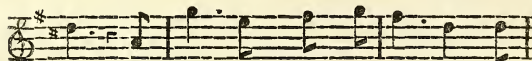
monde fait l'amour. Qui rend la femme plus do-



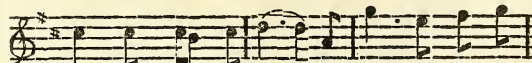
ci - le et qui fait doubler ses attraits, Qui rend le



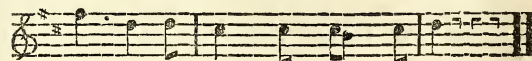
plaisir plus fa - ci - le qui fait ex - cu - ser ses ex-



ces, Qui rend plus ac - ces - si - bles les



grands dans leur Palais, Qui sait rendre sen-



si - bles jus - ques aux sous prefet.



Qui donne de l'âme poëtus,  
Et de la joie aux moins lurons,  
Qui donne de l'esprit aux betes,  
Et courage aux plus poltrons,  
Qui donne des Carosses,  
Aux tendrous de Paris,  
Et qui donne des bosses,  
A beaucoup de Maris.  
C'est l'amour, l'amour, &c.

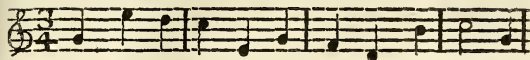
Que fait une nouvelle artiste,  
Qui veut s'assurer des amis,  
Que fait une jeune modeste,  
Pour se mettre envogue a Paris,  
Que font dans les coulisses,  
Les banquiers, les docteurs,  
Ex que font les actrices,  
Avec certains auteurs.  
C'est l'amour, l'amour, &c.

Sur les rochers les plus sauvages,  
Dans les palais, dans les vallons,  
Dans l'eau, dans l'air, dans les boccages,  
Sur le châume, dans les salons,  
Que font toutes les belles,  
Les amans, les epoux,  
Que font les touterelles,  
Et meme les coucous.  
C'est l'amour, l'amour, &c.

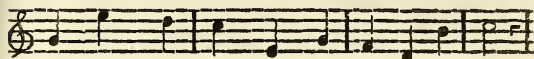




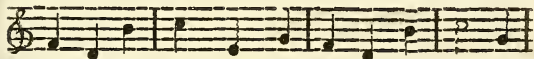
## LE GENTIL HUSSARD.



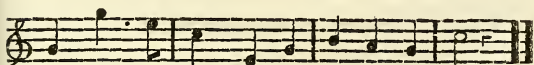
Ah! que l'amour auroit pour moi de charmes,



Quoi j'ai quinze ans et pas encore d'amant,



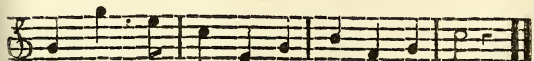
Gentil Hussard viens es-suy-er mes larmes,



Mon cœur promet de t'aimer tendre-ment,



La, la, la, - - - - -



- - - - -



Ainsi chantoit une jeune fillette ;  
Elle croyoit desirer le bonheur,  
Mieux eut valu hélas pour la pauvrete,  
Qu' amour n'eut jamais paru dans son cœur.

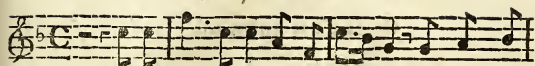
Hussard la vit, l'Adora, su lui plaire,  
Brulent amour les embrasa tous deux,  
Jamais ce dieu ne forma sur la terre,  
Cœurs plus ardents ni plus aimable nœuds.

Hussard gouta le bonheur de la vie,  
Mair ce bonheur ne dura qu'en seul jour,  
Puis fut forcè de quitter son amie,  
Honneur parloit de lui cèder l'amour.

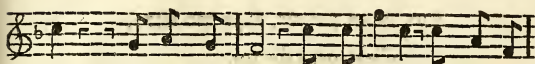
Dans les combats hussard perdit la vie,  
Bien jeune encore s'etoit mourir, hélas !  
Mais tout un jour dans les bras de sa mie,  
Il fut heureux—ah ! ne le plaignez pas.



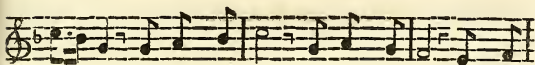
## CE QUE JE DESIRE.



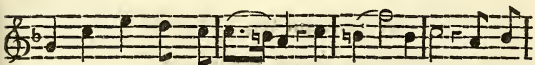
Ce que je desire et qui j'anne, C'est toujours



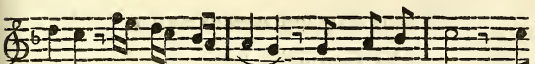
toi, C'est toujours toi. Pour mon âme le bien su-



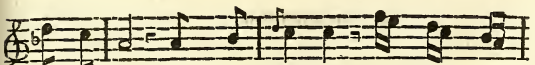
prême, C'est encore toi, C'est encore toi, Si j'ai



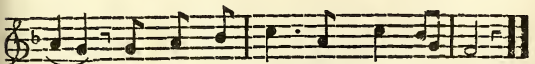
de beaux jour dans la vie. Ah! c'est par toi, Et mes



larmes, qui les es - suye, C'est encore toi, C'est



encore toi, Et mes lar - mes qui les es-



suye, C'est encore toi, C'est encore toi.



Si je place ma confiance,  
C'est n'est qu'en toi,  
Si je prends leçon de constance,  
C'est bien de toi.  
Aux doux plaisir, si je me liore,  
C'est près de toi,  
Si je veux encore longtems vivre,  
C'est bien pour toi.

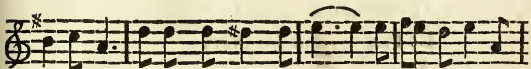
Quel autre pourrait me plaire,  
Autant qui toi,  
L'ame á la vie est necessaire,  
Bien moins que toi.  
Je sens trop que mon existence,  
Ne tient qu' à toi,  
Avec toi tout est jouissance,  
Et rien sans toi.



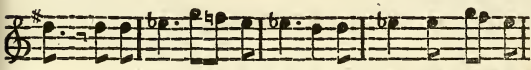
## DANS UN DELIRE EXTREME.



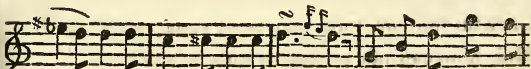
Dans un dèlire ex-trê-me on vent fuir ce qu'on



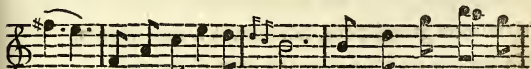
ai-me on, pretend se ven-ger on jure de chan-



ger on devient in-fi-de-le on court de bellen



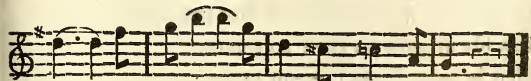
belle, on court de bellen bel-le, et l'on revient tou-



jours a ses premiers amours, et l'on revient tou-



jours, toujours a ses premiers amours, à ses pre-



miers amours, à ses premiers amours.



Ah, d'une ardeur sincère,  
Le tems peut nous distraire,<sup>1</sup>  
Mais nos plus doux plaisirs  
Sout dans nos souvenirs.  
On pense encore à celle,  
Qu'on adore á celle,  
Et l'on revient toujours,  
A ses premiers amours.

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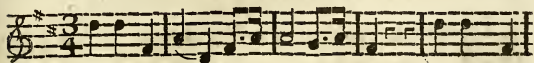
Dans ce Paris, plein d'or et de misère,  
En l'an du Christ mil-sept-cent-quatre vingt,  
Chez un tailleur, mon pauvre et vieux grand-père.  
Moi, nouveau né, sachez ce qu'il m'advint.  
Rien ne prédit la gloire d'un Orphée  
A mon berceau, qui n'était pas de fleurs;  
Mais mon grand-père, accourant à mes pleurs,  
Me trouve un jour dans les bras d'une fée.

Le bon vieillard lui dit, l'âme inquiète,  
'A cet enfant quel destin est promis?'  
Elle repond. 'Vois le sous ma baguette,  
Garçon d'auberge, imprimeur, et commis.  
Un coup de foudre ajoute à mes presages :  
Ton fils atteint, va perir consumé;  
Dieu le regarde, et l'osieau ranimé  
Vole, en chantent, braver d'autres orages.'

DE BERANGER.



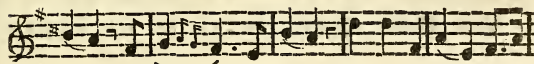
## CELUI QUI SUT TOUCHER MON CŒUR.



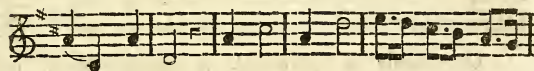
Celui qui sut toucher mon cœur, Jurait d'ai-



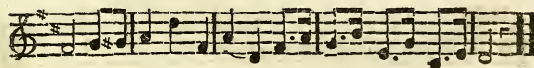
mer tou - te la vi - e, Mais hé-



las! c' etait trompeur, Celui qui sut tou-



cher mon cœur, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Je se plaignant de ma rigueur,

Moi se plaignait sa perfidie,

Et ce temps ou, pour mon bonheur,

Il se plaignait de ma rigueur.

S'il abjurait cruelle erreur,

S'il revenait à son amie,

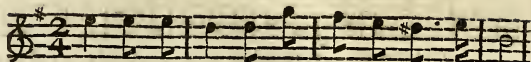
Ah! toujours il serait vainqueur,

S'il abjurait cruelle erreur.





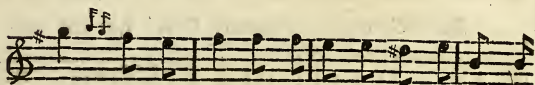
## VIVE HENRI QUATRE.



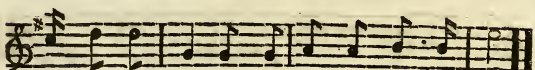
Vive Henri Quatre, vi - ve ce roi vaillant,



Vive Henri Quatre, vi - ve ce roi vaillant,



Ce diable a quatre à le triplé talent de



boire, Et de bet - tre et d'être vert ga - lant.

J'aimons les filles,  
 Et j'aimons le bon vin,  
 J'aimons les filles,  
 Et j'aimons le bon vin.  
 De nos bons drilles  
 Voilà tout le refrain,  
 J'aimons les filles,  
 Et j'aimons le bon vin.



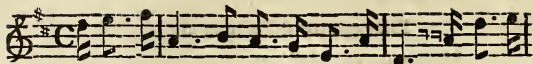
Moins de son drilles,  
Eussent troublès le sein,  
Moins de son drilles,  
Russent troublès le sein.  
De nos familles,  
Si l'ligueux plus humain,  
Eut aimè les filles,  
Eut aimè le bon vin.

Vive Alexandre,  
Vive ce roi des rois,  
A nous defendre,  
Il borne ses exploits.  
Ce prince auguste,  
A le triple renom,  
De hèros de juste,  
De nous rende èm Bourbon.

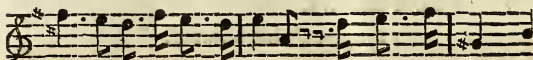
Vive Guillaume,  
Et ses guerrieres vaillants,  
De ce royaume,  
Il sauve ses enfans.  
Par là victoire,  
Il nous donne la Paix,  
Et compte sa gloire,  
Par ses nombreux bienfaits.



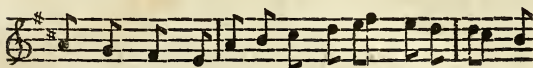
## LA SENTINELLE.



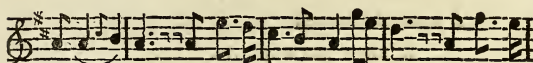
L'astre des nuits de son paisible éclat, Lançoit des



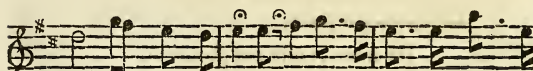
feux sur les tentes de France, Non loin du Camp un



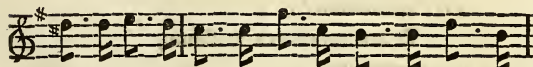
jeune et beau soldat, Ainsi chantoit appu - yé sur



sa lan - ce, Allez volez Zéphir joyeux, Portez mes



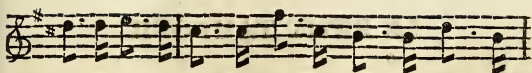
chants vers ma patri - e; Dites que je veille en ces



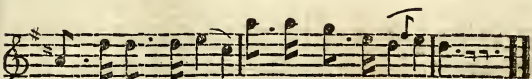
lieux, Dites que je veille en ces lieux, Pour la gloire



et pour mon ami - e, Dites que je veille en ces



lieux, Dites que je veille en ces lieux, Pour la gloire



et pour mon ami - e, pour mon ami - e.

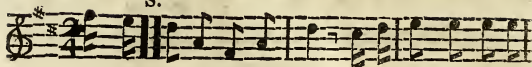
A la lueur des feux des ennemis,  
 La sentinelle est placée en silence :  
 Mais le Français, pour abrégér les nuits,  
 Chante, appuyé sur le fer de sa lance :  
 Allez, volez Zéphir joyeux,  
 Portez mes chants dans ma patrie,  
 Dites que je veille en ces lieux,  
 Pour la gloire et pour mon amie.

L'astre du jour ramène les combats,  
 Demain il faut signaler sa vaillance,  
 Dans la victoire on trouve le trépas,  
 Mais si je meurs à côté de ma lance :  
 Allez encore joyeux Zéphir,  
 Allez, volez dans ma patrie,  
 Dire que mon dernier soupir,  
 Fut pour la gloire et mon amie.

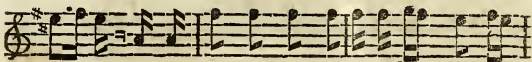
*ooooo*

## LE PETIT TAMBOUR.

S.

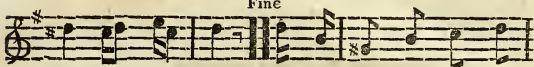


Je suis le petit Tambour, De la garde natio-

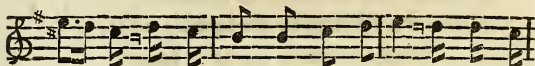


na - le, Faut voir comme j'm'en ré-gale D'rrouler l'ta-

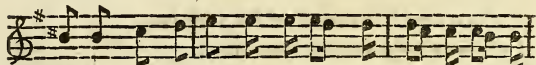
Fine



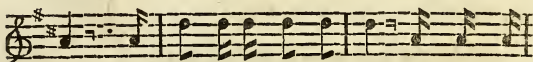
pin nuit et jour. L'matin j'commence ma



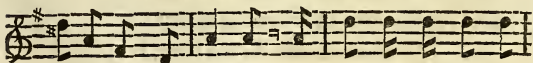
ron-de, Par monsieur l'sergent major, D'la pour e-



veiller tout le monde, Je me promene en tapant



fort, Eh v'lan rataplan taplan Madam's'é-



veille monsieur gronde, Eh v'lan ra-taplan ta-

D. C. S.



plan, C'que c'est qu'd'avoir du talent. Je suis



Sur l'orielle ma cocarde,  
Mon briquet à m<sup>on</sup> côté,  
Quand j'porte un billet de garde,  
Comme j'srappe avec fierté.  
Eh v'lan, rataplan taplan,  
Maint 'portière me regarde,  
Eh v'lan rataplan taplan,  
C'que c'est qu'd'avoir du talent.  
Je suis, &c.

Certain mari m'donne la piece,  
Pour lui porter un billet,  
Il est d'gard'chez sa maitresse,  
Mais sa femme connait l'secret.  
En v'lan rataplan taplan,  
Au remplaceant ell' s'adresse,  
Eh v'lan rataplan taplan,  
C'que c'est qu'd'avoir du talent.  
Je suis, &c.

A la garde descendante,  
Passant devant sa maison,  
J'vois un bizet qui s'absente,  
Vite je fais carillon,  
Eh v'lan rataplan taplan,  
D'l'avis sa femme est contente,  
Eh v'lan rataplan taplan,  
C'que c'est qu'd'avoir du talent.  
Je suis, &c.



Le soir après mon service,  
J'vas danser aux porcherons,  
A mainte fillette novice,  
J'fais pincer le rigaudon.  
Eh v'lan rataplan taplan,  
J'brille là comme a l'exercise,  
Eh v'lan rataplan taplan,  
C'que c'est qu'd'avoir du talent.  
Je suis le, &c.

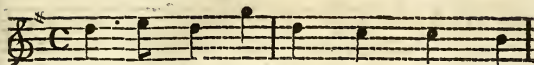
Chez un ami quand j'm'adresse,  
Pas redoublè vite en avant,]  
Pour un crèancier rien n'presse,  
Pas ordinaire tout bonn'ment.  
Eh v'lan rataplan taplan.  
Mais quand j'vas voir ma maitresse,  
Eh v'lan rataplan taplan,  
C'est pas de charge—et quel talent.  
Je suis, &c.







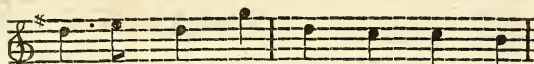
## WHEN THE ROSY MORN.



When the ro - sy morn ap - pear - ing,



Paints with gold the ver - dant lawn,



Bees on banks of thyme dis - port - ing,



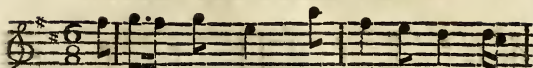
Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,  
 Carol sweet the lively strain,  
 They forsake the leafy dwelling,  
 To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,  
 Take the scatter'd ears that fall,  
 Nature, all her children viewing,  
 Kindly bounteous, cares for all.



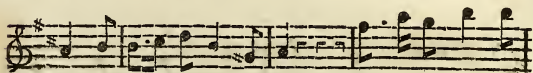
## THE LAMPLIGHTER.



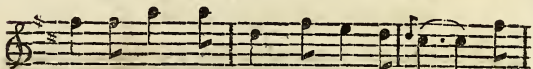
I'm jol - ly Dick the lamplighter, They



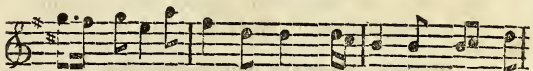
say the sun's my dad, And truly I believe it,



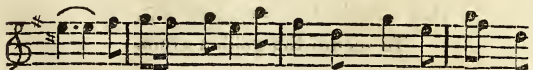
sir, For I'm a pretty lad. Father and I the



world delight, And make it look so gay, The



diff'rence is, I lights by night, and father lights by



day, The diff'rence is, I lights by night, And father



lights by day, And father lights by day.



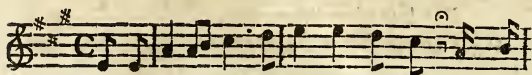
But father's not the likes of I,  
For knowing life or fun,  
For I strange tricks and fancies spy  
Folks never show the sun.  
Rogues, owls, and bats can't bear the light,  
I've heard your wise ones say,  
And so, d'ye mind, I sees at night  
Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art,  
As quite a useless task,  
And many a face and many a heart  
Will then pull off the mask.  
Each formal prude and holy wight  
Will throw disguise away,  
And sin it openly at night,  
Who sainted it all day.

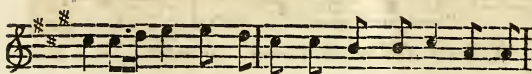
His darling hoard the miser views,  
Misses from friends decamp,  
And many a statesman mischief brews  
To his country o'er his lamp.  
So father and I, d'ye take me right,  
Are just on the same lay,  
I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,  
And he false saints by day.



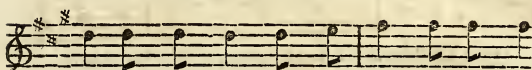
## CAPTAIN WATTLE AND MISS ROE.



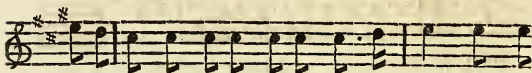
Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle? He was



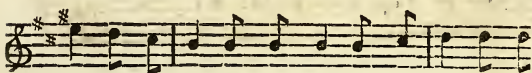
all for love, and a lit-tle for the bottle, We



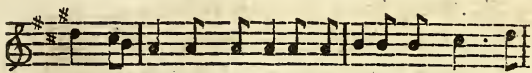
know not, tho' pains we have ta'en to enquire,



If gunpowder he invented, or the Thames set on



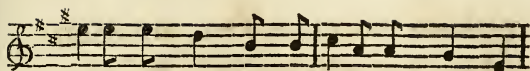
fire, If to him was the centre of gra-vi-ty



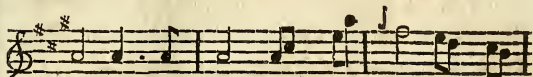
known, The longitude, or the philosopher's stone, Or



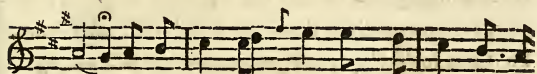
whether he studied from Bacon or Boyle, Co-



pernicus, Locke, Kater-felto, or Hoyle, But



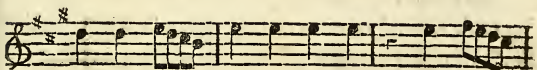
this we have learnt with great la-bour and



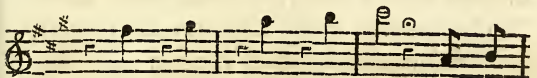
pain, That he lov'd Miss Roe, and she lov'd him a-



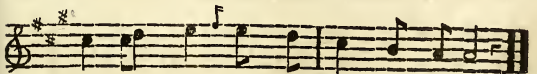
gain, a - ga - - - - -



- - - - -



- - - - - in, That he



lov'd Miss Roe, and she lov'd him a-gain.



Than sweet Miss Roe, none e'er look'd fiercer,  
She had but one eye, but that was a piercer.  
We know not, for certainty, her education,  
If she wrote, mended stockings, or settled the nation,  
At cards if she liked whist and swabbers, or voles,  
Or at dinner lov'd pig, or a steak on the coals,  
Whether most of the Sappho she was, or Thalestris,  
Or if dancing was taught her by Hopkins or Vestris.  
But, for your satisfaction, this good news we obtain,  
That she lov'd Captain Wattle, and he lov'd her again.

When wedded, he became lord and master depend  
on't,

He had but one leg, but he'd a foot at the end on't,  
Which, of government when she would fain hold the  
bridle,

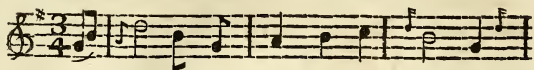
He took special caution should never lie idle;  
So, like most married folks, 'twas my plague, and my  
- chicken,

And sometimes a kissing, and sometimes a kicking;  
Then for comfort a cordial she'd now and then try,  
Alternately bunging or piping her eye:  
And these facts of this couple the history contain,  
For when he kick'd Miss Roe, she kick'd him again.

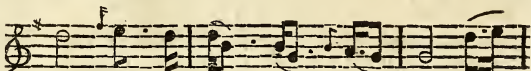




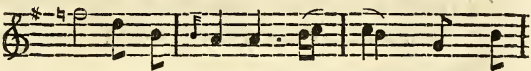
## QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.



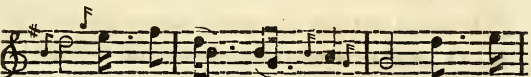
I sigh and la - ment me in vain, These



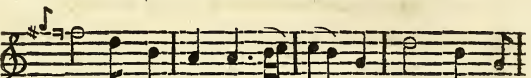
walls can but e - - cho my moan, A-



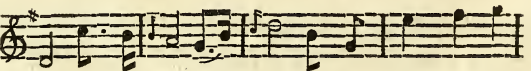
las! it en - creas - es my pain, When I



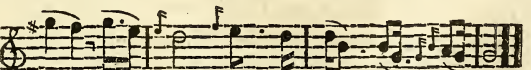
think of the days that are gone. Thro' the



grate of my prison I see The birds as they



wanton in air, My heart it now pants to be



free, My looks they are wild with despair.





Above, thò' opprest by my fate,  
I burn with contempt for my foes,  
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,  
She ne'er can subdue me to those.  
False woman! in ages to come  
Thy malice detested shall be,  
And when we are cold in the tomb,  
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay  
With silence and solitude dwell,  
How comfortless passes the day!  
How sad tolls the evening bell!  
The owls from the battlements cry,  
Hollow wind seems to murmur around,  
'O, Mary, prepare thee to die,'  
My blood it runs cold at the sound.

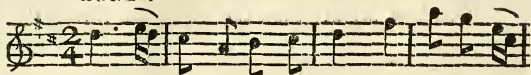
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### BRAVURA.

Haste, haste, nor lose the favouring hour,  
Thy victim now is in thy power,  
Hell's dark'ning chains at length have found him.  
Soon his soul repenting will strive to fly,  
But struggling is vain,  
When hell links the chain,  
Oh, nought can break the fetters round him—  
Revenge! revenge! thy triumph is nigh.

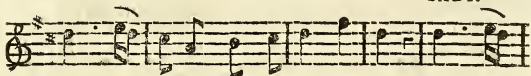
## THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.

AGNES.

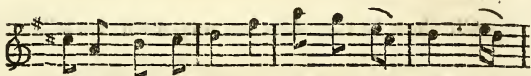


Faint and wea-ri-ly the way-worn travel-ler

SADI.

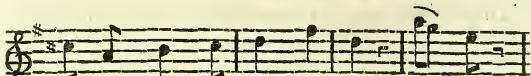


Plods un-cheeri-ly, afraid to stop, Wand'ring



dreari-ly, a sad un-ra-vel-ler, Of the

AGNES.



ma-zes tow'rd the mountain's top. Doubting,



fear-ing, as his course he's steer-ing,

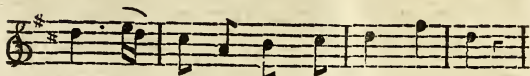
SADI.



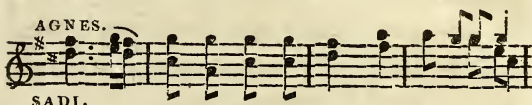
Cot-ta-ges ap-pearing, as he's nigh to drop;



Oh, how briskly then the way-worn travel-ler,



Threads the ma-zes tow'rd the mountain's top!



Oh, how briskly then the way-worn traveller



Threads the ma-zes tow'rd the mountain's top!

AG. Tho' so melancholy day has pass'd by,  
 'Twould be folly now to think on't more.

SA. Blythe and jolly he the cann holds fast by,  
 As he's sitting at the goatheard's door,

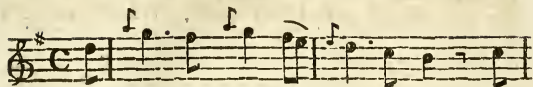
AG. Eating, quaffing,  
 At past labours laughing,

SA. Better far, by half, in  
 Spirits than before.

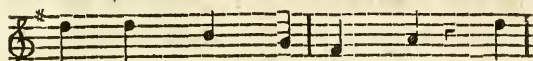
AG. Oh, how merry then the rested traveller  
 Seems, while sitting at the goatheard's door



## THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.



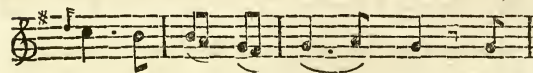
A - dieu! a - dieu! my on - ly life, My



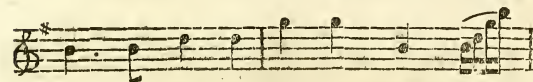
ho - nour calls me from thee! Re-



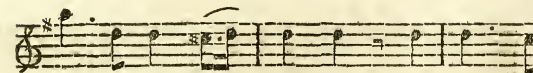
member thou'rt a sol - dier's wife, Those



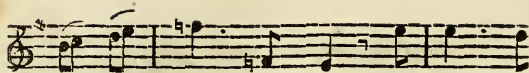
tears but ill be - - come thee. What



though by du - ty I am call'd Where



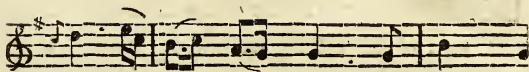
thund'ring can - nons rat - tle, Where valour's



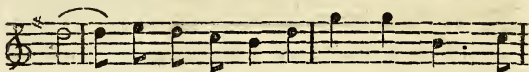
self might stand ap-pal'd, Where valour's



self might stand ap-pal'd, When on the



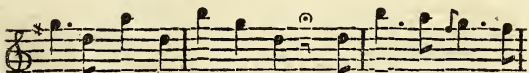
wings of thy dear love, To hea-ven



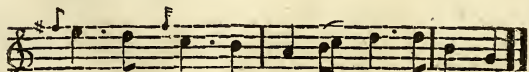
above thy fervent o-ri-sons are flown, The



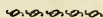
ten-der prayer thou put'st up there, Shall



call a guardian angel down, Shall call a guardian



an-gel down, To watch me in the battle.



My safety thy fair truth shall be,  
As sword and buckler serving,  
My life shall be more dear to me,  
Because of thy preserving.  
Let peril come, let horror threat,  
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,  
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,  
Assur'd when on the wings of love,  
To heav'n above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile,  
Some kindred god inspir'd thee,  
Who saw thy bosom void of guile,  
Who wonder'd and admir'd thee.  
I go, assur'd, my life, adieu!  
Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle,  
Tho' murd'ring carnage stalk in view,  
When on the wings of thy true love,  
To heav'n above. &c.

---

### CATCH.

Jack, thou art a toper, let's have t'other quart,  
Ring, we're so sober, 'twere a shame to part,  
None but a cuckold, bully'd by his wife,  
For coming late, fears a domestic strife;  
I'm free, so are you, to call and knock,  
Knock boldly, the watchman cries past two o'clock.



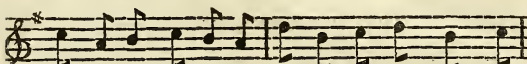
## WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?



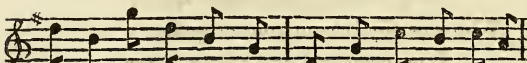
At sixteen years old you could get lit - tle



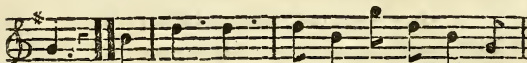
good of me, Then I saw No - rah who



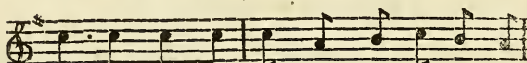
soon understood of me, I was in love—but my-



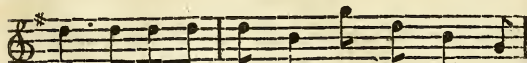
self, for the blood of me, Could not tell what I did



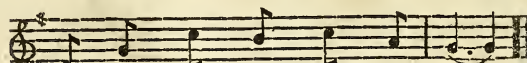
ail. 'Twas dear, dear, what can the matter be?



Och, blood and 'ounds what can the matter be?



Och, gramachree, what can the mat - ter be?



Bo - ther'd from head to the tail.,





I went to confess me to Father O'Flannagan,  
Told him my case—made an end—then began again,  
Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,  
If you find out what I ail.

Dear, dear, says he, what can the matter be?  
Och, blood and 'ounds, can you tell what the matter  
be?

Both cried, What can the matter be?  
Bother'd from head to the tail.

Soon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again,  
Norah took pity to see me at nurse again,  
Gave me a kiss; och, zounds! that threw me worse  
again!

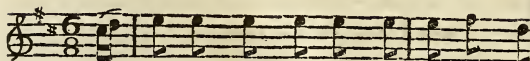
Well she knew what I did ail.  
But, dear, dear, says she, what can the matter be?  
Och, blood and 'ounds, what can the matter be?  
Och, gramachree, what can the matter be?  
Bother'd from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now since I left Tipperary,  
How strange, growing older, our nature should vary!  
All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary,  
I cannot tell now what I ail.

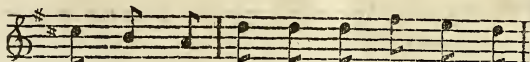
But dear, dear, what can the matter be?  
Och, blood and 'ounds, what can the matter be?  
Och, gramachree, what can the matter be?  
Bother'd from head to the tail.



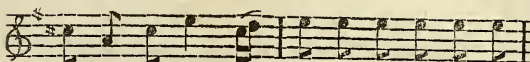
## PADDY'S TRIP FROM DUBLIN.



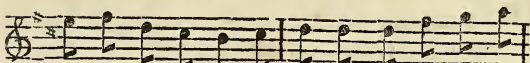
'Twas bus'ness requir'd I'd from Dublin be



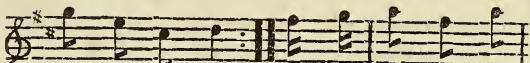
stray-ing, I bar-gain'd the cap-tain to



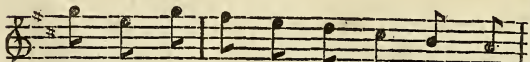
sail pretty quick, But just at the moment the



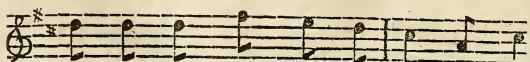
anchor was weighing, A spalpeen he wanted to



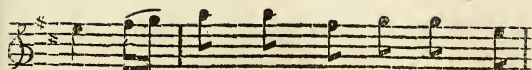
play me a trick. Says he. Pad-dy, go



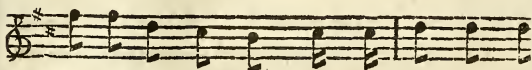
down stairs and fetch me some beer now, Says



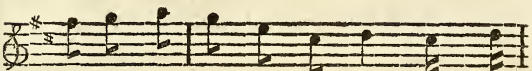
I, By my soul you're monstra-tious-ly



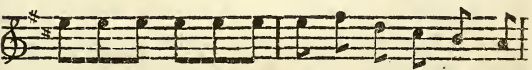
kind, Then you'll sail a - way. and I'll



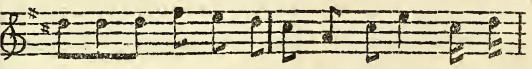
look mighty queer now, When I come up and



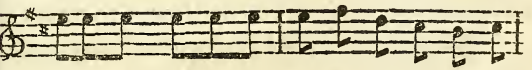
see my - self all left be - hind. With my



tal de ral la de ral la de ral la ral la,



tal de ral la ral la la ral la la, And sing



pal - li - luh, whil - li - luh, whil - li - luh, pal - li - luh,



Whack, bo - de - ration, and Lan - go - lee.



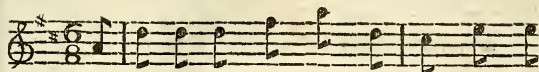
A storm met the ship, and did so dodge her,  
Says the captain, We'll sink, or be all cast away,  
Thinks I, Never mind, 'cause I'm only a lodger,  
And my life is insur'd, so the office must pay.  
But a taef, who was sea-sick, kick'd up such a riot,  
Tho' I lay quite sea-sick and speechless, poor elf,  
I could not help bawling, You spalpeen be quiet,  
Doyou think that there's nobody dead but yourself?  
With my tal de ral, &c.

Well, we got safe on shore, ev'ry son of his mother,  
There I found an old friend, Mr. Paddy Macgee,  
Och, Dermot, says he, is it you or your brother?  
Says I, I've a mighty great notion it's me.  
Then I told him the bull we had made of our journey,  
But to bull-making Irishmen always bear blame,  
Says he, My good friend, though we've bulls in Hibernia,  
They've cuckolds in England, and that's all the same.  
With my tal de ral, &c.

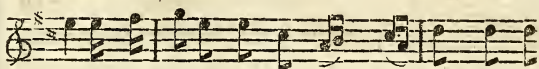
But from all sorts of cuckoldom Heaven preserve us,  
For John Bull and Paddy Bull's both man and wife,  
And every brave fellow, who's kill'd in their service,  
Is sure of a pension the rest of his life.  
Then who, in defence of a pair of such hearties,  
Till he'd no legs to stand on, would e'er run away?  
Then a fig for the war, and d—n Bonaparte!  
King George and the Union shall carry the day.  
With my tal de ral, &c.



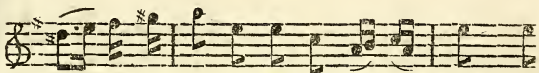
## BACHELOR'S HALL.



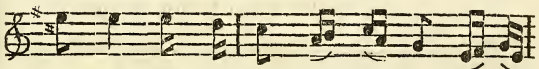
To Bachelor's Hall we good fellows in-



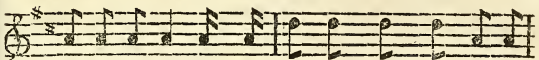
vite, To partake of the chace that makes up our de-



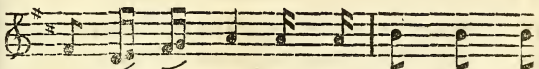
light, We have spirits like fire, and of health such



a stock That our pulse strikes the seconds as



true as a clock. Did you see us, you'd swear, as we



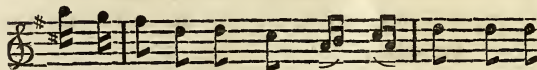
mount with a grace, Did you see us, you'd



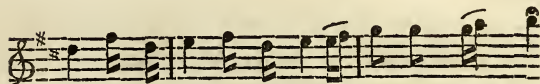
swear, as we mount with a grace, That Di-



a - na had dubb'd some new gods of the chace,



That Di - a - na had dubb'd some new gods of the



chace, Hark away, hark away, All nature looks gay,



And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,  
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back,  
Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone,  
And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan;  
But the horse of all horses that rival'd the day,  
Was the squire's neck-or-nothing, and that was a grey.

Hark away, hark away,

While our spirits are gay,

Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.



Then for hounds, there was Nimble, that so well  
climbs rocks,

And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox,  
Little Plunge, like a mole who will ferret and search,  
And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye so dead at a lurch,  
Young Slylooks, that scents the strong breeze from  
the south,

And musical Echowell, with his deep mouth.

Hark away, &c.

Our horses thus all of the very best blood,  
'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud,  
And for hounds, our opinions with thousands we'll back,  
That all England throughout can't produce such a pack,  
Thus having describ'd you dogs, horses, and crew,  
Away we set off, for the fox is in view.

Hark away, &c.

Sly Reynard's brought home, while the horn sounds  
a call,

And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's hall,  
The sav'ry sirloin grateful smokes on the board,  
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard.  
Come on then, do honour to this jovial place,  
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the  
chace.

Hark away, &c.

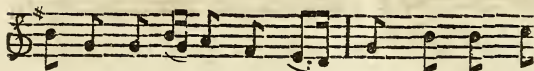




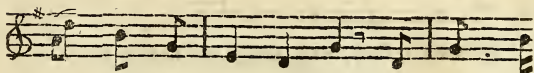
## YO HEAVE HO!



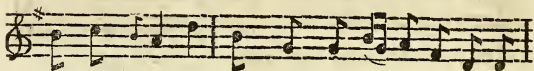
My name d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've



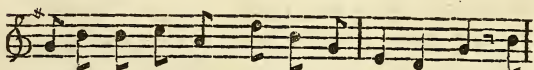
seen a lit-tle sarvice, where migh-ty billows



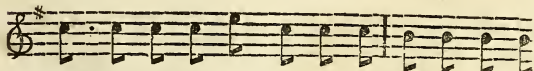
roll, and loud tempests blow, I've sail'd with



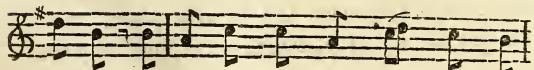
valiant Howe, I've sail'd with noble Jarvis, And in



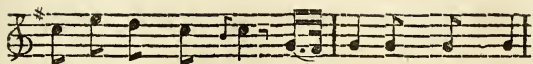
gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out, yo heave ho. Yet



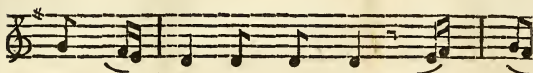
more shall ye be knowing, I was coxon to Bos-



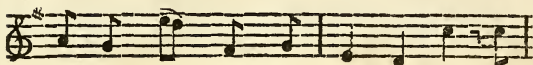
ca-wen, And e-ven with brave Hawke have I



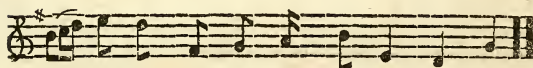
no-bly fac'd the foe; Then put round the grog,



so we've that and our prog, We'll laugh



in care's face, and sing, yo heave ho, We'll



laugh in care's face, and sing out, yo heave ho.

When, from my love to part, I first weigh'd anchor,  
And she was sniv'ling seed on the beach below,  
I'd like to catch d my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see, to  
thank her,

But I brought up my sorrow with a yo heave ho.  
For sailors, though they have their jokes,  
And love and fell like other folks,

Their duty to neglect must not come for to go,  
So I seiz'd the capstern bar,  
Like a true honest tar,

And in spite of tears and sighs, sung out yo heave ho.



But the worst on't was that when the little ones were  
sickly,

And if they'd live or die the doctor did'nt know,  
The word was gav'd to weigh, so sudden and so  
quickly,

I thought my heart would break, as I sung yo  
heave ho.

For Poll's so like her mother,

And as for Jack, her brother,

The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe ;  
But in Providence I trust,

For you see, what must be must,

So my sighs I gave the wind, and sung out, yo,  
heave ho.

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,

For I've only lost an eye, and got a timber toe,

But old ships must expect in time to be out of com-  
mission,

Nor again the anchor weigh, with a yo heave ho.

So I smoke my pipe and sing my song,

For my boy shall well revenge my wrongs,

And my girl shall breed young sailors nobly for to  
face the foe.

Then to country and king,

Fate no danger can bring,

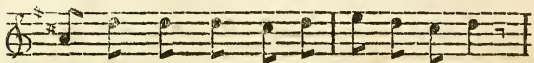
While the tars of old England sing out, yo, heave ho.



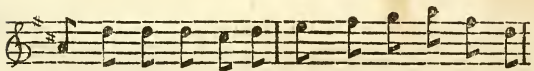
## PADDY, THE PIPER.



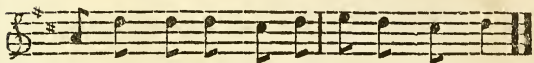
When I was a boy in my father's mud e-difice,



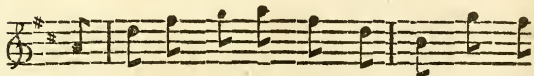
Tender and bare as a pig in a sty,



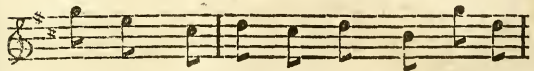
Out at the door, as I look'd with a steady phiz,



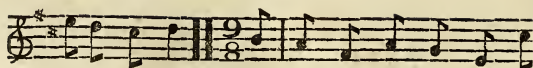
Who but Pat Murphy the pi-per came by?



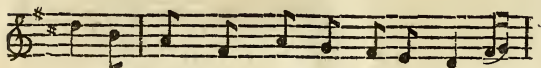
Says Pad-dy, but few play this mu-sic, can



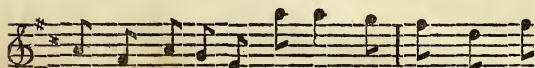
you play? Says I, I can't tell, for I



never did try. He told me that he had a

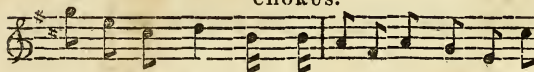


charm, To make the pipes pretti-ly speak, Then

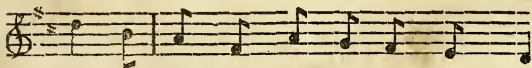


squeez'd a bag under his arm, And sweetly they

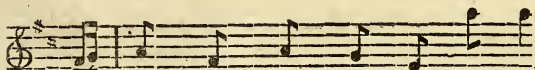
# CHORUS.



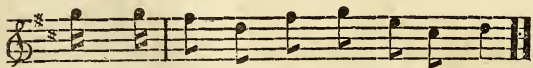
set up a squeak. With a fa - ral - la la - ral - la



loo, och hone, how he handled the drone!



And then such sweet mu - sic he blew,



twould have melt-ed the heart of a stone,

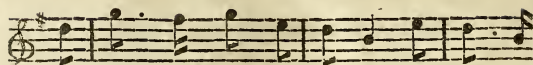


Your pipe, says I, Paddy, so neatly comes over me,  
Naked, I'll wander wherever it blows,  
And if my father should try to recover me,  
Sure it wont be by describing my clothes.  
The music I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,  
And leads me all over the world by the nose,  
So I follow'd his bagpipe so sweet,  
And sung, as I leapt like a frog,  
Adieu to my family seat,  
So pleasantly plac'd in a bog.  
With my faralla, &c.

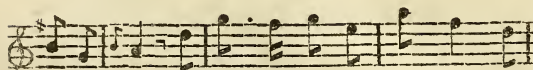
Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could sunder  
us,  
Till he one morning had taken a sup,  
And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us,  
Souse to the bottom, just like a blind pup.  
I roar'd out, and bawl'd out, and hastily call'd out,  
O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up?  
He was dead as a nail in a door,  
Poor Paddy was laid on the shelf,  
So I took up his pipes on the shore,  
And now I've set up for myself.  
With my faralla, laralla loo, to be sure I have not got  
the knack,  
To play faralla laralla loo, aye, and bubberoo didderoo  
whack.



## THE WEEPING WILLOW.



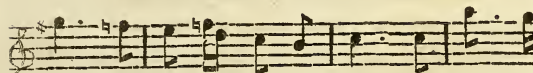
Where Hudson's murm'ring billows, Kiss Jersey's



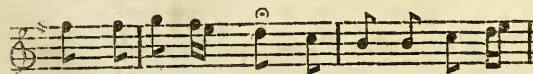
verdant shore, Beneath the spreading willows, Sleeps



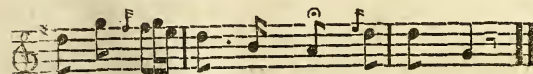
Henry of the moor. The pride of all the



plain, Was Anna's cho-sen swain, But An-na

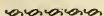


weeps, for Henry sleeps Beneath the weeping



wil-low, Beneath the weeping wil-low.





They hail'd the bridal morrow,  
Which dawn'd to see them blest,  
But ah ! ere eve, what sorrow  
Fill'd Anna's gentle breast!  
She saw the Hudson's wave  
Become her Henry's grave!  
And Anna weeps, for Henry sleeps  
Beneath the weeping willow.

She saw beneath the willow  
Her lover laid to rest,  
The earth his nuptial pillow,  
And not her artless breast :  
Around his mossy tomb  
The early daisies bloom,  
There Anna weeps, for Henry sleeps,  
Beneath the weeping willow.

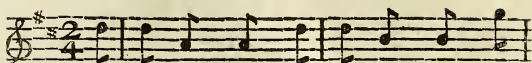
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### CATCH.

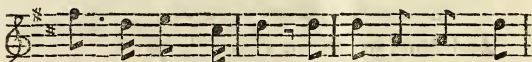
To the old, long life and treasure,  
To the young, all health and pleasure,  
To the fair, their face  
With eternal grace,  
And the rest to be lov'd at leisure.



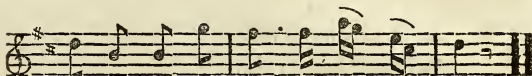
# HURRAH! HURRAH!



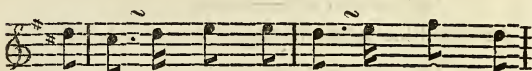
Our warrior hearts for bat-tle burn, Hur-



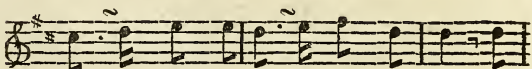
rah! hurrah! hurrah! To glo-ry now our



steps we turn, hurrah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

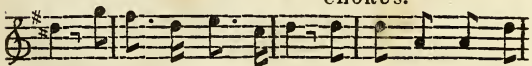


Farewell to home and all its charms, We

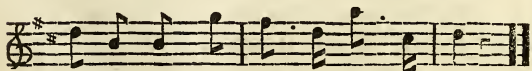


break from love's entwining arms, hur-rah! hur-

## CHORUS.



rah! hurrah! hurrah; hurrah! Hurrah! hurrah! hur-



rah! hurrah! hur-rah! hur-rah! hurrah!



Behold! the enemy appears—Hurrah!  
The din of battle fills our ears—Hurrah!  
The bugles ring, the banners wave,  
Each warrior grasps his shining glaive—Hurrah!

No more for fame, no more for gold—Hurrah!  
The flag of battle we unfold—Hurrah!  
United in a holy band,  
For God and for our native land—Hurrah!

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### GLEE.

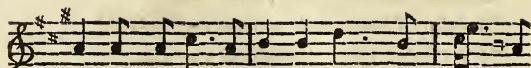
Sweet object of the zephyr's kiss,  
Come, Rose, come courted to my bow'r;  
Queen of the banks, the garden's bliss,  
Come and abash yon tawdry flow'r.

Why call us to revokeless doom,  
With grief the op'ning buds reply,  
Not suffer'd to extend our bloom,  
Scarce born, alas! before we die?

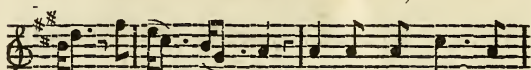
Man having past appointed years,  
Ours are but days, the scene must close,  
And when fate's messenger appears,  
What is he but a wither'd rose?



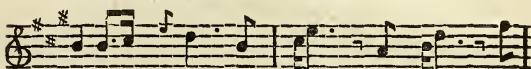
## YOUNG LOVE!



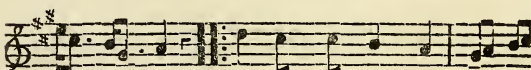
Young love is like the infant moon, When first his



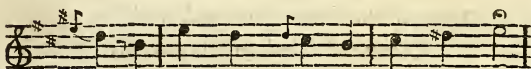
smiles to view are giv'n, He can-not rise to



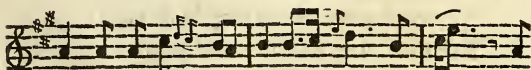
rapture's noon, He dares not cir-cle



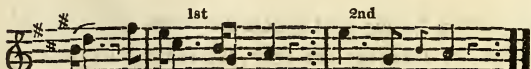
beauty's heav'n. But time will send him farther



soon, For love grows bolder like the moon,



But time will send him farther soon, For love grows



bold-er like the moon, like the moon.



Young love is like the infant moon,  
A form of light to darkness joined,  
And yet with front so bright and boon,  
We scarce can spy the gloom behind.  
But time will chase that sorrow soon,  
For love grows brighter like the moon.

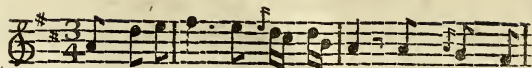
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## GLEE.

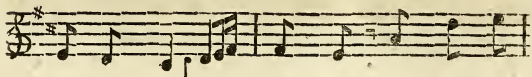
Charming to love is morning's hour,  
When from her chrystal roseat tow'r,  
She sees the goddess health pursue  
The skimming breeze through fields of dew;  
Charming the flaming hour of noon,  
When the sunk linnet's fading tune  
Allures him to the beechy grove;  
Or when some cragg'd grotesque alcove,  
Sounds in his ear its tinkling rill,  
And tempts him to its moss-grown sill.  
Most charm'd when on his tranced mind,  
Is whisper'd in the passing wind,  
The name of her whose name is bliss,  
Or when he, all unseen, can kiss  
The fringed bank where late she lay,  
Hidden from the imperious day.



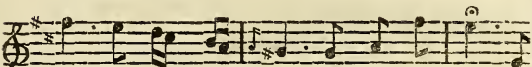
## FORGET THEE! NO.



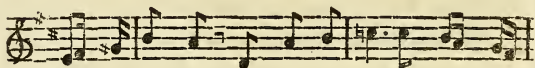
Then be it so, and let us part, Since love like



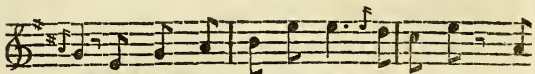
mine has fail'd to move thee, But do not



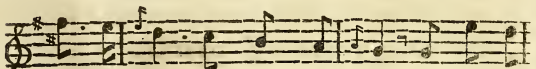
think this con-stant heart, Can e-ver cease, in-



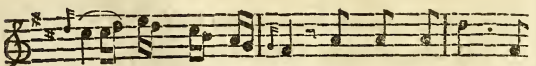
grate to love thee, No, spite of all thy cold dis-



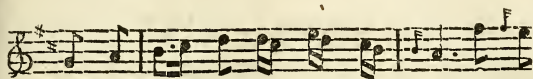
dain. I'll bless the hour when first I met thee, And



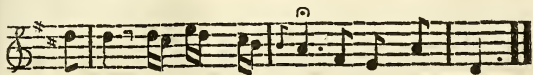
rather bear whole years of pain, And rather



bear whole years of pain, Than e'en for one short



hour for - get thee, For - get thee! no, Forget



thee! no, For - get thee! no, Forget thee! no.

Still mem'ry, now my only friend,  
 Shall, with her soothing art, endeavour  
 My present anguish to suspend,  
 By painting pleasures lost for ever.  
 She shall the happy hour renew,  
 When full of hope and smiles I met thee,  
 And little thought the day to view,  
 When thou would'st wish me to forget thee.  
 Forget thee! no.

Yet I have liv'd to view the day,  
 To mourn my past destructive blindness,  
 To see now turned with scorn away,  
 Those eyes, once fill'd with answering kindness.  
 But go—farewell, and be thou blest,  
 If thoughts of what I feel will let thee,  
 Yet, though thy image kills my rest,  
 'Twere greater anguish to forget thee.  
 Forget thee! no.

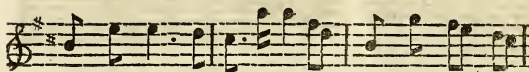




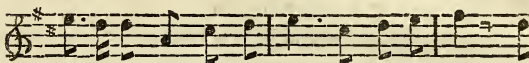
## LOVE AND LIBERTY!



Tri - umphant must the warrior be, Who



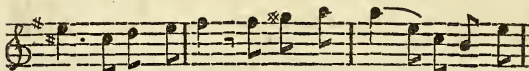
fights for love and liberty, Who fights for love and



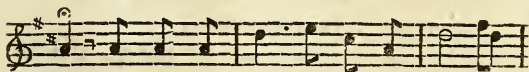
liberty, With heaven's sanction to demand, The



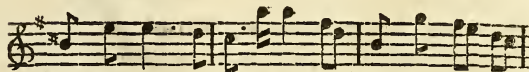
wealth of fame at fortune's hand, Can human



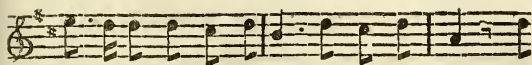
pride resist her claim, Nor shrink before celestial



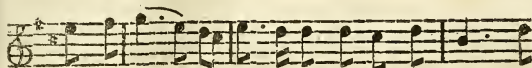
flame. Oh, no, tri - umphant he must be, Who



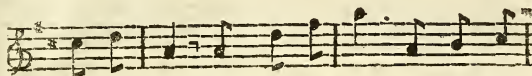
fights for love and liberty, Who fights for love and



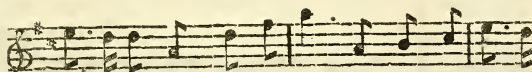
li-berty, Oh, no, triumphant he must be, Who



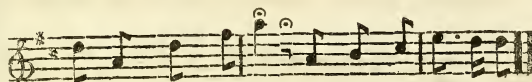
fights for love and li-berty, Oh no, tri-umphant



he must be, Who fights for love, for love and



li-berty, Who fights for love, for love and liber-

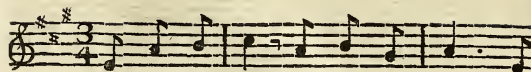


ty, Who fights for love, for love and li-berty.

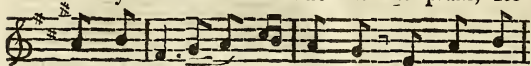
Then let me now their champion be,  
 The shield of love and liberty,  
 With heart to prompt, and hand to dare,  
 Burst from the bondage of despair.  
 For vengeance rush upon the foe,  
 And make the savage pirate know,  
 Triumphant must the warrior be,  
 Who fights for love and liberty.



## THE BED OF ROSES.



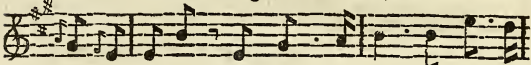
My father's flocks adorn'd the plain, Re-



tirement's joys possessing, They flourish'd



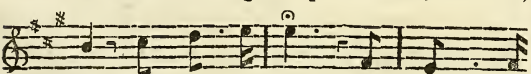
in the sun's mild reign, His home, his home and



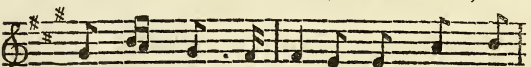
children blessing, When round us raged destructive



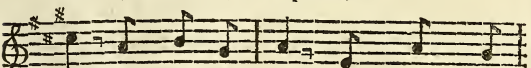
war, And fire and slaughter spread a - far, Defeated,



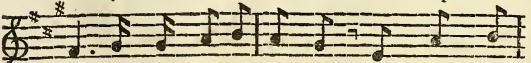
chained, our sire exclaimed, Still heaven, Still



heaven, he cried, dis - poses, On thorns we



tread, yet those we dread, Ne'er sleep, Ne'er



sleep on a bed of ro - ses, On thorns we



tread, yet those we dread, Ne'er sleep, ne'er  
sleep on a bed of roses, roses,  
Ne'er sleep on a bed of  
roses, roses, Ne'er sleep, ne'er  
sleep on a bed, a bed, a bed of ro-ses.

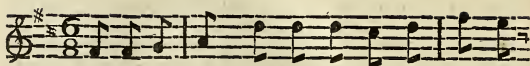
He wandered long on mountains wild,  
Like hardy hunters living,  
In humble cot, at grandeur smil'd,  
Our father's hope reviving.  
He fought till conquered by the foe,  
Till by harsh law, on bed of straw,  
Still heaven, he cries, disposes,  
My sons behold, in honour bold,  
I die, I die, on a bed of roses.

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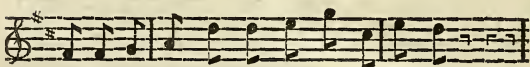
In the endeavour to make this Collection as perfect as possible, I have not scrupled to avail myself of the most popular French Airs, so in this and the accompanying pages, I have been enabled, through the kindness of a friend, to introduce a selection from the treasures of our Trans-Atlantic brethren.—Ed.



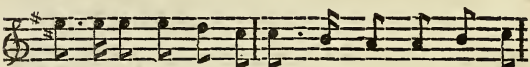
## ALLEN-A-DALE.



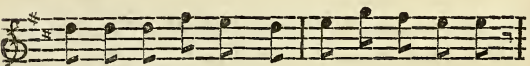
Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning,



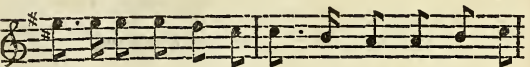
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,



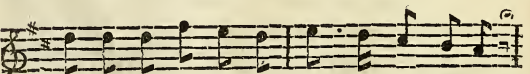
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning, Yet



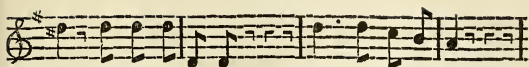
Al-len-a-Dale has red gold for the winning,



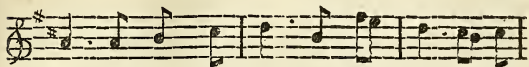
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning, Yet



Al-len-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.



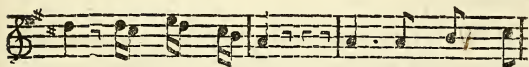
Come, read me my riddle, come, hearken my tale,



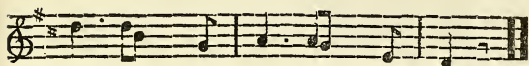
And tell me the craft of bold Al-len-a



Dale, Come, read me my riddle,



come. hearken my tale, And tell me the



craft of bold Al - len - a - Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,  
 And he views his domains upon Arkindale ride,  
 The mere for his net, and the land for his game,  
 The chace for wild, and the park for tame;  
 Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale  
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.





Allen-a-Dale was ne'er dubbed a knight,  
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as  
    bright;  
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;  
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,  
Who at Red-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come,  
The mother she asked of his house and his home.  
'Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the  
    hill,  
My hall,' quoth bold Allen, 'shews gallanter still,  
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,  
And with all its bright spangles,' said Allen-a-Dale.

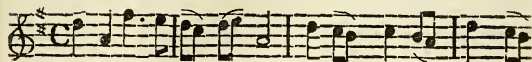
The father was steel, the mother was stone,  
They lifted the latch and they bade him begone,  
But loud, on the morrow, their vail and their cry,  
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,  
And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale,  
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.



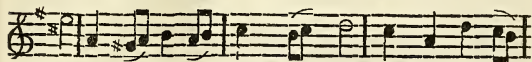




## BY THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS.



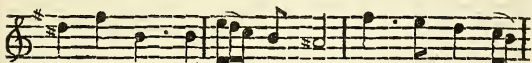
By the gaily circling glass, We can see how minutes



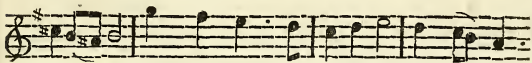
pass, By the hollow flask we're told How the waning



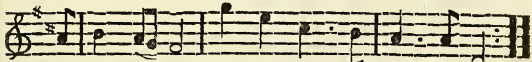
night grows old, How the waning night grows old.



Soon, too soon, the bu - sy day, Drives us from our



sport away, What have we with day to do? Sons of care,



'twas made for you! Sons of care, 'twas made for you!

By the silence of the owl,

By the chirping on the thorn,

By the butts that empty roll,

We foretel th' approach of morn.

Fill, then, fill the vacant glass,

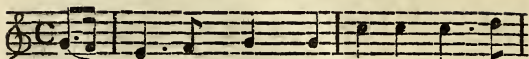
Let no precious moment slip,

Flout the moralizing ass,

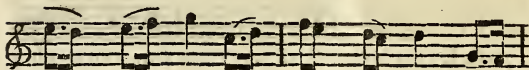
Joys find entrance at the lip.



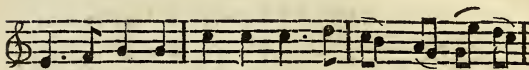
## LASH'D TO THE HELM!



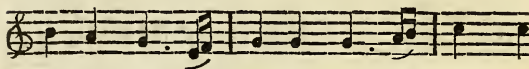
In storms, when clouds obscure the sky, And



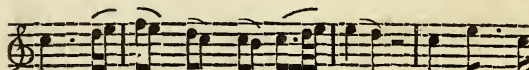
thun - ders roll and light - nings fly, In



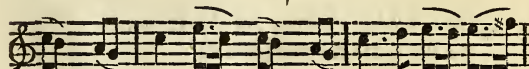
midst of all these dire alarms, I think, my Sal - ly,



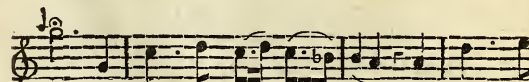
on thy charms. The troubled main, The wind and



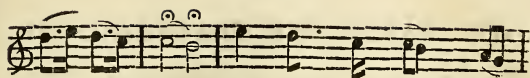
rain, My ar - dent pas - sion prove, Lash'd to the



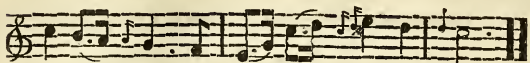
helm, should seas o'erwhelm, I'd think on thee, my



love, I'd think on thee, my love, I'd think on



thee, my love, Lash'd to the helm, Should



seas o'erwhelm, I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,  
And art is vain the ship to guide,  
In varied shapes when death appears  
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers.

The troubled main,  
The wind and rau,  
My ardent passion prove,  
Lash'd to the helm,  
Should seas o'erwhelm,  
I'd think on thee, my love.

But should the gracious pow'rs prove kind,  
Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,  
And waft me to thy arms once more,  
Safe to my long-lost shore.

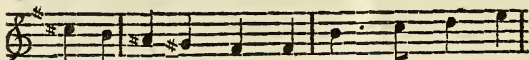
No more the main  
I'd tempt again,  
But tender joys improve,  
I then with thee  
Should happy be,  
And think on nought but love.



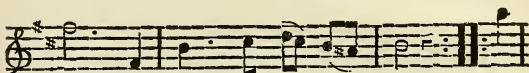
## HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?



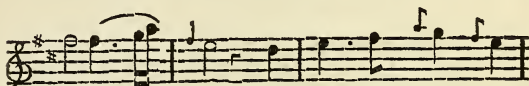
How stands the glass around? For shame! ye



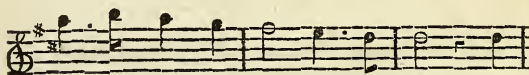
take no care, my boys! How stands the glass a-



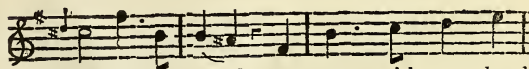
round? Let mirth and wine a - bound. The



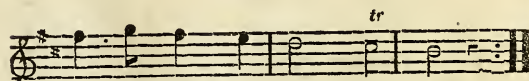
trum - pets sound, The co - lours they are



fly - ing, boys, To fight, kill, or wound; May



we still be found Con - tent with our hard



fate, my boys, On the cold ground.



Why, soldiers, why,  
Should we be melancholy, boys?  
Why, soldiers, why,  
Whose business 'tis to die?  
What—sighing? fie!  
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly boys,  
'Tis he, you, or I,—  
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,  
We're always bound to follow, boys,  
And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,  
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys,)  
'Tis but in vain  
For soldiers to complain:  
Should next campaign  
Send us to Him who made us, boys,  
We're free from pain,  
But if we remain,  
A bottle and kind landlady  
Cure all again.

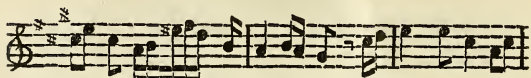




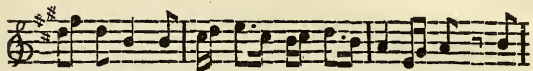
## THE CYPRESS WREATH.



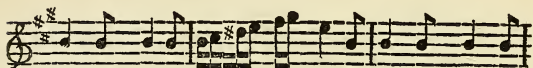
Oh la - dy twine no wreaths for me, Or



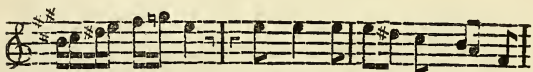
twine it of the cypress tree, Too lively glow the



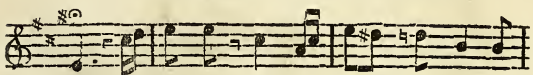
lilly's light, The varnish'd holly's all too bright, The



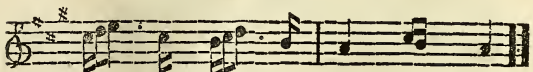
May-flower and the eglantine may shade a brow less



sad than mine, May shade a brow less sad than



mine, But la - dy weave no wreath for me, Or



weave it of the cy - press tree.



Let dimpled mirth his temples twine,  
With tendrils of the laughing vine;  
The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
To patriot and to sage be due;  
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,  
But that Matilda will not give;  
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Let merry England proudly rear,  
Her blended roses bought so dear;  
Let Albion bind her bonnet blue  
With heath and hare-bell dipped in dew;  
On favoured Erin's crest be seen  
The flower she loves of emerald green;  
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare  
The ivy, meet for minstrel's hair;  
And, while his crown of laurel leaves,  
With bloody hand the victor weaves.  
Let the loud trump his triumph tell,  
But when you hear the passing bell,  
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,  
And twine it of the cypress tree.

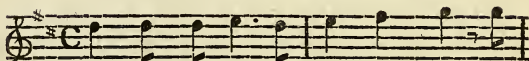




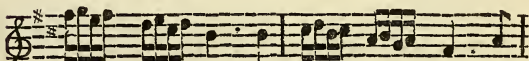
Yes! twine for me the cypress bough,  
 But O, Matilda, twine not now,  
 Stay till a few brief months are past,  
 And I have looked and loved my last;  
 When villagers my shroud bestrew,  
 With pansies, rosemary, and rue,  
 Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,  
 And weave it of the cypress tree.

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### WE SHOULD REJOICE.



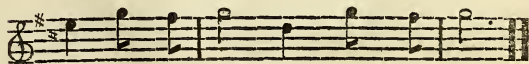
We should rejoice when good kings bleed, re-



joyce, - - - re-joyce. - - - re-



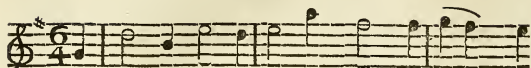
joyce - - - ,



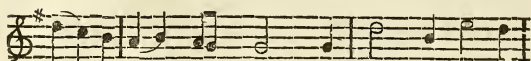
we should re-joyce when good kings bleed.



## LET'S HAVE A DANCE.



Let's have a dance upon the heath, We gain more



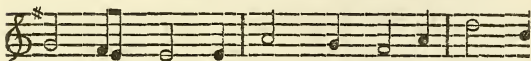
life by Duncan's death, Sometimes like brinded



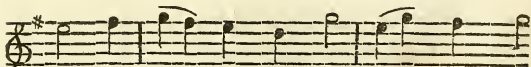
cats we shew, Having no music but our mew, To



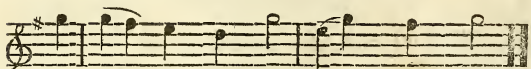
which we dance in some old mill, Upon the hopper



stone or wheel, To some old saw or bardish



rhyme, Where still the mill-clack does keep time,



Where still the mill-clock does keep time.



Sometimes, about a hollow tree,  
Around, around, around, dance we,  
And hither the chirping crickets come,  
And beetles sing in drowsy hum ;  
Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furze,  
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs,  
Or, if with none of these we meet,  
We dance to th' echoes of our feet.

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### GLEE.

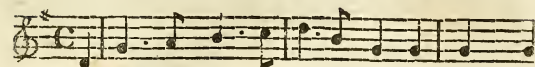
Prithee, friend, fill t'other pipe,  
Fie for shame, don't let us part,  
Just when wit is brisk and ripe,  
Rais'd by wine's all-powerful art.

None but fools would thus retire  
To their drowsy sleepy bed,  
Drawer, heap with coals the fire,  
Bring us t'other flask of red.

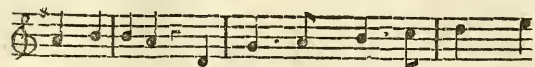
Foot to foot then let us drink,  
Till things double to our view,  
Pleasure then 'twill be to think,  
One full bumper looks like two.

Fill, my friend, then fill your glass,  
Why should we at cares repine?  
Misery crowns the sober ass,  
Happiness the man of wine.

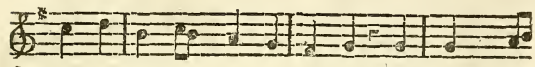
## I WAS, D'YE SEE, A WATERMAN.



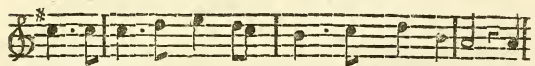
I was, d'ye see, a waterman, as tight and



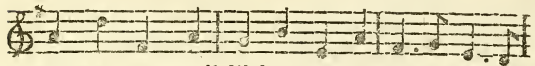
spruce as any, 'Twixt Richmond town and Horsely-



down I turn'd an honest penny, None could of



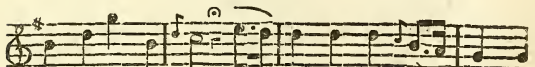
fortune's favors brag, more than cou'd luc-ky I, My



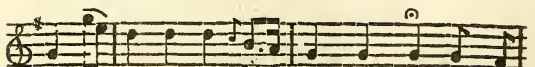
cot was snug, well fill'd my cag, my grunter in the



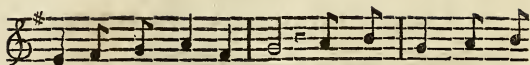
sty, With wher-ry tight, and bosom light, I



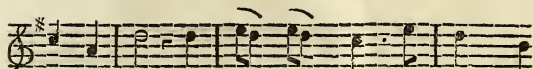
cheerfully did tow, And to complete this princely



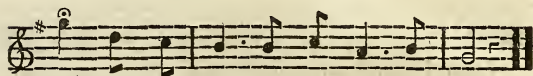
life, sure never man had friend and wife, like my



Poll and my partner Joe, like my Poll and my



partner Joe, sure ne - ver man had friend or



wife, like my Poll and my partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like these awhile,

Folks far and near caress'd me,

Till, woe is me,

So lubberly

The vermin came and press'd me.

How cou'd I all the pleasures leave ?

How with my wherry part ?

I never so took on to grieve,

It wrung my very heart.

But when on board

They gave the word

To foreign parts to go,

I ru'd the moment I was born,

That ever I should thus be torn

From my Poll and my partner Joe



I did my duty manfully,  
While on the billows rolling,  
    And night or day—Could find my way  
Blindfold to the main-top bowling;  
Thus all the dangers of the main,  
Quicksands and gales of wind,  
I brav'd, in hopes to taste again  
The joys I left behind.

    In climes afar—The hottest war  
Pour'd broadsides on the foe,  
In hopes these perils to relate,  
As by my side attentive sate  
My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last it pleased his majesty  
To give peace to the nation,  
    And honest hearts—From foreign parts  
Come home for consolation.  
Like lightning, for I felt new life,  
Now safe from all alarms,  
I rush'd, and found—my friend and wife  
Lock'd in each others arms.

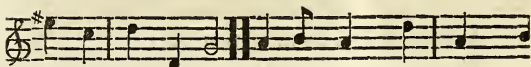
    Yet fancy not—I bore my lot  
Tame like a lubber——No,  
For, seeing I was finely trick'd,  
Plump to the devil I boldly kick'd  
My Poll and my partner Joe.



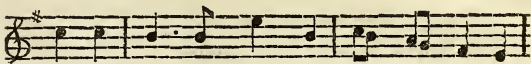
## WE FLY BY NIGHT.



Now I'm furnish'd, Now I'm furnish'd, Now I'm



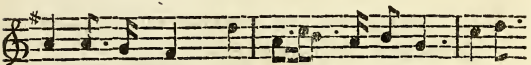
furnish'd for my flight. Over woods, high rocks and



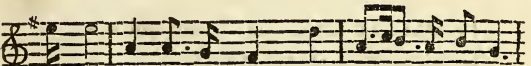
mountains, O - ver hills and mis - ty fountains,



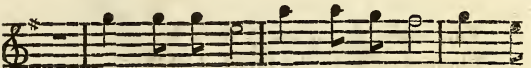
Over steeples, towns, and turrets, We fly by night,



We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits, We fly

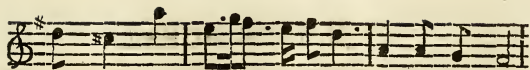


by night, We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits,



We fly by night, We fly by night, We fly

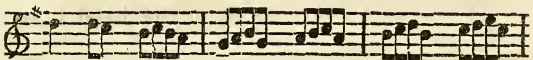




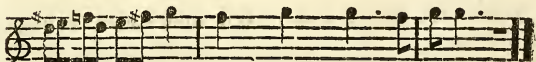
by night 'mongst troops of spirits, We fly by night,



We fly by night, We fly - - - - -



We fly - - - - -



- - - - - by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

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### CATCH.

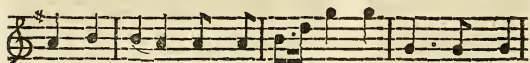
Soldier, soldier, take off thy wine,  
 And shake thy locks as I shake mine;  
 How can I my poor locks shake,  
 That have but ten hairs on my pate?  
 And one of them must go for tythe,  
 So there remains but four and five;  
 Four and five, and that makes nine,  
 Then take off your drink as I take off mine.



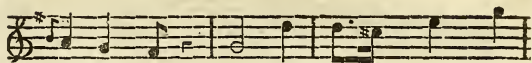
## THE RACE HORSE.



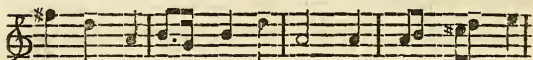
See the course throng'd with gazers, the sports



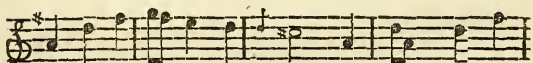
are be - gun, The con - fusion, but hear! I bet



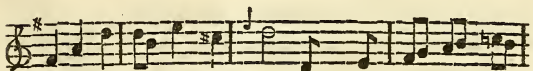
you, sir, done, done. Ten thou - sand strange



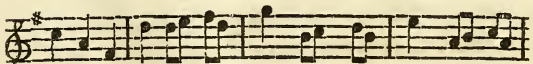
murmurs resound, far and near, Lords, haw - kers and



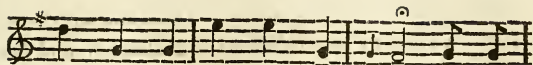
jockies assail the tir'd ear, Lords, hawkers and



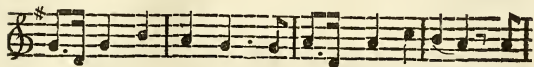
jockies assail the tir'd ear, While with neck like a



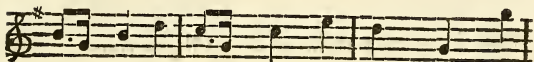
rainbow e - recting his crest, pamper'd, prancing and



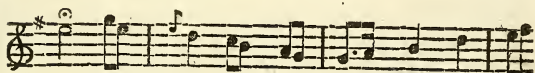
pleased his head touching his breast. Scarcely



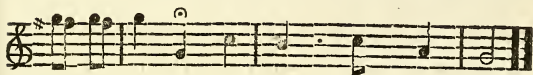
snuffing the air, he's so proud and e - late, The



high mettled ra - cer first starts for the



plate, The high met - tled ra - cer, the high



mettled ra - cer first starts for the plate.

Now reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch  
rush

Hounds, horses and huntsmen, all hard at his brush;  
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,  
And by scent and by view cheat a long tedious way.



While alike born for sports of the field and the course,  
Always sure to come through—a staunch and fleet  
horse;

When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,  
The high mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,  
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some  
blood,

While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,  
Tell, his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire that race,  
And what matches he won to the hostlers count o'er,  
As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house  
door,

While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides  
goad,

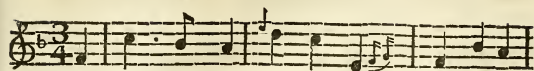
The high mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at last having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,  
Bow'd down by degrees. he bends on to his fate,  
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,  
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour glass stands  
still,

And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,  
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,  
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surround,  
The high mettled racer is sold for the hounds.



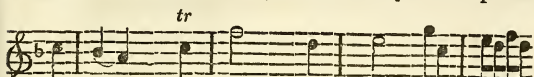
## THOU SOFT FLOWING AVON.



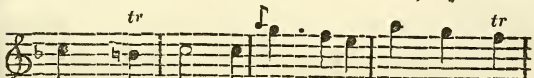
Thou soft flowing A - von, by thy silver



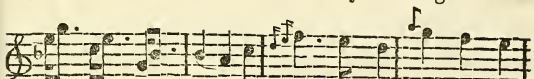
stream, Of things more than mortal thy Shakespeare



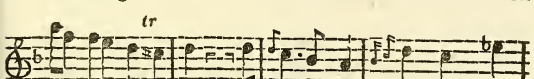
would dream, would dream, would dream, thy Shake-



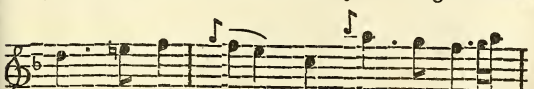
speare would dream; The fairies by moonlight dance



round his green bed, For hal-low'd the turf is which



pillows his head, The fairies by moonlight dance



round his green bed, For hal-low'd the



turf is which pil - lows his head.



The love-stricken maiden, the sighing young swain,  
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain,  
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,  
For hallowed the turf is which pillowed his head.

Here youth shall be famed for their love and their  
truth,  
Here smiling old age feels the spirit of youth,  
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,  
For hallowed the turf is which pillowed his head.

Flow on silver Avon, in song ever flow,  
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow,  
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,  
And the turf still be hallowed that pillows his head.

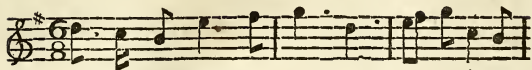
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### GLEE.

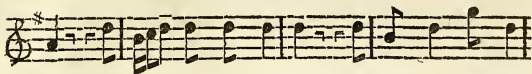
Life's a bumper, fill'd by fate,  
Let us guests enjoy the treat;  
Nor like silly mortals pass  
Life as 'twere but half a glass.  
Let this scene with joy be crown'd,  
Let the glee and catch go round,  
All the sweets of life combine  
Mirth and music, love and wine.



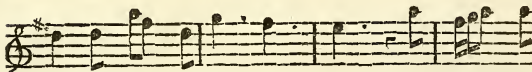
## UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.



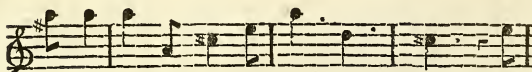
Under the greenwood tree, who loves to lie with



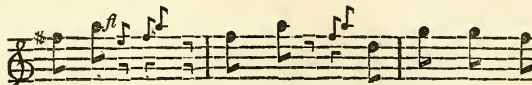
me, And tune his merry note, his merry merry



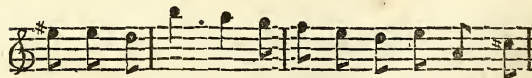
note Un - to the sweet bird's throat, And tune his



merry note Un - to the sweet bird's throat, Come



hither, hither Come hither, come



hither, come hither, come hither, come hither, come







Death again stood her friend, for, kill'd in a fray,  
He also the grave chanc'd to pop in,  
So now with my song I shall soon belay,  
Pull away, pull away, pull away,  
Belay,  
The six husbands of Meg of Wapping.

But I did not tell you how that she married seven,  
Pull away, pull away, so neatly!  
'Twas honest Tom Trip and he sent her to heaven,  
And her strong box rummaged sweetly:  
For Meg, growing old, a fond dotard proved,  
And must after a boy needs be hopping,  
So she popp'd off, and Tom with the girl that he lov'd,  
Pull away, pull away, pull away,  
I say,  
Spent the shiners of Meg of Wapping

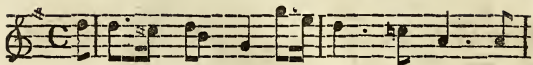
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### GLEE.

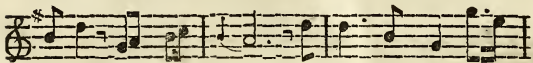
This bottle's the sun of our table,  
His beams are rosy wine,  
We, planets, that are not able  
Without his help to shine.  
Let mirth and glee abound,  
You'll soon grow bright  
With borrow'd light,  
And shine as he goes round.



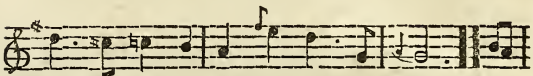
## THE KISS, DEAR MAID!



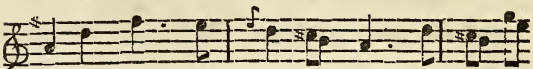
The kiss, dear maid, thy lips has left, Shall



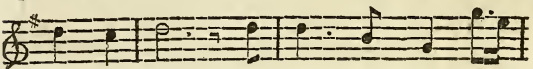
never part from mine, 'Till happier hours re-



store the gift, Untainted back to thine. Thy



parting glance, which fond - ly beams, An e - qual



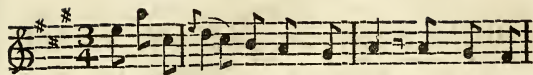
love may see, The tear that from thine



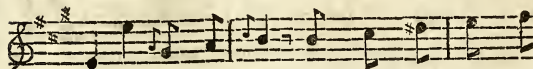
eyelid streams, Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest  
 In gazing when alone,  
 Nor one memorial for a breast,  
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.  
 Nor need I write—to tell the tale  
 My pen were doubly weak,  
 Oh! what can idle words avail.  
 Unless the heart could speak?

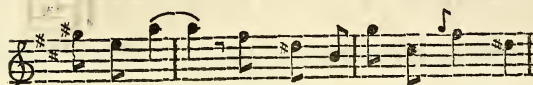
## THE SAPLING.



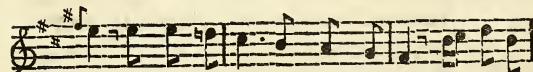
In either eye a ling'ring tear, His love and



du-ty well to prove, Jack left his wife and



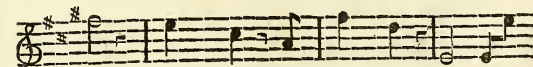
children dear, Impelled by honour and by



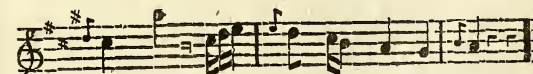
love, And, as he loiter'd rapt in care, A sapling



in his hand he bore, Curiously carv'd in letters



fair, Love me, ah! love me e-ver-



more, love, ah! love me e-vermore.

A a



At leisure to behold his worth,  
    Tokens, and rings, and broken gold,  
He plunged the sapling firm in earth,  
    And o'er and o'er his treasures told;  
The letters spelt, the kindness traced,  
    And all affection's precious store,  
Each with the favorite motto grac'd,  
    'Love me, ah! love me evermore.'

While on this anxious task employ'd,  
    Tender remembrance all his care,  
His ears are suddenly annoyed,  
    The boatswain's whistle cleaves the air;  
'Tis duty calls, his fears are braced,  
    He rushes to the crowded shore,  
Leaving the sapling in his haste,  
    That bids him love for evermore.

The magic branch thus unreclaimed,  
    Far off at sea, no comfort near,  
His thoughtless haste he loudly blamed,  
    With many a sigh and many a tear;  
Yet why act this unmanly part!  
    The words the precious relic bore  
Are they not marked upon my heart?  
    'Love me, ah! love me evermore.'



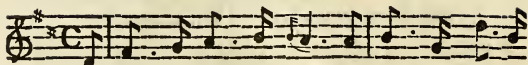
Escaped from treacherous waves and winds,  
That three years he had felt at sea,  
A wonderful miracle he finds,  
The sapling is become a tree ;  
A goodly head, that graceful rears,  
Enlarg'd the trunk, enlarg'd the core,  
And on the rind enlarged appears,  
' Love me, ah! love me evermore.'

While gazing on the spell-like charms  
Of this most wonderful of trees,  
His Nancy rushes to his arms,  
His children cling about his knees.  
Increased in love, increased in size,  
Taught from the mother's tender store,  
Each little urchin lisping cries,  
' Love me, ah! love me evermore.'

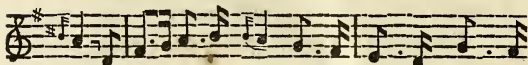
Amazement seiz'd the admiring crowd ;  
' My children,' cried a village seer,  
' These signs, though mute, declare aloud  
The hand of Providence is here,  
Whose hidden, yet whose sure decrees,  
For those its succour who implore,  
Can still the tempest, level seas,  
And crown true-love for evermore.



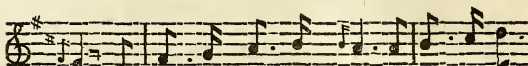
## AULD ROBIN GRAY.



Young Jamie lov'd me weel and ask'd me for his



bride, But, saving a crown, he had nathing else be-



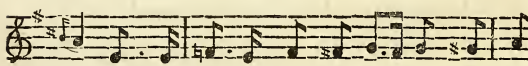
side, To make the crown a pound my Jamie went



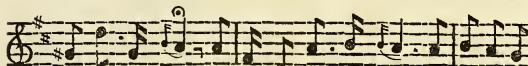
to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith



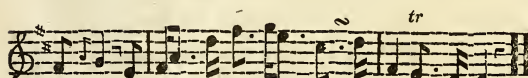
for me. He had nae been gone a year and a



day, When my faither brake his arm and our cow



was stole away, My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at



the sea, And auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.





My faither cou'd nae work, and my mither cou'd nae  
spin,

I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd nae win ;  
Auld Robin fed 'em baith, and wi' tears in his eye,  
Said, Jenny, for their sake, O pray marry me.  
My heart it said nae, for I look'd for Jamie back,  
But the wind it blew hard, and his ship was a wrack,  
His ship was a wrack, why did nae Jeany die,  
And why was I spared to cry wae is me.

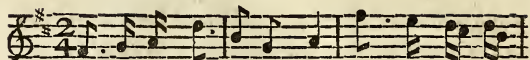
My faither urg'd me sair, but my mither did nae speak ;  
But she look'd in my face, till my heart was like to  
break ;

Sa they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,  
And auld Robin Gray was gude man to me.  
I had nae been a wife, but weeks only four,  
When sittin sa mournfully, out my ain door,  
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd nae think it he,  
'Till he said, love, I am comed hame to marry thee.

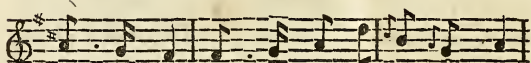
Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,  
We took but ane kiss, and we tore oursels away ;  
I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to die,  
O why was I born to sae woe's me.  
I gang like ghaist, and I canna like to spin,  
I dare nae think o' Jamie, for that would be a sin ;  
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,  
For auld Robin Gray is very kind to me.



# MAID OF ATHENS!



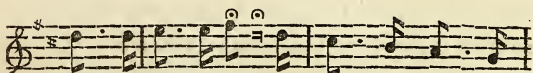
Maid of Athens, ere we part, Give, oh, give me



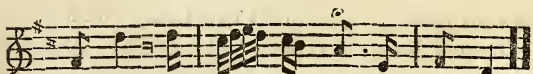
back my heart! Or, since that has left my breast,



Keep it now, and take the rest! Hear my



vow before I go, My life! my life! I



love you, My life! my life! I love you.

By those tresses unconfined,  
 Woo'd by each Ægean wind;  
 By those lids, whose jetty fringe  
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;  
 By those wild eyes like the roe,  
 My life! my life! I love you.



By that lip I long to taste ;  
By that zone-encircled waist,  
By all the token-flowers, that tell  
What words can never speak so well;  
By love's alternate joy and woe,  
My life ! my life ! I love you.

Maid of Athens ! I am gone,  
Think of me, sweet ! when alone,  
Though I fly to Istamboul,  
Athens holds my heart and soul:  
Can I cease to love thee?—No !  
My life ! my life ! I love you.

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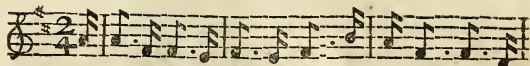
### GLEE.

Music's the language of the blest above,  
No voice but music's can express  
The joys that happy souls possess,  
Nor in just raptures tell the wond'rous power of love:  
'Tis nature's dialect, design'd  
To charm and to instruct the mind.

Music's an universal good,  
That doth dispense its joys around,  
In all the elegance of sound,  
To be by men admir'd, by angels understood.



## FAREWELL!



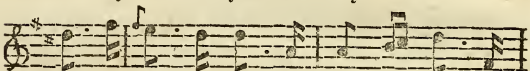
Farewell! if ever fondest pray'r For others weal a-



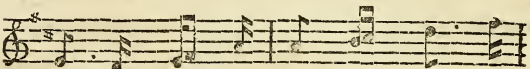
vail'd on high, Mine will not all be lost in air, But



waft thy name beyond the sky. 'Twere vain to



speak, to weep, to sigh, Oh! more than tears of



blood can tell, When wrung from guilt's ex-



piring eye, Are in that word—Farewell! Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry,

But in my breast and in my brain

Awake the pangs that pass not by,

The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.

My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,

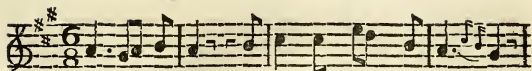
Though grief and passion there revel;

I only know we loved in vain,

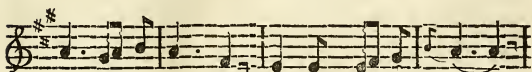
I only feel—Farewell! Farewell!



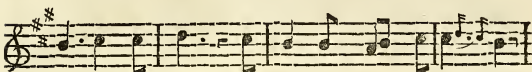
## WATERS OF ELLE.



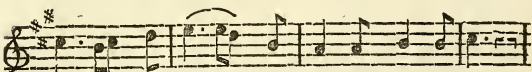
Waters of Elle, thy limpid streams are flowing,



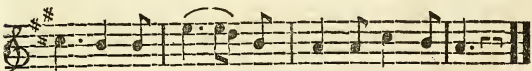
Smooth and untroubled thro' the flow'ry vale,



On thy green banks once more the wild rose blowing,



Greets the young spring and scents the passing gale,



Greets the young spring and scents the passing gale.

Here 'twas at eve, near yonder tree reposing,

One, still too dear, first breathed his vows to thee,

Wear this, he cried, his guileful love disclosing,

Near to thy heart, in memory of me.

Love's cherish'd gift, the rose he gave, is faded.

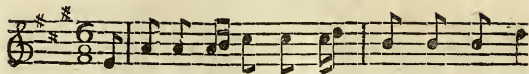
Love's blighted flow'r can never bloom again!

Weep for thy fault, in heart, in mind degraded,

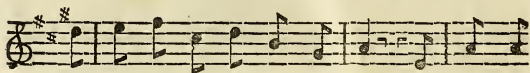
Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain



## POOR JACK.



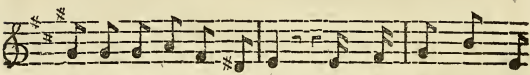
Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,



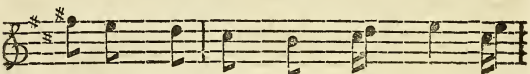
'bout danger and fear and the like, A tight wa-



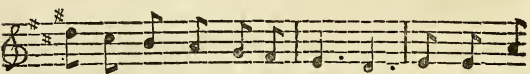
ter boat and good sea room give me, And



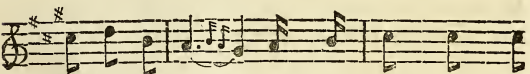
ta'nt to a little I'll strike, Tho' the tempest top



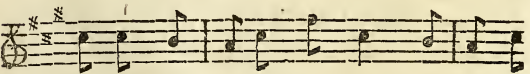
gallant masts' smack smooth shou'd smite, And



shiver each splinter of wood, And shiver each



splinter of wood, Clear the decks, stow the



yards, and bouse ev'ry thing tight, And under



reef'd foresail we'll scud. A - vast, nor don't  
 think me a milk sop so soft, to be taken for  
 trifles a - back, For they say there's a Providence  
 sits up aloft, they say there's a Providence sits up  
 a-loft, To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day,  
 About souls, heaven, mercy and such,  
 And, my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and belay,  
 Why 'twas just all as one as high Dutch.  
 But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,  
 Without orders that comes down below,  
 And many fine things, that proved clearly to me,  
 That Providence takes us in tow;  
 For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft  
 Take the top lifts of sailors aback,  
 There's a sweet little cherub sits perched aloft  
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.



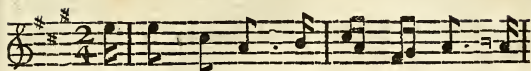


I said to our Poll, for, you see, she would cry,  
    When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,  
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye,  
    Why what a damn'd fool you must be.  
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for  
    us all,  
    Both for seamen and lubbers ashore,  
And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,  
    Why you never will hear of me more.  
What then all's a hazard, come, don't be so soft,  
    Perhaps I may laughing come back,  
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,  
    To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be ev'ry inch  
    All as one as a piece of the ship,  
And with her brave the world, without off'ring to  
    flinch,  
    From the moment the anchor's a-trip.  
As to me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,  
    Nought's a trouble, from duty that springs,  
My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,  
    And as for my life, 'tis the king's.  
Ev'n when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft,  
    As with grief to be taken aback,  
The same little cherub that sits up aloft,  
    Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.



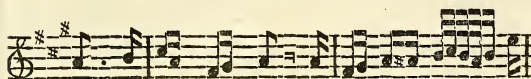
## IN PEACE, LOVE TUNES.



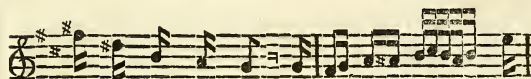
In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed, In



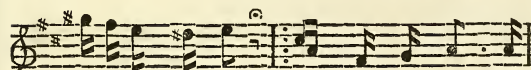
war he mounts the war-rior's steed, In halls in



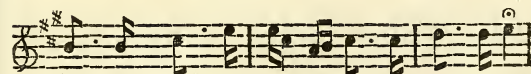
gay at-tire is seen, In hamlets dan - ces,



dances on the green, In hamlets dan - ces,



dances on the green. Love rules the court, the



camp, the grove, And men below and saints above.



Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, For

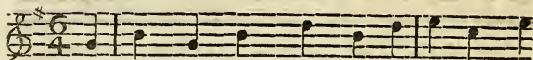


love is heaven, and heaven is love, For

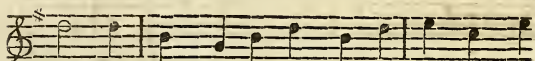


love is heaven, and heaven is love.

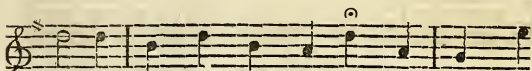
### UNDER THE ROSE.



O'ons, neighbour, ne'er blush for a tri - fle like



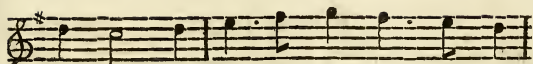
this, What harm with a fair one to toy and to



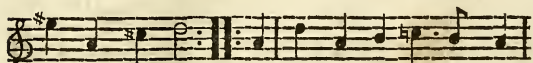
kiss, The greatest and gravest, (a truce with



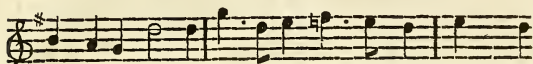
grimace,) Would do the same thing, Would do the



same thing, Would do the same thing were they



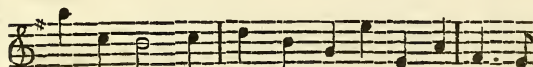
in the same place. No age, no profession, no



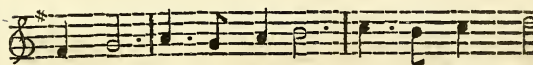
station is free, To sovereign beauty mankind bend



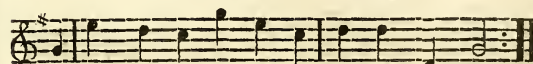
the knee, That pow-er resistless no strength



can oppose, We all love a pretty girl under



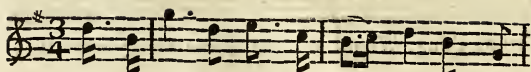
the rose, un-der the rose, un-der the rose,



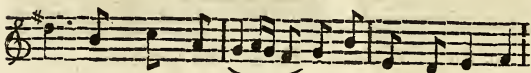
We all love a pretty girl under the rose.



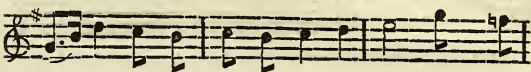
## POOR TOM.



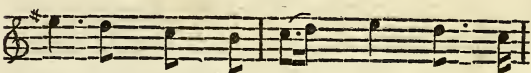
Then farewell my trim-built wherry, Oars and



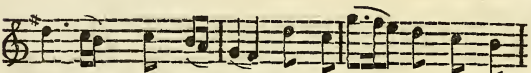
coat, and badge fare - well, Never more at Chelsea



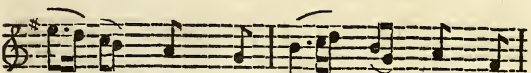
fer-ry shall your Thomas take a spell. Then fare-



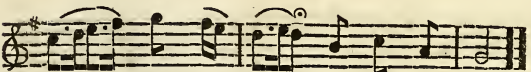
well, my trim-built wher - ry, Oars and



coat, and badge farewell, Never more at Chelsea



fer - ry shall your Tho - mas take a



spell, Shall your Tho - mas take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,  
In the battle's heat I go,  
Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,  
Some friendly ball will lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,  
With the news my messmates come,  
Even you, my story hearing,  
With a sigh, may cry, poor Tom!

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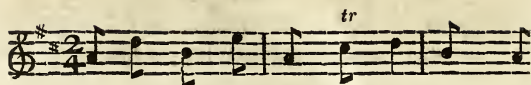
### GLEE.

Send home my long-stray'd eyes to me,  
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;  
But if from you they've learnt such ill,  
To sweetly smile,  
And then beguile,  
Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send back my harmless heart again,  
Which no unworthy thought could stain;  
But if it has been taught by thine,  
To forfeit both  
Its word and oath,  
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.



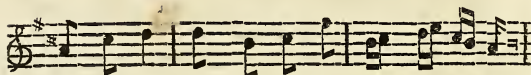
## SOLDIER REST!



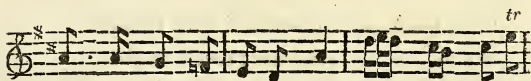
Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er, Sleep the



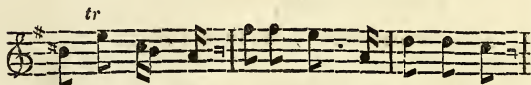
sleep that knows not breaking, Dream of battled



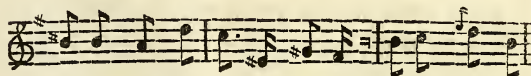
fields no more, Days of danger, nights of waking;



In our Isle's enchanted hall, Hands unseen thy



couch are strewing, Fairy strains of music fall,



Every sense in slumber dewing, Every sense in





*tr* *tr*

slumber dewing. Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er,

Dream of fighting fields no more, Sleep the sleep

that knows not breaking, Morn of toil, nor night of

waking, Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

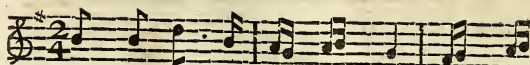
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## GLEE.

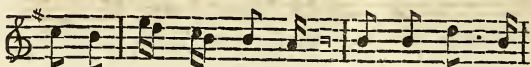
Great Apollo, strike the lyre,  
 Fill the raptur'd soul with fire!  
 Let the festive song go round,  
 Let this night with joy be crown'd.  
 Hark! what numbers soft and clear,  
 Steal upon the ravish'd ear!  
 Sure, no mortal sweeps the strings;  
 Listen! 'tis Apollo sings!



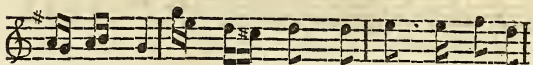
## HUNTSMAN, REST!



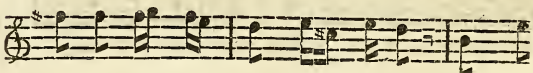
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done, While our



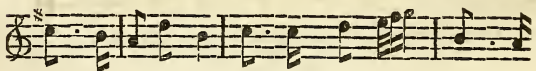
slum'rous spells as - sail ye, Dream not with the



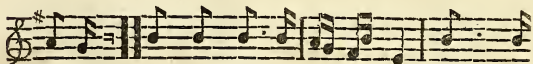
ri - sing sun, Bu - gles here shall sound reveillie,



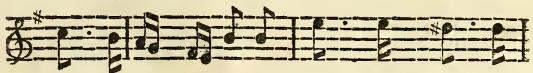
Bugles here shall sound re - veillie, Dream not



with the rising sun, Bugles here shall sound re -



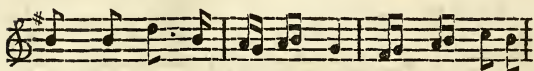
veillie. Sleep! the deer is in his den, Sleep! thy



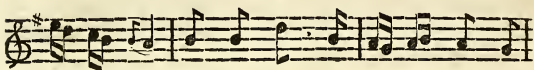
hounds are by thee lying, Sleep! nor dream in



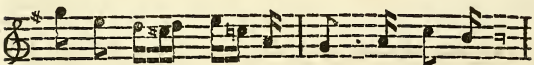
yonder glen, How thy gal-lant steed lay dying.



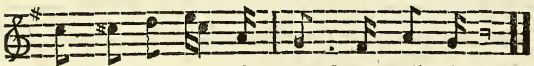
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done, Think not of the



ris-ing sun, For at dawning to as-sail ye,



Here no bu - - - gles sound re-veil-lie,



Here no bu - - gles sound re-veil-lie.

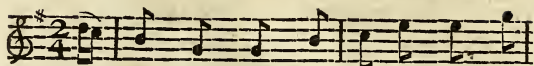
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## GLEE.

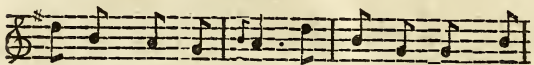
Welcome the covert of these aged oaks,  
 Welcome each cavern of these horrid rocks,  
 Far from the world's illusion let me rove,  
 Deceiv'd in friendship, and betray'd in love.



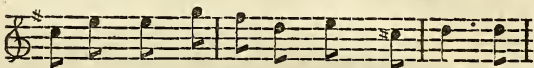
## NAN OF GLOSTER GREEN.



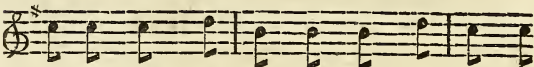
Say, will you leave your village cot, And



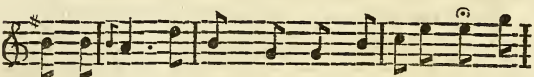
range the fields with me, My mind to soothe on



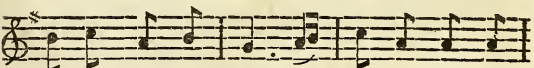
yon fair spot, Intent on nought but thee? The



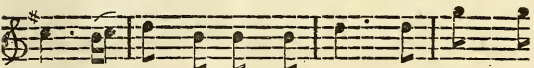
op'ning spring that hails the year, So like thy



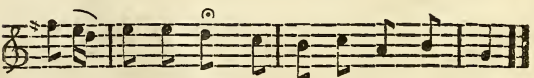
graceful mien, My charming girl, to me so dear, Is



Nan of Glos - ter' Green. Is Nan of Glos - ter



Green, Is Nan of Gloster Green, My charming



girl, to me so dear, Is Nan of Gloster Green.



Could I but gain your heart, my fair,  
How gay the time would pass,  
Each day to tend my fleecy care,  
With you, my lovely lass!  
Come then, dear girl, to church with me,  
Now smile consent, my queen;  
My every wish is form'd for thee,  
Sweet Nan of Gloster Green.

Her lily hand and willing heart,  
A blush o'erspread her face;  
Here, take me shepherd, let's depart,  
And seek the hallow'd place,  
Where love and friendship shall combine,  
And union e'er be seen:  
Now all assist our hands to join,  
The joy of Gloster Green.

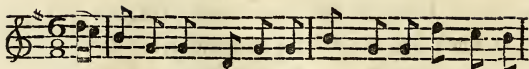
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### MADRIGAL.

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,  
Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours;  
And then behold your lips, where sweet love  
harbours,  
Mine eyes present me with a double doubting;  
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes  
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.



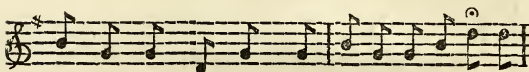
## CORPORAL CASEY.



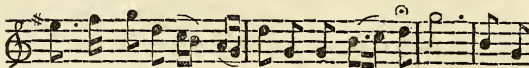
When I was at home, I was merry and frisky, My



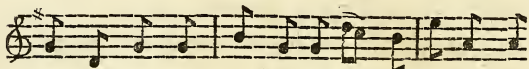
dad kept a pig and my mother sold whisky, My



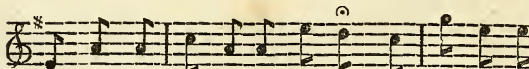
un - cle was rich, but would never be ea-sy, Till



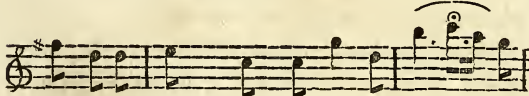
I was inlisted by Corporal Ca-sey. Oh! rub a



dub, row de dow, Cor-po-ral Ca-sey, rub a dub,



row de dow, Cor-po-ral Ca-sey! My dear little



Sheelah I thought would run cra-zy, Oh! when



I trudg'd away with tough Corporal Ca-sey.



I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking  
On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking;  
But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,  
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.  
Oh! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!  
The devil go with him! I ne'er could be lazy,  
He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly  
That fell on my pate, but he bother'd me rarely;  
And who should the first be that dropt?—Why, an't  
please ye,

It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey.  
Oh! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!  
Thinks I, you are quiet, and I shall be easy,  
So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

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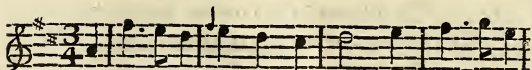
### GLEE.

Lightly tread, 'tis hallowed ground,  
Hark! above, below, around,  
Fairy bands their vigils keep,  
Whilst frail mortals sink to sleep;  
And the moon with feeble rays,  
Gilds the brook that bubbling plays,  
As in murmurs soft it flows,  
Music meet for lovers' woes.

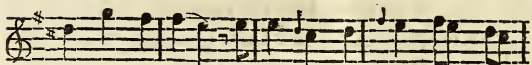




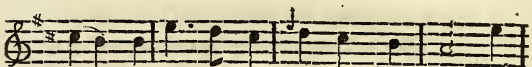
## ADIEU TO THE VILLAGE DELIGHTS.



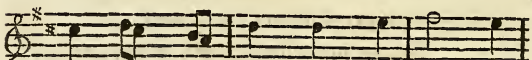
Adieu to the villlage delights, Which lately my



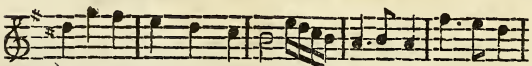
fancy enjoy'd, No longer the country in-



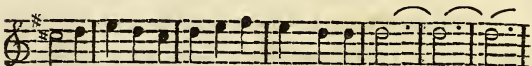
vites, To me all its pleasures are void; A-



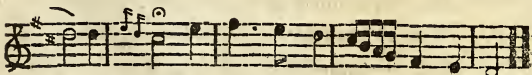
dieu thou sweet health-breathing hill, Thou



canst not my comfort restore, For ever adieu my dear



vill, My Lucy alas! is no more, is no more,



no more, My Lucy, a - las! is no more.

She, she was the cure of my pain,  
My blessing, my honour, my pride,  
She ne'er gave me cause to complain,  
Till that fatal day when she died;  
Her eyes that so beautiful shone,  
Are closed for ever in sleep,  
And mine, since my Lucy is gone,  
Have nothing to do but to weep.

Could my tears the bright angel restore,  
Like a fountain they never should cease,  
But Lucy, alas! is no more,  
And I am a stranger to peace;  
Let me copy, with fervour devout,  
The virtues which glow'd in her heart,  
Then soon, when life's sand is run out,  
We shall meet again, never to part.

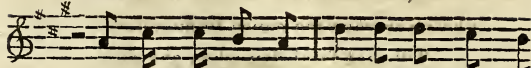
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### GLEE.

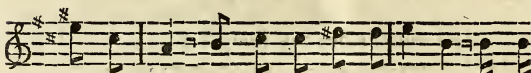
Peace to the souls of heroes! their deeds were  
great in fight; let them ride around me in clouds, let  
them shew their features in war. My soul then shall  
be firm in danger, and mine arm like the thunder of  
heaven! But be thou on a moonbeam, O Morna, near  
the window of my rest, when my thoughts are of  
peace, when the din of arms is past.



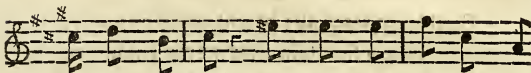
## 'T WAS WHEN THE SEAS.

*Becitative.*

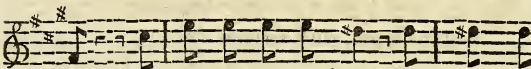
'Twas when the seas were roaring, With hollow



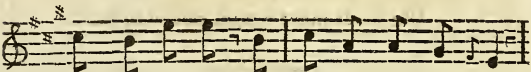
blasts of wind, A damsel lay deploring, All on



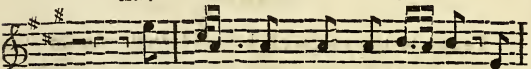
a rock reclined; Wide o'er the foaming bil



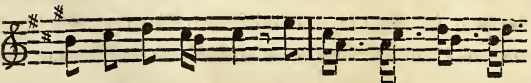
lows She cast a wishful look, Her head was



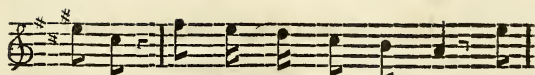
crown'd with willows, That trembled o'er the brook.

*Air.**tr*

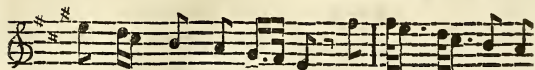
Twelve months were gone and o-ver, And



nine long tedious days, Why did'st thou, vent'rous



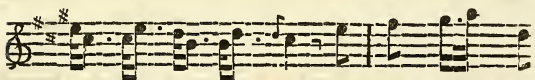
lover, Why did'st thou trust the seas? Cease,



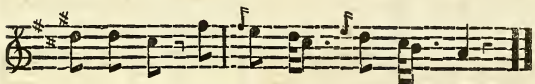
cease, thou troubled ocean, And let my lover



rest, Ah! what's thy troubled motion, To



that with - in my breast! Ah! what's thy trou-



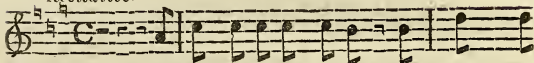
bled motion, 'To that with - in my breast!

The merchant robb'd of pleasure,  
 Views tempests with despair,  
 But what's the loss of treasure  
 To the losing of my dear?  
 Should you some coast be laid on,  
 Where gold and diamonds grow,  
 You'd find a richer maiden,  
 But none that loves you so.

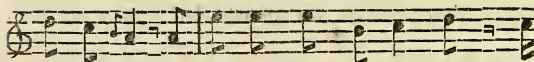


How can they say that nature  
 Has nothing made in vain,  
 Why then beneath the water  
 Do hideous rocks remain!  
 No eyes the rocks discover,  
 That lurk beneath the deep,  
 To wreck the wandering lover,  
 And leave the maid to weep.

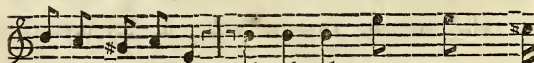
*Recitative.*



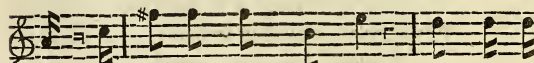
Thus me-lancholy lying, Thus wail'd she



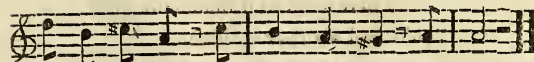
for her dear, Repaid each blast with sighing, Each



billow with a tear. When o'er the white waves stoop-



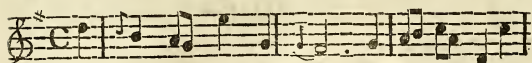
ing, His floating corpse she spy'd, Then like a



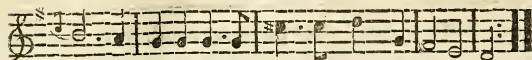
li - ly drooping, She bow'd her head and died.



## BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.



Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Thou art not so un-



kind, Thou art not so unkind, As man's ingratitude.



Thy tooth is not so keen, Because thou art not



seen; Altho' thy breath be rude, Altho' thy breath be



rude, Thy tooth is not so keen, Altho' thy breath be



rude, - Al - tho' thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 Thou canst not bite so nigh,  
     As benefits forgot;  
 Tho' thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
     As friend remembered not.



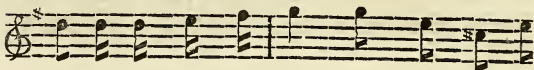
## SONG ON PEACE.

*Becitative.*

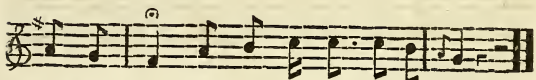
Tell me, on what ho-ly ground, May domestic



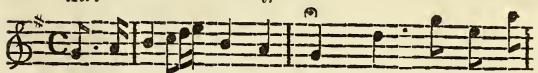
peace be found, Halcyon daughter of the skies; Far



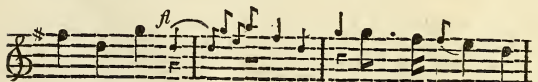
on fearful wing she flies, From the tyrant's



sceptered state, From the rebel's noi-sy hate;

*Air.**tr*

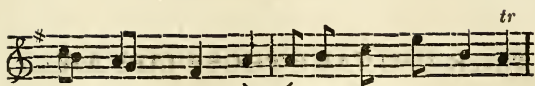
In a cottage vale she dwells, Listening to the



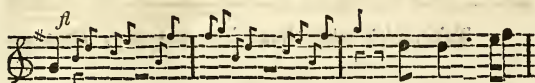
sabbath bells,

In a cottage



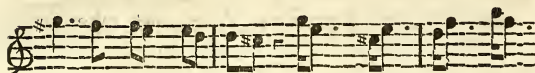


vale she dwells, Listening to the sabbath

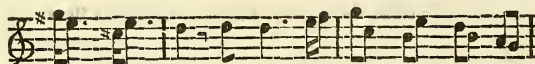


bells;

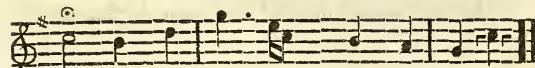
While still a-



round her steps are seen, Spot - less ho - nour's -



meek - er mien, While still a-round her steps are

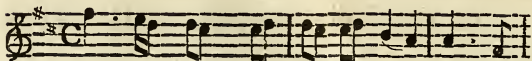


seen, - Spot - less ho - nour's meek - er mien.

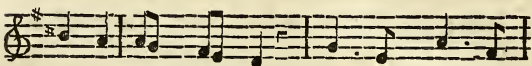
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,  
Sorrow, smiling thro' her tears,  
And mindful of the past employ,  
Memory, bosom spring of joy.



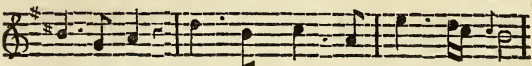
## TAKE, OH! TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.



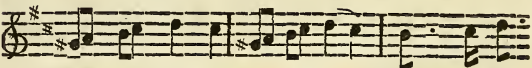
Take, oh! take those lips a - way, That so



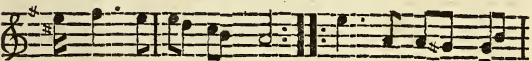
sweetly were foresworn, Take, oh! take those



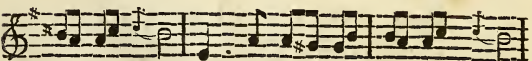
lips a - way, And those eyes, the breaks of day;



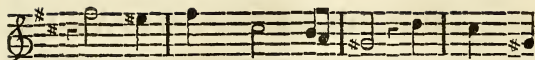
Lights that do mislead the morn, Lights that do



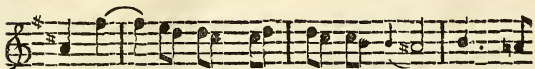
mislead, mislead the morn. Take, oh! take those



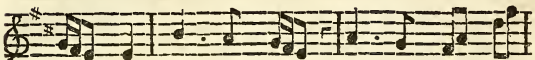
lips a - way, But my kis - ses bring a - gain,



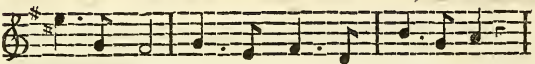
Seals of love, Seals of love but sealed in



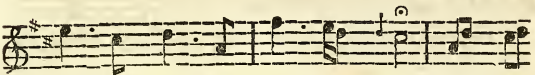
vain, Take, oh! take those lips a - way, But my



kis - ses bring a - gain, But my kiss - es



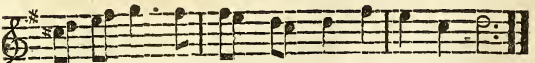
bring a - gain, Take, oh! take those lips away,



Take, oh! take those lips a - way, But my



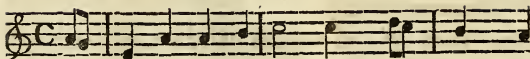
kisses bring a - gain, But my kisses bring again,



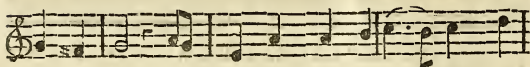
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, in vain, in vain.



## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.



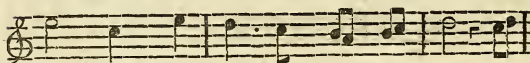
John Anderson, my jo, John, When we were



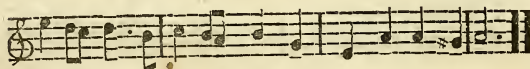
first acquaint, Your looks were like the ra - ven, Your



bonnie brow was brent; But now your brow is



bald, John, Your locks are like the snaw; But



blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, when nature first began  
To try her cannie hand, John, her master-work was  
man;

And you amang them a', John, sae trig frae tap to  
toe,

She prov'd to be nae journey-work, John Anderson,  
my jo.



John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first conceit,  
And ye needna think it strange, John; though I ca'  
ye trim and neat;  
Though some folks say ye're auld, John, I never think  
ye so,  
But I think ye're aye the same to me, John Anderson,  
my jo.

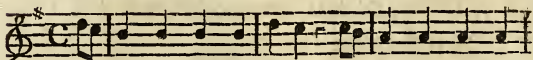
John Anderson, my jo, John, we've seen our bairns'  
bairns,  
And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your arms,  
And sae are ye in mine, John,—I'm sure ye'll ne'er  
sae no,  
Though the days are gane that we hae seen, John  
Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, what pleasure does it gie,  
To see sae many sprouts, John, spring up 'tween you  
and me;  
And ilka lad and lass, John, in our footsteps to go,  
Makes perfect heaven here on earth, John Anderson,  
my jo.

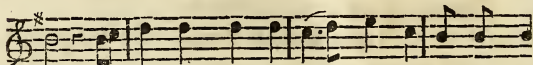
John Anderson, my jo, John, frae year to year we've past,  
And soon that year maun come, John, will bring us  
to our last;  
But letna that affright us, John, our hearts were ne'er  
our foe,  
While in innocent delight we liv'd, John Anderson,  
my jo.                      D d



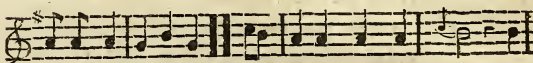
## AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.



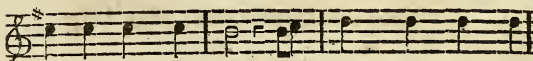
Away with melancho-ly, Nor doleful changes



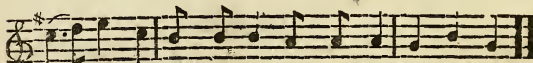
ring, On life and human fol - ly, But merri - ly,



merrily, sing fal la. Come on ye roseate hours, Gay



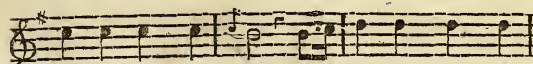
smiling moments bring, We'll strew the way with



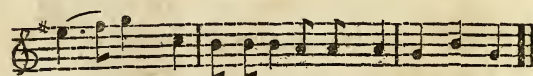
flowers, And mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, sing fal la.



For what's the use of sigh - ing, When



time is on the wing, Can we pre-vent his



fly - ing? Then merri-ly, merri-ly, sing fal la.



Fly, fly, dull melancholy,  
Let sprightly mirth come in,  
Desponding is a folly,  
Then cheerily, cheerily sing, fal la.  
Come jovous sounds prepare,  
To Lethe sadness fling,  
Let others pine thro' care,  
We'll merrily, merrily sing, fal la.  
Why droops the man with sorrow,  
Since life's a tender thing  
That breaks before to-morrow,  
Then cheerily, cheerily, sing, fal la.

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### GLEE.

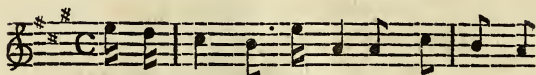
Ply the oar, brother, and speed the boat,  
Swift o'er the glittering waves we'll float,  
Then home as swiftly we'll haste again,  
Loaded with wealth of the plunder'd main.  
Pull away, pull away, row, boys, row,  
A long pull, a strong pull, and off we go.

Hark! how the neighb'ring convent bell  
Throws o'er the waves its vesper swell!  
Sullen its bomes from shore to shore,  
Blending its chime with the dash of the oar.  
Pull away, &c.

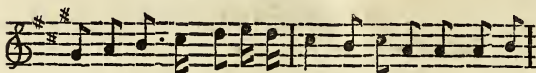




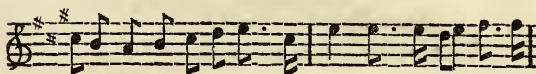
## GOLDEN DAYS OF QUEEN BESS.



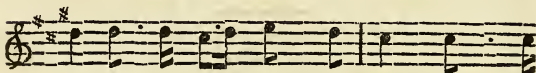
To my muse give at-tention, and deem it



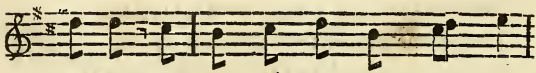
not a mys-te-ry, If we jumble to-gether music,



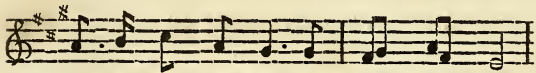
poetry, and history; The times to display, 'n the



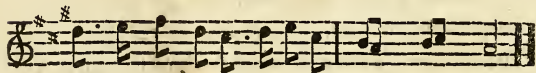
days of Queen Bess, sir, Whose name and whose



mem'ry pos - te - ri - ty may bless, sir,



O the gol-den days of good Queen Bess,



Merry be the me-mory of good Queen Bess.



Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of dons and armadas,  
With their gunpowder puffs, and their blust'ring  
bravadoes,

For we knew how to manage both the musket and  
the bow, sir,

And could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a  
crow, sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses were  
thatch'd, sir,

Our windows were lattic'd, and our doors only latch'd, sir,

Yet so few were the folks that would plunder or rob, sir,

That the hangman was starving for want of a job, sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies with large ruffs, ty'd round about the  
neck fast,

Would gobble up a pound of beef-steaks for their  
breakfast,

While a close quill'd up coif their noddles just did fit, sir,

And they truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit, sir.

O the golden days, &c.

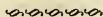
Then jerkins and doublets, and yellow worsted hose, sir,

With a huge pair of whiskers, was the dress of our  
beaus, sir,

Strong beer they preferr'd, too, to claret or to hock, sir,

And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox, sir.

O the golden days, &c.



Good neighbourhood then was as plenty too as beef, sir,  
And the poor from the rich never wanted relief, sir,  
While merry went the mill clack, the shuttle, and the  
    plough, sir,  
And honest men could live by the sweat of their  
    brow, sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then football and wrestling, and pitching of the bar, sir,  
Were preferr'd to a flute, to a fiddle, or guitar, sir,  
And for jaunting and junketting, the fav'rite regale, sir,  
Was a walk as far as Chelsea, to demolish buns and  
    ale, sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then the folks, ev'ry Sunday, went twice, at least, to  
    church, sir,  
And never left the parson, nor his sermon, in the  
    lurch, sir,  
For they judg'd that the sabbath was for people to be  
    good in, sir,  
And they thought it sabbath breaking if they din'd  
    without a pudding, sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men  
    were great, sir,  
And the props of the nation were the pillars of the  
    state, sir,



For the sov'reign and the subject one int'rest supported,  
And our powerful alliance by all pow'rs then was  
courted.

O the golden days, &c.

Then the high and mighty states, to their everlasting  
stain, sir,

By Britons were releas'd from the galling yoke of  
Spain, sir;

And the rous'd British lion, had all Europe then  
combin'd, sir,

Undismay'd would have scatter'd them like chaff  
before the wind, sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Thus they ate, and they drank, and they work'd, and  
they play'd, sir,

Of their friends not asham'd, nor enemies afraid, sir,  
And little did they think, when this ground they stood  
on, sir,

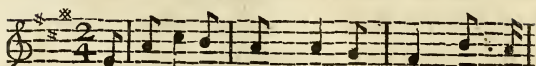
To be drawn from the life, now they're all dead and  
gone, sir.

O the golden days, &c.

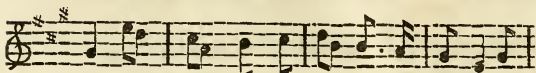




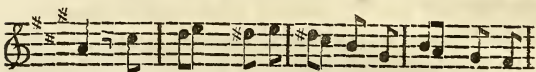
## MY SPIRITS ARE MOUNTING.



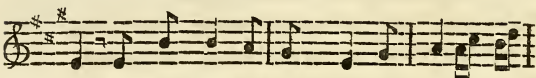
My spirits are mounting, my heart's full of



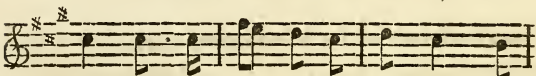
glee, Sweet hope, like a rose, on my bumper I



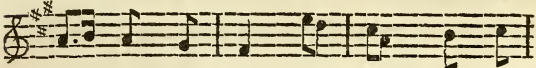
see, Sweet hope like a rose on my bumper I



see. My cares are all colour'd with joy as they



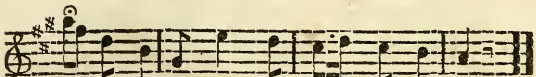
pass, And my joy is all sunshine when



lit by my glass, My cares are all



colour'd with joy as they pass, And my



joy is all sunshine when lit by my glass.



Away from my view, fly the world and its strife,  
The banquet of fancy's the seat of my life,  
All love's melting energies meet in my soul,  
And the fountain of bliss is let loose in my bowl.

You ask why I drink, and my reason is plain,  
To gild with bright colours life's picture again,  
From the cold track of care my warm heart to remove,  
And revel, transported with nature and love.

The fairer I fill still the clearer I think,  
Mine is not a clay that grows muddy with drink,  
The bubbles that rise in gay colours are dress'd,  
And love, the soft sediment, lies at my breast.

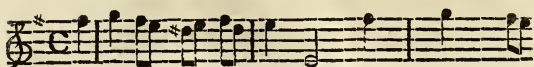
My spirits in bursts of wild sympathy start,  
And friendship's kind current flows pure from the heart,  
With the glow of affection my bosom is fraught,  
And I curse the cold maxims dame prudence has taught.

What joy soothing god when thou bring'st to my view,  
Those scenes of wild softness my bosom once knew,  
I gaze as fond memory's vision goes by,  
And double the bliss thro' the tear in my eye.

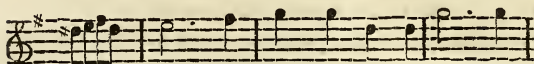
Then give me, great gods, but a friend with my wine,  
Whose heart has been heated and soften'd like mine,  
In social effusion we'll cherish each soul,  
And spare the wild magic that lies in the bowl.



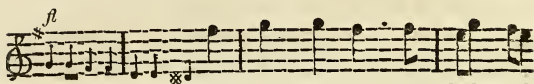
## OF NOBLE RACE WAS SHENKIN.



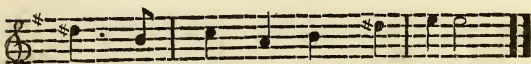
Of noble race was Shenkin, thrum, thrum, thrum,



thrum, thrum, The line of Owen Tu - dor,



But hur renown was fled and



gone, Since cru - el love pursued hur.

Fair Winny's eyes bright shining, thrum, &c.

And lilly breasts alluring,

Poor Shenkin's heart with fatal dart,

Have wounded past all curing.

Hur was the prettiest fellow, thrum, &c.

At football, ounce, or cricket,

Hunting, chase, or nimble race,

Guds plutt how hur cou'd prick it.





But now all joy defying, thrum, &c.

All pale and wan hur cheeks too,  
Hur heart so akes hur quite forsakes,  
Hur herrings and hur leekes too.

No more must dear Matheaglin, thrum, &c.

Be top'd at gued Mungumrey,  
And if love sore smart one week more,  
Adieu cream cheese and flummery.

---

## GLEE.

Hark ! hark ! the curfew's solemn sound,  
Silent darkness spreads around ;

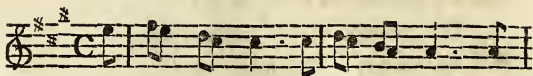
Heavy it beats on the lover's heart,  
Who leaves with a sigh his tale half told ;  
The poring monk and his book must part,  
And, fearful, the miser locks his gold.

Now whilst labour sleeps, and charmed sorrow,  
O'er the dewy green,  
By the glow-worms light,  
Dance the elves of night,  
Unheard, unseen ;

Yet where their midnight pranks have been  
The circled turf will betray to-morrow.



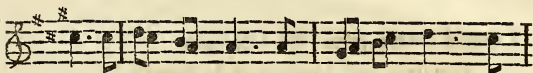
## WHO'LL BUY A HEART?



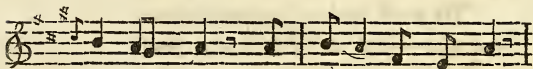
Poor heart of mine, tormenting heart, Thou



long hast teased me, thou and I, May just as



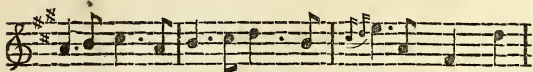
well a-gree to part, Who'll buy a heart? Who'll



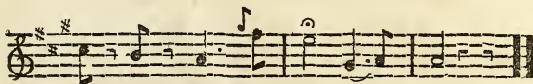
buy, who'll buy? Here's prompt possession,



I might tell, A thousand merits, come and try, I



have a heart, a heart to sell, Who'll buy a heart? who'll



buy, who'll buy a heart, who'll buy?



How oft beneath its folds lie hid  
The gnawing viper's tooth of woe,  
Will no one buy? Will no one bid?  
'Tis going now—Yes, it must go!  
So little offered—it were well  
To keep it yet—but no! not I,  
I have a heart—a heart to sell,  
Who'll buy a heart? Who'll buy, who'll buy?

I would 'twere gone, for I confess  
I'm tir'd, and longing to be freed;  
Come, bid fair maidens! more or less,  
'Tis good, and very cheap indeed.  
Once more—but once—I cannot dwell  
So long—'tis going—going—fie!  
No offer—I've a heart to sell,  
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy, who'll buy?

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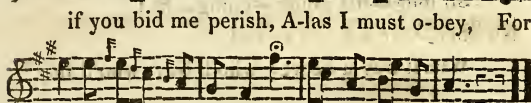
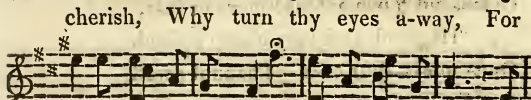
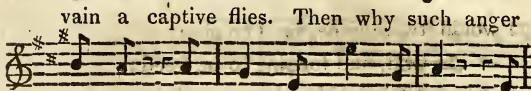
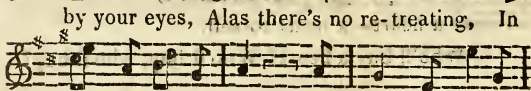
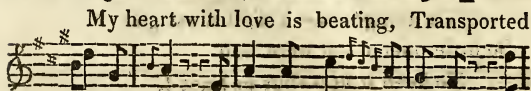
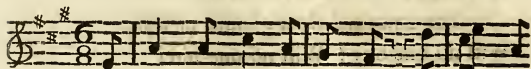
### CATCH.

An honest lawyer, dead and gone,  
Lies underneath this marble stone.

A rogue you mean!—O fie  
An honest one as lawyers go.  
An honest one lie here!—No, no!  
Alack, 'tis you that lie!



## MY HEART WITH LOVE IS BEATING.



if you bid me perish, A-las I must obey.

Could deeds my heart discover,

Could valour gain thy charms,

I'd prove myself a lover,

Against a world in arms.

Proud fair, thus low before thee

A prostrate warrior view,

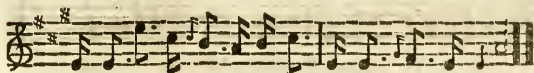
Whose love, delight, and glory,

Are center'd all in you.

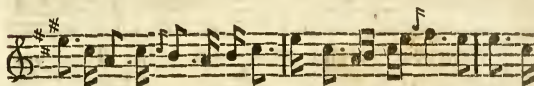
## GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.



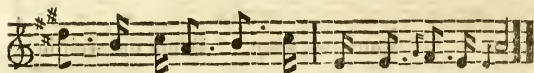
Gin a bo - dy meet a body, Comin' thro' the rye,



Gin a bo - dy kiss a body, Need a bo - dy cry.



Ilka body has a body, Ne'er a ane hae I; But a' the



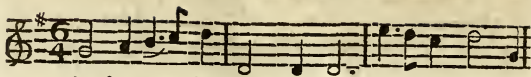
lads they loe me weel, And what the war am I.

Gin a body meet a body,  
 Comin frae the well;  
 Gin a body kiss a body,  
 Need a body tell.  
 Ilka body, &c.

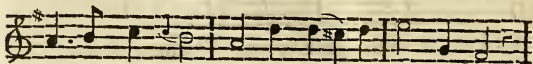
Gin a body meet a body,  
 Comin frae the town,  
 Gin a body kiss a body,  
 Need a body tell.  
 Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, &c.



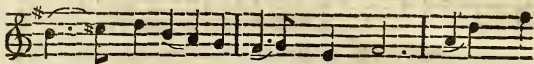
## THE WOLF.



At the peaceful midnight hour, Every sense and



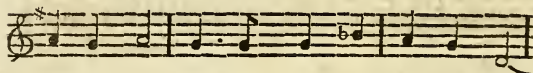
e - ve - ry pow'r, Fetter'd lies in downy sleep,



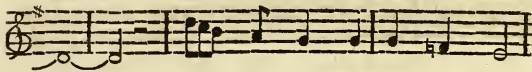
Then our careful watch we keep, Then our



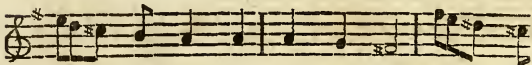
care - ful watch we keep. While the wolf in



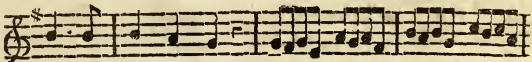
nightly prowls, Bays the moon with hideous howl,



- - - While the wolf in nightly prowls,

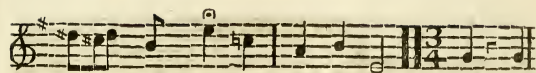


Bays the moon with hideous howl, While the

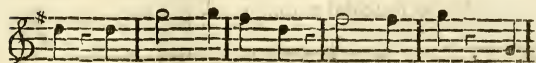


wolf in nightly prowls, Bays - - -

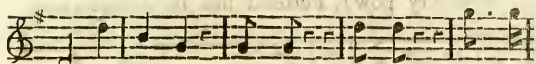




- - the moon with hideous howl. Gates are



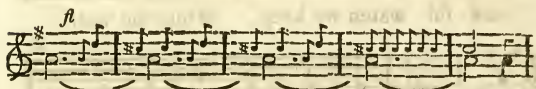
barr'd, a vain resistance, Females shriek, but



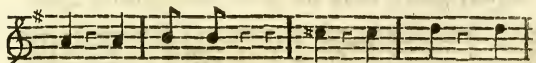
no assistance, silence, silence, or you



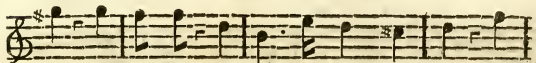
meet your fate, Si-lence, or you meet your



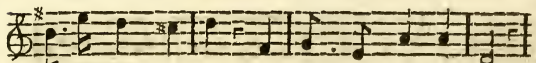
fate - - - - - , Your



keys, your jewels, cash, and plate, Your

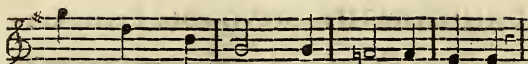


keys, your jewels, your jewels, cash and plate, Your

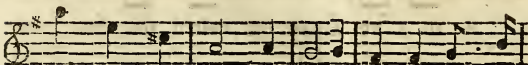


jewels, cash, and plate, your jewels, cash, and plate.





Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a - sunder,



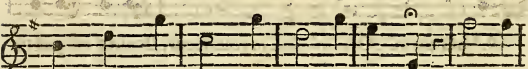
Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a - sunder, Then to



ri - fle, rob, and plunder, Then to ri - fle, rob, and



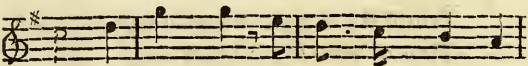
plunder,



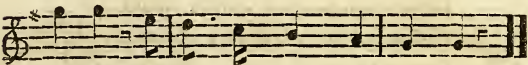
Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a - sunder, Then to



ri - - - - - fle,



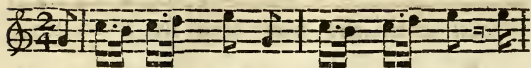
rob and plun - der, to ri - fle, rob, and



plunder, to ri - fle, rob, and plunder.



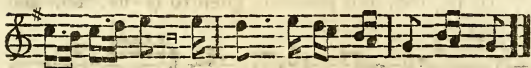
## BRIDESMAID'S SONG--DER FREISCHUTZ.



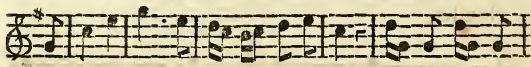
A ro - sv wreath is twin'd for thee, Fair



maid, whose lot so blissful, we Will ce - le-brate with



dance and song—May love live happy! love live long!



Oh! happy day, Oh! joyous, joyous hour, Beauty reigns in



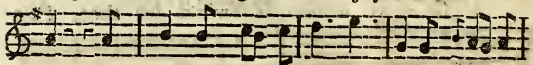
Hymen's bow'r, Beauty reigns in Hymen's bow'r!

Behold the merry bridegroom nigh,  
Pleasure sparkling in his eye,  
Festive mirth—thy sway proclaim!  
Loose each pensive spirit's chain!  
Oh! happy day, Oh! joyous hour,  
Beauty reigns in Hymen's bow'r.

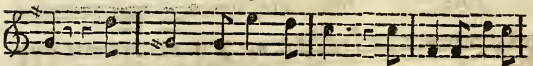
## HOPE TOLD A FLATT'RING TALE.



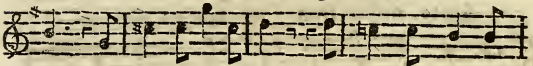
Hope told a flatt'ring tale, That joy would soon re-



turn, Ah! nought my sighs avail, For love is doom'd to



mourn. Ah! where's the flatt'rer gone, From me for ever

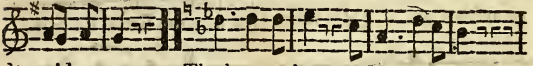


flown, From me for ever flown, For love is doom'd to

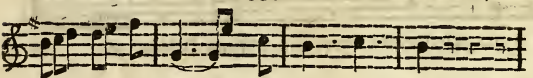


mourn, Ah! nought my sighs a-vail, For love is

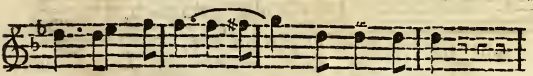
**Fine.**



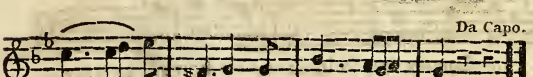
doom'd to mourn. The happy dream of love is o'er,



Life a - las! can charm no more.

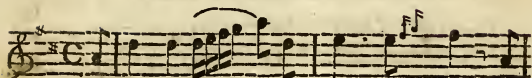


The hap - py dream                      of love is o'er,

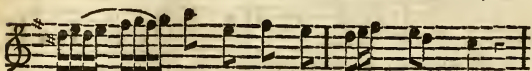


Life, a - - las! can charm no more.

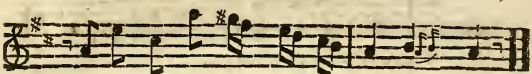
## RULE BRITANNIA!



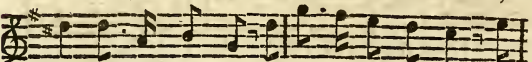
When Britain first at Heav'n's command, A-



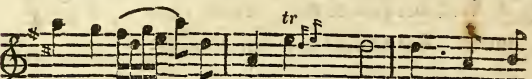
rose from out the azure main,



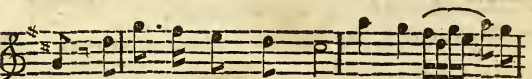
Arose, arose from out the a-zure main,



This was the charter, the charter of the land, And

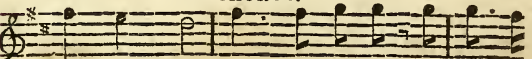


guardian an - gel's sung this strain, Rule Britan-

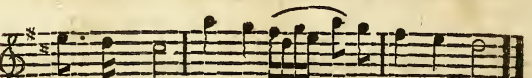


nia, Britannia rules the waves, Britons ne - ver

CHORUS.



will be slaves, Rule Britan-nia, Britan-nia



rules the waves, Britons ne - ver will be slaves.



The nations not so blest as we,  
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,  
While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
As the loud blasts that tear the skies,  
Serve but to root thy native oak.  
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
But work their woe, and thy renown.  
Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.  
Rule Britannia, &c.

The muses still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coasts repair;  
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
Rule Britannia, &c.

*In the Press,*

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME,

**THE THRUSH,**

AN ENTIRELY NEW COLLECTION OF POPULAR SONGS, WITH THE  
MUSIC.

















